Messire Francis de Salignac
de la Mothe Fenelon Archbishop
and Duke of Cambray.

Messire Francis de Salignac
de la Mothe Fenelon Archbishop
and Duke of Cambray.

Salignac de la Motho Fénelon (Francois de)
Archbishop of Cambray

A

Demonstration

Of the

EXISTENCE

And

ATTRIBUTES

OF

GOD,

Drawn from the Knowledge of NATURE, from Proofs purely Intellectual, and from the Idea of the Infinite Himself.

The SECOND EDITION, with large ADDITIONS.

By Mr. FENELON, the late famous Archbishop of CAMBRAY, Author of TELEMACHUS.

LONDON:
Printed for W. TAYLOR at the *Ship* in *Pater-Noster-Row.* 1720.

BRITISH MUSEUM
15 60
DEC

To His GRACE,

JOHN

Lord Archbiſhop of YORK; *Lord Primate of* ENGLAND; *And Lord* ALMONER *to Her* MAJESTY.

May it pleaſe Your GRACE,

IF any thing could add Weight to the Archbiſhop of *Cambray*'s Productions, the Prefixing Your GRACE's Name to the following Treatiſe, would certainly be the greateſt Advantage I could give it in an *Engliſh* Dreſs. But the excellent Author of TELEMACHUS

needs no foreign Recommendation: And whatever native Beauties his inimitable Style may loſe in a Tranſlatic;, yet his ſublime Thoughts are ſtill ſufficient to ſupport his great Name. However, MY LORD, as the Subject-Matter of theſe Sheets ſeems to have a natural Right to Your GRACE's Patronage: So, I dare promiſe my ſelf, the Archbiſhop of CAMBRAY will be glad of this Opportunity of converſing with the Archbiſhop of YORK. Nor can I doubt but Your GRACE will give a kind Entertainment to this illuſtrious Foreigner; ſince there appears to be ſo great a Conformity between your Perſons and Characters: Both equally diſtinguiſh'd by your high Stations in the CHURCH, and yet more by your uſeful Learning; flowing and eaſy Eloquence; extenſive Charity; affable Temper; Sanctity of Manners; and (what moſt becomes a true FATHER of the CHURCH) eminent Zeal for the

Fun-

Fundamental Truths of RELIGION. I might carry the Parallel farther, ſince there is ſome Similitude in Both Your GRACES ſuffering a kind of Eclipſe, from the Severity of a Prevailing Party: But in this the Advantage muſt be allow'd to be on the Side of the PROTESTANT Prelate, as well in the Cauſe, as in other Reſpects and Circumſtances. The Archbiſhop of *Cambray* is ſtill, as to the World, in a Kind of Shade: Whereas Your GRACE's Merit and Virtues lay not long under a Cloud: But breaking forth again, and ſhining with freſh Luſtre, at the REVOLUTION, Your GRACE was placed in the Metropolitan See of YORK, to be, as it were, the *North-Star* of the Church of *England*. May the HAPPY EPOCH of Your GRACE's Exaltation never be forgotten, by any who wiſh well either to Church or State! And may Your GRACE live many, many Years, the ſoundeſt Spiritual Director to the

DEDICATION.

most PIOUS and BEST of QUEENS; both to secure the CHURCH against its declared Enemies, and to discountenance its no less dangerous Foes, Ecclesiasticks and Layicks, of impious, *Antichristian* Principles, and Loose Morals. I am with the profoundest Respect,

May it please Your GRACE,

My Lord,

Your GRACE'S

Most Humble and most

Obedient, Faithful Servant,

A. BOYER.

A TABLE OF THE SECTIONS and CHAPTERS contained in this Book.

PART. I.

Sect. I. *Metaphyſical Proofs of the* Exiſtence *of God are not within every one's Reach.* Page 1

II. *Moral Proofs of the* Exiſtence *of God, are fitted to every Man's Capacity.* 3

III. *Why ſo few Perſons are attentive to the Proofs that Nature affords of the* Exiſtence *of God.* 4

IV. *All Nature ſhews the* Exiſtence *of its Maker.* 5

The TABLE.

V. *Noble Compariſons, proving that Nature ſhews the* Exiſtence *of its Maker.* Page 6
Firſt Compariſon drawn from Homer's Iliad. Ib.
VI. *Second Compariſon drawn from the* Sound *of* Inſtruments. 7
VII. *Third Compariſon drawn from a* Statue. 8
VIII. *Fourth Compariſon drawn from a* Picture. 9
IX. *A particular Examination of* Nature. 12
X. *Of the* General Structure *of the* Univerſe. Ib.
XI. *Of the* Earth. 14
XII. *Of* Plants. 17
XIII. *Of* Water. 19
XIV. *Of the* Air. 24
XV. *Of* Fire. 25
XVI. *Of* Heaven. 27
XVII. *Of the* Sun. 28
XVIII. *Of the* Stars. 31
XIX. *Of* Animals, Beaſts, Fowls, Birds, Fiſhes, Reptiles, *and* Inſects. 34
XX. *The admirable* Order *in which all Bodies that make up the* Univerſe, *are ranged.* 40
XXI. *Wonders of the* infinitely Little. 42
XXII. *The* Structure *or* Frame *of the* Animal. 43
XXIII. *Of the* Inſtinct *of the* Animal. Ib.
XXIV. *Of* Food. 47
XXV. *Of* Sleep. 48
XXVI. *Of* Generation. 49
XXVII. *Though* Beaſts *commit ſome* Miſtakes, *yet their* Inſtinct *is, in many Caſes,* infallible. 56
XXVIII. *It is impoſſible* Beaſts *ſhould have* Souls. 57
XXIX. *Sentiments of ſome of the* Ancients, *concerning the* Soul *and* Knowledge *of* Beaſts. 59
XXX. *Of* Man. 63
XXXI. *The* Structure *of* Man's Body. 64
XXXII. *Of the* Skin. 65
XXXIII. *Of* Veins *and* Arteries. 66

The TABLE.

XXXIV. *Of the* Bones *and* Joints. Page 67
XXXV. *Of the* Organs. 70
XXXVI. *Of the* Inward Parts. 72
XXXVII. *Of* Arms, *and their Uſe.* 73
XXXVIII. *Of the* Neck *and* Head. 74
XXXIX. *Of the* Forehead, *and other* Parts *of the* Face. 77
XL. *Of the* Tongue *and* Teeth. 78
XLI. *Of the* Smell, Taſte, *and* Hearing. 80
XLII. *Of the* Proportion *of Man's* Body. 82
XLIII. *Of the* Soul, *which alone, among all Creatures, thinks and knows.* 84
XLIV. *Matter cannot think.* 85
XLV. *Of the* Union *of the* Soul *and* Body, *of which* God *alone can be the Author.* 87
XLVI. *The* Soul *has an* abſolute Command *over the* Body. 90
XLVII. *The* Power *of the* Soul *over the* Body, *is not only* ſupreme *or* abſolute, *but* blind *at the ſame Time.* 91
XLVIII. *The* Sovereignty *of the* Soul *over the* Body, *principally appears in the* Images *imprinted in the* Brain. 94
XLIX. *The* Wonders *of the* Memory *and* Brain. 98
L. *The* Mind *of Man is mixed with* Greatneſs *and* Weakneſs: *Its* Greatneſs *conſiſts in two Things.* 99
Firſt, *the* Mind *has the* Idea *of the* Infinite. Ib.
LI. *The* Mind *knows the* Finite, *only by the* Idea *of the* Infinite. 100
LII. Secondly, *The* Ideas *of the* Mind *are* Univerſal, Eternal, *and* Immutable. 102
LIII. *The* Weakneſs *of* Man's Mind. 104
LIV. *The Ideas of Man are the immutable* Rules *of his* Judgment. 107
LV. *What* Man's Reaſon *is.* 108

The TABLE.

LVI. Reaſon *is the* ſame *in all* Men *of all* Ages *and* Countries. Page 109
LVII. Reaſon *in* Man *is* Independent *of, and* Above *him.* 112
LVIII. *'Tis the* Primitive Truth, *that lights all Minds, by communicating itſelf to them.* 114
LIX. *'Tis by the Light of* Primitive Truth *a Man judges, whether what one ſays to him, be true or falſe.* 116
LX. *The* Superiour Reaſon *that reſides in Man, is* God Himſelf; *and whatever has been above diſcovered to be in Man, are evident Footſteps of the* Deity. 117
LXI. *New ſenſible Notices of the* Deity *in* Man, *drawn from the Knowledge he has of* Unity. 119
LXII. *The* Idea *of the* Unity *proves, that there are* Immaterial Subſtances; *and that there is a* Being perfectly One, *who is* God. 122
LXIII. Dependence *and* Independence *of* Man. *His* Dependence *proves the* Exiſtence *of his* Creator. 125
LXIV. Good Will *cannot proceed, but from a* Superiour Being. 127
LXV. *As a* Superiour Being *is the Cauſe of all the* Modifications *of* Creatures, *ſo it is impoſſible for Man's Will to will Good by itſelf, or of its own Accord.* 128
LXVI. *Of* Man's Liberty. 130
LXVII. Man's Liberty *conſiſts, in that his* Will, *by determining, modifies itſelf.* 131
LXVIII. Will *may reſiſt* Grace, *and its Liberty is the Foundation of* Merit *and* Demerit. 134
LXIX. *A* Character *of the* Deity, *both in the* Dependence *and* Independence *of* Man. 136
LXX. *The* Seal *and* Stamp *of the* Deity *in his Works.* 138

LXXI. *An*

LXXI. *An Objection of the* Epicureans, *who aſcribe every Thing to Chance, conſidered.* Page 139
LXXII. *An Anſwer to the Objection of the* Epicureans, *who aſcribe all to* Chance. 141
LXXIII. *A* Compariſon *of the* World *with a* regular Houſe. *A Continuation of the Anſwer to the Objection of the* Epicureans. 144
LXXIV. *Another Objection of the* Epicureans, *drawn from the* eternal Motion *of* Atoms. 146
LXXV. *Anſwers to the* Objection *of the* Epicureans, *drawn from the* Eternal Motion *of* Atoms. 149
LXXVI. *The* Epicureans *confound the* Works *of* Art *with thoſe of* Nature. 151
LXXVII. *The* Epicureans *take whatever they pleaſe for granted, without any Proof.* 152
LXXVIII. *The* Suppoſitions *of the* Epicureans *are falſe and chimerical.* 154
LXXIX. *'Tis falſly propos'd that* Motion *is* eſſential *to* Body. 155
LXXX. *The* Rules *of* Motion *which the* Epicureans *ſuppoſe, do not render it eſſential to Bodies.* 157
LXXXI. *To give a ſatisfactory Account of* Motion, *we muſt recur to the* Firſt Mover. 159
LXXXII. *No Law of* Motion *has its* Foundation *in the* Eſſence *of the* Body, *and moſt of thoſe Laws are* Arbitrary. 160
LXXXIII. *The* Epicureans *can draw no* Conſequence *from all their* Suppoſitions, *although the ſame ſhould be granted them.* 162
LXXXIV. Atoms *cannot make any* Compound *by the* Motion *the* Epicureans *aſſign them.* 163
LXXXV. *The Declination, or Bending of* Atoms, *is a Chimerical Notion, that throws the* Epicureans *into a groſs Contradiction.* 164

LXXXVI. *The*

LXXXVI. *The ſtrange Abſurdity of the* Epicureans, *who endeavour to account for the Nature of the* Soul, *by the Declination of Atoms.* p. 165
LXXXVII. *The* Epicureans *caſt a Miſt before their own Eyes, by endeavouring to explain the Liberty of Man, by the* Declination *of* Atoms. 167
LXXXVIII. *We muſt neceſſarily acknowledge the* Hand *of a* Firſt Cauſe *in the* Univerſe, *without enquiring why that* Firſt Cauſe *has leaſt* Defects *in it.* 171
LXXXIX. *The* Defects *of the* Univerſe *compared with thoſe of a Picture.* 175
XC. *We muſt neceſſarily conclude that there is a* Firſt Being *that created the* Univerſe. 177
XCI. Reaſons *why Men don't acknowledge* God *in the* Univerſe; *wherein he ſhews himſelf to them, as in a faithful Glaſs.* ibid.
XCII. *A* Prayer *to* God. 179
A Poem *on the Arch-Biſhop of* Cambray. 184

PART

The TABLE.

PART II.

CHAP. I.

THAT the Idea of God *proves ſeveral ways his actual Exiſtence.* Page 177

A general Doubt requiſite, in order to our aſſenting to nothing but what is certain. 198

Sleep a Reaſon for Doubting. ibid.

Folly a Reaſon for Doubting. ibid.

The Impoſſibility of Doubting in Practice, may poſſibly be no Reaſon for Believing any thing to be certain. 200

A Philoſophical Perplexity cauſed by the Univerſal Doubt. 202

The Firſt Truth diſcover'd; the Exiſtence of him that doubts. 203

A clear Idea the Principle of Certainty. 204

What an Idea is. 205

Three prime clear Truths. 207

Whether clear Ideas can deceive us. 208

Reaſon has no other Rule but its Idea. 209

The Spirit that had given us a falſe Reaſon, muſt have been a Creator, and Omnipotent. 210

The Difference between ſleeping and waking Thoughts. 214

Sleep

Sleep, a proper Means of ſhewing the Weakneſs of Reaſon, and the Vanity of our Being. Pag. 217
To Doubt of evident Truths as great an Error, as lightly to believe Truths which are no way evident. 218
Four certain Truths. 221
Being, Truth, and Goodneſs, are the very ſame Thing. 225
The Firſt Proof of the Exiſtence of God: A Being that is from it ſelf, is Superlatively perfect. 226
The Second Proof of the Exiſtence of God: We have an Idea of Infinite; and it is only an Infinite Being that can give us it. 231
The Idea of an Infinite is poſitive in the higheſt Degree. 232
Whence comes the Idea of Infinite. 233
What common Senſe is. 238
The Third Proof of the Exiſtence of God, by the Idea of a Neceſſary Being. 239

CHAP. II.

A *Refutation of the Principles of* Spinoza. 245
Whether the Infinite Being can be a Collection of all Beings. ibid.
The Abſurdity of this Suppoſition. 248

1. *It ſuppoſes the Infinite to be changing and variable.* ibid.
2. *What is compounded cannot be abſolute and infinite.* 250
3. *No Compound can ſubſiſt of it ſelf.* 253

The TABLE.

4. *A Compoſition of Infinite Beings anſwer not the Idea of Abſolute Infinity.* Page 256

What God is. 260
Of the Unity of the Firſt Being. 264
Simplicity, as oppoſed to Compoſition. 275
Eternity. 280
Immenſity. 296

E. Tournemine's *Reflections upon Atheiſm.* 310

BRITISH MUSEUM
15 60
DEC

A DEMONSTRATION OF THE EXISTENCE OF GOD.

SECT. I.

Metaphyſical Proofs of the Exiſtence of God, *are not within every Body's Reach.*

I Cannot open mine Eyes, without admiring the Art that ſhines throughout all Nature: The leaſt Caſt * ſuffices to make me perceive the Hand that makes every Thing.

* Before we proceed, it is neceſſary to acquaint the Reader, hat in this excellent Piece the Author often makes Uſe of *Comp*

Men accuſtom'd to meditate upon Metaphyſical Truths, and to trace up Things to their firſt Principles, may know the DEITY by its Idea: And I own, that's a ſure Way to arrive at the Source of all Truth. But the more direct and ſhort that Way is, the more difficult and unpaſſable it is for the Generality of Mankind, who depend on their Senſes and Imagination.

An *Ideal* Demonſtration is ſo ſimple, that thro' its very Simplicity it eſcapes thoſe Minds that are incapable of Operations purely intellectual. In ſhort, the more perfect is the Way to find the FIRST BEING, the fewer Men there are that are capable to follow it.

SECT. II.

Moral Proofs of the Exiſtence of GOD *are fitted to every Man's Capacity.*

BUT there is a leſs perfect Way level to to the meaneſt Capacity. Men, the leaſt exerciſed in Reaſoning, and the moſt tenacious of the Prejudices of the Senſes, may yet with one Look diſcover him who has drawn himſelf in all his Works. The Wiſdom and Power he has ſtampt upon every Thing he has made, are

Coup d' Oeil, an Expreſſion now much in Vogue in *French*, and which in *Engliſh* ſignifies *a Caſt of the Eye, a Glance, a Look, as alſo a Proſpect, a viſta*; in ſhort, whatever a Man ſees at once by caſting his Eyes one Way or other.

ſeen

BRITISH MUSEUM 15 60 DEC

ſeen, as it were in a Glaſs, by thoſe that cannot contemplate him in his own Idea. This is a ſenſible and popular Philoſophy, of which any Man, free from Paſſion and Prejudice, is capable. *Humana autem anima rationalis eſt, quæ mortalibus Vinculis Peccati pœna tenebatur, ad hoc diminutionis redacta ut per Conjecturas rerum Viſibilium ad intelligenda inviſibilia niteretur,* * that is, *The humane Soul is ſtill rational, but in ſuch a Manner, that being by the Puniſhment of Sin detain'd in the Bonds of Death, it is ſo far reduc'd, that it can only endeavour to arrive at the Knowledge of Things inviſible, through the viſible.*

SECT. III.

Why ſo few Perſons are attentive to the Proofs Nature affords of the Exiſtence of GOD.

IF a great Number of Men, of ſubtle and penetrating Wit, have not diſcover'd GOD with one Caſt of the Eye upon Nature, it is not Matter of Wonder. For either the Paſſions they have been toſs'd by, have ſtill rendred them incapable of any fix'd Reflection; or the falſe Prejudices that reſult from Paſſions, have, like a thick Cloud, interpos'd between their Eyes

* *Aug. lib. 3. de lib. Arb.*

and that noble Spectacle.* A Man deeply concern'd in an Affair of great Importance, that ſhould take up all the Attention of his Mind, might paſs ſeveral Days in a Room, treating about his Concerns, without taking Notice of the Proportions of the Chamber, the Ornaments of the Chimney, and the Pictures about him: All which Objects would continually be before his Eyes, and yet none of them make any Impreſſion upon him. In this Manner 'tis that Men ſpend their Lives: Every Thing offers GOD to their Sight, and yet they ſee him no where. *He was in the World, and the World was made by him, and* nevertheleſs *the World did not know him:* † *In mundo erat, & mundus per ipſum factus eſt, & mundus eum non cognovit.* They paſs away their Lives without perceiving that ſenſible Repreſentation of the DEITY. Such is the Faſcination of worldly Trifles that obſcures their Eyes! *Faſcinatio Nugacitatis obſcurat Bona.* Nay, oftentimes they will not ſo much as open them, but rather affect to keep 'em ſhut, leſt they ſhould find him they don't look for. In ſhort, what ought to help moſt to open their Eyes, ſerves only to cloſe them faſter; I mean, the conſtant Duration and Regularities of the Motions which the Supreme Wiſdom has put in the Univerſe. St. *Auſtin* tells us, thoſe great Wonders have been

* *Ipſius vero mundi qui omnia complexu ſuo coercet & continet non artificioſè ſolum, ſed plane Artifex ab eodem* Zenone *dicitur, conſultrix & provida utilitatis, opportunitatumque omnium.* Cic. lib. 2. de Nat. Deor.

† *John* cap. 1. ver. 10.

been * debaſed by being conſtantly renew'd: And *Tully* ſpeaks exactly in the ſame Manner, 'By ſeeing every Day the ſame Things, the 'Mind grows familiar with them as well as the 'Eyes. It neither admires, nor enquires into 'the Cauſes of Effects, that are ever ſeen to 'happen in the ſame Manner, as if 'twere the 'Novelty, and not the Importance of the thing 'itſelf, that ſhould excite us to ſuch an En-'quiry:' † *Sed aſſiduitate quotidiana & conſuetudine Oculorum aſſueſcunt animi, neque admirantur, neque requirunt rationes earum rerum, quas ſemper vident, perinde quaſi novitas nos magis quam magnitudo rerum debeat ad exquirandas cauſas excitare.*

SECT. IV.

All Nature ſhews the Exiſtence of its Maker.

BUT, after all, whole Nature ſhews the infinite Art of its Maker. When I ſpeak of an *Art*, I mean a Collection of proper Means choſen on Purpoſe, to arrive at a certain End: Or, if you pleaſe, 'tis an Order, a Method, a Study, or a ſet Deſign. Chance, on the contrary, is a blind and neceſſary Cauſe, which neither ſets in Order, nor chuſes any Thing, and which has neither Will, nor Underſtanding.

* *Aſſiduitate vilueruut.*
† *Cic. lib. 2. de Nat. Deor.*

Now I maintain, that the Univerſe bears the Character and Stamp of a Cauſe infinitely powerful and operative *; and at the ſame Time, that Chance, that is, the blind and fortuitous Concourſe of Cauſes neceſſary and void of Reaſon, cannot have form'd this Univerſe. To this Purpoſe 'tis not amiſs to call to Mind the celebrated Compariſons of the Ancients.

SECT. V.

Noble Compariſons, proving that Nature ſhews the Exiſtence of its Maker.

Firſt Compariſon drawn from HOMER'S ILIAD.

WHO will believe that ſo perfect a Poem as *Homer*'s *Iliad*, was not the Product of the Genius of a great Poet, and that the Alphabet being confuſedly jumbled and mix'd, were by Chance, as it were by the Caſt of a Pair of Dice, brought together in ſuch an Order as is neceſſary to deſcribe, in Verſes full of Harmony and Variety, ſo many great Events; to place, and connect them ſo well together; to paint every Object with all its moſt graceful, moſt noble, and moſt affecting Attendants; in ſhort, to make every Perſon ſpeak according to

* *In quibus nulla temeritas ſed ordo appareret, & artis quædam Similitudo.* Cic. de Nat. Deor. lib. 2.

his

his Character, in ſo natural and ſo forcible a Manner? Let People argue, and ſubtilize upon the Matter as much as they pleaſe, yet they never will perſwade a Man of Senſe, that the *Iliad* was the mere Reſult of Chance. *Cicero* * ſaid the ſame in relation to *Ennius*'s Annals; adding, that Chance could never make one ſingle Verſe, much leſs a whole Poem. How then can a Man of Senſe be induc'd to believe, with Reſpect to the Univerſe, a Work, beyond Contradiction, more wonderful than the *Iliad*, what his Reaſon will never ſuffer him to believe in Relation to that Poem? Let's attend another Compariſon, which we owe to St. *Gregory Nazianzen.*

SECT. VI.

Second Compariſon drawn from the SOUND *of* INSTRUMENTS.

IF we heard in a Room from behind a Curtain, a ſoft and harmonius Inſtrument, ſhould we believe that Chance, without the Help of any human Hand, could have form'd ſuch an Inſtrument? Should we ſay that the Strings of a Violin, for Inſtance, had, of their own Accord, ranged and extended themſelves on a wooden Frame, whoſe ſeveral Parts had

* *Cic. de Nat. Deor. lib.* 2.

glued themſelves together, to form a Cavity with regular Apertures? Should we maintain that the Bow form'd without Art, ſhould be puſh'd by the Wind, to touch every String ſo variouſly, and with ſuch nice Exactneſs? What rational Man could ſeriouſly entertain a Doubt, whether an humane Hand touch'd ſuch an Inſtrument with ſo much Harmony? Would he not cry out, 'tis a maſterly Hand that plays upon it? Let us proceed to inculcate the ſame Truth.

SECT. VII

Third Compariſon drawn from a STATUE.

IF a Man ſhould find in a deſart Iſland, a fine Statue of Marble, he would undoubtedly immediately ſay, ſure there have been Men here formerly; I perceive the Workmanſhip of a skilful Statuary; I admire with what Niceneſs he has proportion'd all the Limbs of this Body, in Order to give them ſo much Beauty, Gracefulneſs, Majeſty, Life, Tenderneſs, Motion, and Action!

What would ſuch a Man anſwer, if any Body ſhould tell him? *That's your Miſtake, a Statuary never carv'd that Figure. 'Tis made, I confeſs, with an excellent Symmetry, and according to the Rules of Perfection: But yet 'tis Chance alone made*

made it. Among ſo many Pieces of Marble, there was one that form'd it ſelf, of its own Accord, in this Manner; the Rains and Winds have looſen'd it from the Mountains; a violent Storm has thrown it directly upright upon this Pedeſtal, which had prepared it ſelf to ſupport it in this Place. 'Tis a perfect Apollo *like that of* Belvedere; *a* Venus *that equals that of the* Medicis; *an* Hercules *like that of* Farneſe. *You would think, 'tis true, that this Figure walks, lives, thinks, and is juſt going to ſpeak: But, however, it is not, in the leaſt, beholden to Art; and 'tis only a blind Stroke of Chance, that has thus ſo well finiſh'd and plac'd it.*

SECT. VIII.

Fourth Compariſon, drawn from a PICTURE.

IF a Man had before his Eyes a fine Picture, repreſenting, for Example, the Paſſage of the Red Sea, with *Moſes*, at whoſe Voice the Waters divide themſelves, and riſe like two Walls, to let the *Iſraelites* paſs dry-foot through the Deep, He would ſee, on the one Side, that innumerable Multitude of People, full of Confidence and Joy lifting up their Hands to Heaven, and perceive on the other Side King *Pharaoh* with the *Egyptians* frighted and confounded at the Sight of the Waves that join again to ſwallow them up. Now, in good

Earneſt, who would be ſo bold as to affirm, That a Chamber-maid having by Chance dawb'd that Piece of Cloth, the Colours had, of their own Accord, ranged themſelves in Order to produce that lively Colouring; thoſe various Aptitudes; thoſe Looks ſo well expreſſing different Paſſions; that elegant Diſpoſition of ſo many Figures without Confuſion; that decent Plaiting of Draperies; that Management of Lights; that Degradation of Colours; that exact Perſpective: In ſhort, all that the nobleſt Genius of a Painter can invent? If there were no more in the Caſe than a little Foam at the Mouth of a Horſe, I own, as the Story goes, and which I readily allow without examining into it, that a Stroke of a Pencil thrown in a Pet by a Painter, might once, in many Ages, happen to expreſs it well: But at leaſt, the Painter muſt beforehand have, with Deſign, choſen the moſt proper Colours to repreſent that Foam, in order to prepare them at the End of his Pencil: And therefore 'twere only a little Chance that had finiſh'd what Art had begun. Beſides, this Work of *Art* and *Chance* together, being only a little Foam, a confuſed Object, and ſo moſt proper to credit a Stroke of Chance, an Object without Form, that requires only a little whitiſh Colour dropt from a Pencil, without any exact Figure, or Correction of Deſign. What Compariſon is there between that Foam with a whole Deſign of a large continued Hiſtory, in which the moſt fertile Fancy,

cy, and the boldeſt Genius, ſupported by Let perfect Knowledge of Rules, are ſcarce ſufficient to perform what makes an excellent Picture? I cannot prevail with my ſelf to leave theſe Inſtances, without deſiring the Reader to obſerve, that the moſt rational Men are naturally extream loath to think, that Beaſts have no manner of Underſtanding, and are mere Machines. Now whence proceeds ſuch an invincible Averſeneſs to that Opinion in ſo many Men of Senſe? 'Tis becauſe they ſuppoſe, with Reaſon, that Motions ſo exact, and according to the Rules of perfect Mechaniſm, cannot be made without ſome Direction, and that artleſs Matter alone, cannot perform what argues ſo much Knowledge. Hence it appears, That ſound Reaſon naturally concludes, that Matter alone cannot, either by the ſimple Laws of Motion, or by the capricious Strokes of Chance, make even Animals that are mere Machines. Thoſe Philoſophers themſelves who will not allow Beaſts to have an reaſoning Faculty, cannot avoid acknowledging, that what they ſuppoſe to be blind and artleſs in theſe Machines, is yet full of Wiſdom and Art in the firſt Mover, who made their Springs, and regulated their Movements. Thus the moſt oppoſite Philoſophers perfectly agree in acknowledging, that Matter and Chance cannot, without the Help of Art, produce all we obſerve in Animals.

Earneſt, who would be ſo bold as to affirm, That a Chamber-maid having by Chance dawb'd that Piece of Cloth, the Colours had, of their own Accord, ranged themſelves in Order to produce that lively Colouring; thoſe various Aptitudes; thoſe Looks ſo well expreſſing different Paſſions; that elegant Diſpoſition of ſo many Figures without Confuſion; that decent Plaiting of Draperies; that Management of Lights; that Degradation of Colours; that exact Perſpective: In ſhort, all that the nobleſt Genius of a Painter can invent? If there were no more in the Caſe than a little Foam at the Mouth of a Horſe, I own, as the Story goes, and which I readily allow without examining into it, that a Stroke of a Pencil thrown in a Pet by a Painter, might once, in many Ages, happen to expreſs it well: But at leaſt, the Painter muſt beforehand have, with Deſign, choſen the moſt proper Colours to repreſent that Foam, in order to prepare them at the End of his Pencil: And therefore 'twere only a little Chance that had finiſh'd what Art had begun. Beſides, this Work of *Art* and *Chance* together, being only a little Foam, a confuſed Object, and ſo moſt proper to credit a Stroke of Chance, an Object without Form, that requires only a little whitiſh Colour dropt from a Pencil, without any exact Figure, or Correction of Deſign. What Compariſon is there between that Foam with a whole Deſign of a large continued Hiſtory, in which the moſt fertile Fancy,

cy, and the boldeſt Genius, ſupported by the perfect Knowledge of Rules, are ſcarce ſufficient to perform what makes an excellent Picture? I cannot prevail with my ſelf to leave theſe Inſtances, without deſiring the Reader to obſerve, that the moſt rational Men are naturally extream loath to think, that Beaſts have no manner of Underſtanding, and are mere Machines. Now whence proceeds ſuch an invincible Averſeneſs to that Opinion in ſo many Men of Senſe? 'Tis becauſe they ſuppoſe, with Reaſon, that Motions ſo exact, and according to the Rules of perfect Mechaniſm, cannot be made without ſome Direction, and that artleſs Matter alone, cannot perform what argues ſo much Knowledge. Hence it appears, That ſound Reaſon naturally concludes, that Matter alone cannot, either by the ſimple Laws of Motion, or by the capricious Strokes of Chance, make even Animals that are mere Machines. Thoſe Philoſophers themſelves who will not allow Beaſts to have an reaſoning Faculty, cannot avoid acknowledging, that what they ſuppoſe to be blind and artleſs in theſe Machines, is yet full of Wiſdom and Art in the firſt Mover, who made their Springs, and regulated their Movements. Thus the moſt oppoſite Philoſophers perfectly agree in acknowledging, that Matter and Chance cannot, without the Help of Art, produce all we obſerve in Animals.

SECT. IX.

A particular Examination of NATURE.

AFter theſe Compariſons, about which I only deſire the Reader to conſult himſelf, without any Argumentation, I think 'tis high Time to enter into a Detail of Nature. I do not pretend to penetrate through the whole: Who is able to do it? Neither do I pretend to enter into any phyſical Diſcuſſion. Such Way of Reaſoning requires a certain deep Knowledge, which Abundance of Men of Wit and Senſe never acquir'd; and therefore I will offer nothing to them but the ſimple Proſpect of the Face of Nature. I will entertain them with nothing but what every Body knows, and which requires only a little calm and ſerious Attention.

SECT. X.

Of the GENERAL STRUCTURE *of the* UNIVERSE.

LET us, in the firſt Place, ſtop at the great Object that firſt ſtrikes our Sight, I mean the *General Structure* of the *Univerſe**. Let us caſt

* *Quanta ſit admirabilitas cœleſtium rerum, atque terreſtrium.*

our

our Eyes on this Earth that bears us. Let us look on that vaſt Arch of the Skies that covers us; thoſe immenſe Regions of Air, and Depths of Water that ſurround us; and thoſe bright Stars that light us. A Man who lives without Reflecting, thinks only on the Parts of Matter that are near to him, or have any Relations to his Wants. He only looks upon the Earth, as on the Floor of his Chamber; and on the Sun that lights him in the Day-time, as on the Candle that lights him in the Night. His Thoughts are confin'd within the Place he inhabits. On the contrary, a Man who is uſed to contemplate and reflect, carries his Looks further, and curiouſly conſiders the almoſt infinite Abyſſes that ſurround him on all ſides. A large Kingdom appears then to him but a little Corner of the Earth; the Earth it ſelf is no more to his Eyes than a Point in the Maſs of the Univerſe; and he admires to ſee himſelf placed in it without knowing which way he came there.

SECT.

SECT. XI.

Of the EARTH.

WHO is it that hung and pois'd this motionleſs Globe of the Earth? Who laid its Foundation? Nothing ſeems more Vile and Contemptible; for the meaneſt Wretches tread it under Foot; but yet 'tis in order to poſſeſs it, that we part with the greateſt Treaſures. If it were harder than it is, Man could not open its Boſom to cultivate it; and if it were leſs hard, it could not bear them, and they would ſink every where, as they do in Sand, or in a Bog. 'Tis from the inexhauſtible Boſom of the Earth, we draw what's moſt Precious. That ſhapeleſs, vile, and rude Maſs aſſumes the moſt various Forms; and yields alone, by turns, all the Goods we can deſire. That dirty Soil transforms it ſelf into a thouſand fine Objects that charm the Eye. In the compaſs of one Year, it turns into Branches, Twigs, Buds, Leaves, Bloſſoms, Fruits, and Seeds, in order, by thoſe various Shapes, to multiply its Liberalities to Mankind. Nothing exhauſts the Earth: The more we tear her Bowels, the more ſhe's Liberal. After ſo many Ages, during which ſhe has produced every Thing, ſhe is not yet worn out. She feels no Decay from old Age; and her Entrails ſtill contain

tain the ſame Treaſures. A thouſand Generations have paſs'd away, and return'd into her Boſom: Every thing grows Old, ſhe alone excepted: For ſhe grows Young again every Year in the Spring. She's never wanting to Men; but fooliſh Men are wanting to themſelves, in neglecting to cultivate her. 'Tis through their Lazineſs and Extravagance they ſuffer Brambles and Briars to grow inſtead of Grapes and Corn. They contend for a Good they let periſh. The Conquerors leave uncultivated the Ground, for the Poſſeſſion of which, they have ſacrificed the Lives of ſo many thouſand Men, and have ſpent their own in Hurry and Trouble. Men have before them vaſt Tracts of Land uninhabited and uncultivated; and they turn Mankind Topſy-turvy for one Nook of that neglected Ground in Diſpute. The Earth, if well cultivated, would feed a hundred times more Men than now ſhe does. Even the Unevenеſs of Ground which at firſt ſeems to be a Defect, turns either into Ornament or Profit. The Mountains aroſe, and the Vallies deſcended to the Place the Lord had appointed for them. Thoſe different Grounds have their particular Advantages, according to the divers Aſpects of the Sun. In thoſe deep Vallies grows freſh and tender Graſs to feed Cattle. Next to them opens a vaſt Champain cover'd with a rich Harveſt. Here, Hills riſe like an Amphitheatre, and are crown'd with Vineyards and Fruit-Trees. There high

Moun-

Mountains carry aloft their frozen Brows to the very Clouds, and the Torrents that run down from them become the Springs of Rivers. The Rocks that ſhew their craggy Tops, bear up the Earth of the Mountains, juſt as the Bones bear up the Fleſh in human Bodies. That Variety yields at once, a raviſhing Proſpect to the Eye, and, at the ſame time, ſupplies the divers Wants of Man. There's no Ground ſo barren, but has ſome profitable Property. Not only black and fertile Soil, but even Clay and Gravel recompence a Man's Toil. Drain'd * Moraſſes become fruitful; Sand for the moſt part, only covers the Surface of the Earth, and when the Husbandman has the Patience to dig deeper, he finds a new Ground that grows fertile as faſt as it is turn'd, and expos'd to the Rays of the Sun.

There's ſcarce any Spot of Ground † abſolutely Barren, if a Man do not grow weary of Digging, and Turning it to the enlivening Sun, and if he require no more from it, than is proper to bear, amidſt Stones and Rocks there's ſometimes excellent Paſture; and their Cavities have Veins, which being penetrated by the piercing Rays of the Sun, furniſh Plants with moſt ſavoury Juices for the feeding of

* Fens.

† *Xenophon's* Country Oeconomy.

Herds

Herds and Flocks. Even Sea-Coaſts that ſeem to be the moſt Sterile and Wild, yield ſometimes either delicious Fruits, or moſt wholeſome Medicines, that are wanting in the moſt fertile Countries. Beſides, 'tis the Effect of a wiſe over-ruling Providence, that no Land yields all that's uſeful to human Life. For Want invites Men to Commerce, in order to ſupply one another's Neceſſities. 'Tis therefore that Want that's the natural Tie of Society between Nations: Otherwiſe all the People of the Earth would be reduc'd to one Sort of Food and Cloathing; and nothing would invite them to know and viſit one another.

SECT. XII.

Of PLANTS.

ALL that the Earth produces being corrupted, returns into her Boſom, and becomes the Seed of a new Production. Thus ſhe reſumes all ſhe has given, in order to give it again. Thus the Corruption of Plants, and the Excrements of the Animals ſhe feeds, feed her, and improve her Fertility. Thus the more ſhe gives, the more ſhe reſumes; and ſhe is never exhauſted, provided they who cultivate her reſtore to her what ſhe has given. Every thing comes from her Boſom; every Thing returns to it

it; and nothing is loſt in it. Nay, all Seeds multiply there: If, for Inſtance, you truſt the Earth with ſome Grains of Corn, as they corrupt they germinate and ſpring; and that teeming Parent reſtores with Uſury more Ears than ſhe had receiv'd Grains. Dig into her Entrails: You'll find in them Stone and Marble for the moſt magnificent Buildings. But who is it that has laid up ſo many Treaſures in her Boſom, upon Condition that they ſhould continually produce themſelves anew? Behold how many precious and uſeful Metals; how many Minerals deſign'd for the Conveniency of Man!

Admire the Plants that ſpring from the Earth: They yield Food for the Healthy, and Remedies for the Sick. Their Species and Virtues are innumerable. They deck the Earth, yield Verdure, fragrant Flowers, and delicious Fruits. Do you ſee thoſe vaſt Foreſts that ſeem as Old as the World? Thoſe Trees ſink into the Earth by their Roots, as deep as their Branches ſhoot up to the Sky. Their Roots defend them againſt the Winds, and fetch up, as it were by ſubteranean Pipes, all the Juices deſtin'd to feed the Trunk. The Trunk it ſelf is cover'd with a tough Bark that ſhelters the tender Wood from the Injuries of the Air. The Branches diſtribute by ſeveral Pipes the Sap which the Roots had gather'd up in the Trunk. In Summer, the Boughs protect us with their Shadow, againſt the ſcorching Rays of

of the Sun. In Winter, they feed the Fire that preſerves in us natural Heat. Nor is Burning the only uſe Wood is fit for: It is a ſoft, tho' ſolid and durable Matter, to which the Hand of Man gives, with Eaſe, all the Forms he pleaſes, for the greateſt Works of Architecture and Navigation. Moreover, Fruit Trees by bending their Boughs towards the Earth, ſeem to offer their Crop to Man. The Trees and Plants, by letting their Fruit, or Seed drop down, provide for a numerous Poſterity about them. The tendereſt Plant, the leaſt of Herbs and Pulſe are, in little, in a ſmall Seed, all that's diſplay'd in the higheſt Plants and largeſt Tree. Earth that never changes, produces all thoſe Alterations in her Boſom.

SECT. XIII.

Of WATER.

LET us now behold what we call Water. It is a Liquid, clear, and tranſparent Body. On the one Hand it flows, ſlips, and runs away; and on the other, it aſſumes all the Forms of the Bodies that ſurround it, having properly none of its own. If Water were more rarefied, or thinner, it would be a kind of Air; and ſo the whole Surface of the Earth would be dry and ſterile. There would be

be none but Volatiles; no living Creature could ſwim; no Fiſh could live; nor would there be any Traffick by Navigation. What ſagacious Hand has found Means to thicken the Water, by ſubtilizing the Air, and ſo well to diſtinguiſh thoſe two ſorts of fluid Bodies? If Water were ſomewhat more rarefied, it could no longer ſuſtain thoſe prodigious floating Buildings, called Ships. Bodies that have the leaſt Ponderoſity would preſently ſink under Water. Who is it that took care to frame ſo juſt a Configuration of Parts, and ſo exact a Degree of Motion, as to make Water ſo fluid, ſo penetrating, ſo ſlippery, ſo incapable of any Conſiſtency: And yet ſo ſtrong to bear, and ſo impetuous to carry off and waft away the moſt unwieldy Bodies? It is docile; Man leads it about as a Rider does a well-manag'd Horſe. He diſtributes it as he pleaſes: He raiſes it to the Top of ſteep Mountains, and makes uſe of its Weight to let it fall, in order to riſe again, as high as it was at firſt. But Man who leads Waters with ſuch abſolute Command, is, in his turn, led by them. Water is one of the greateſt moving Powers, that Man can employ to ſupply his Defects in the moſt neceſſary Arts, either through the ſmallneſs or weakneſs of his Body. But the Waters, which, notwithſtanding their Fluidity, are ſuch ponderous Bodies, do nevertheleſs riſe above our Heads, and remain a long while hanging there. Do you ſee thoſe Clouds

Clouds that fly, as it were, * on the Wings of the Winds? If they ſhould fall, on a ſudden, in watry Pillars, rapid like a Torrent, they would drown and deſtroy every thing where they ſhould happen to fall, and the other Grounds would remain dry. What Hand keeps them in thoſe pendulous Reſervatories, and permits them to fall only by Drops, as if they were diſtill'd through a Watering-Pot? Whence comes it, that in ſome hot Countries, where ſcarce any Rain ever falls, the nightly Dews are ſo plentiful, that they ſupply the want of Rain: And that in other Countries, ſuch as the Banks of the *Nile* and *Ganges*, the regular Inundation of Rivers, at certain Seaſons of the Year, never fails to make up what is wanting to the Inhabitants for the watering of the Ground? Can one imagine Meaſures better concerted, to render all Countries fertile and fruitful?

Thus Water quenches, not only the Thirſt of Men, but likewiſe of the dry Ground: And he who gave us that fluid Body, has carefully diſtributed it throughout the Earth, like Pipes in a Garden. The Waters fall from the Tops of Mountains where their Reſervatories are placed. They gather into Rivulets in the Bottom of Vallies. Rivers run in winding Streams through vaſt Tracts of Land, to water

---

* *Super pennas ventorum.*

them

them the better; And, at laſt, they precipitate themſelves into the Sea, in order to make it the Center of Commerce for all Nations. That Ocean, which ſeems to be placed in the midſt of Lands, to make an eternal † Separation between them, is on the contrary, the common Rendezvouz of all the People of the Earth, who could not go, by Land, from one End of the World to the other, without infinite Fatigue, tedious Journies, and numberleſs Dangers. 'Tis by that trackleſs Road, croſs the bottomleſs Deep, that the Old World ſhakes Hands with the New; and that the New ſupplies the Old with ſo many Conveniencies and Riches. The Waters, diſtributed with ſo much Art, circulate in the Earth, juſt as the Blood does in a Man's Body. But beſides this perpetual Circulation of the Water, there is moreover the Flux * and Reflux of the Sea. Let us not inquire into the Cauſes of ſo myſterious an Effect. What's certain is, that the Tide carries, or brings us back to certain Places, at preciſe Hours. Who is it that

† The illuſtrious Author alludes to and rectifies this Thought of *Horace*, *Carm. lib.* 1. *Ode* 3.

Nequicquam DEUS *abſcidit*
Prudens Oceano Diſſociabili
Terras, ſi tamen impiæ
Non tangenda rates tranſiliunt vada.

* Vulgarly, Flowing and Ebbing.

makes

makes it withdraw, and then come back with ſo much Regularity? A little more or leſs Motion in that fluid Maſs would diſorder all Nature: For a little Motion in a Tide or Flood, would drown whole Kingdoms. Who is it that knew how to take ſuch exact Meaſures in immenſe Bodies? Who is it that knew ſo well how to keep a juſt Medium between too much and too little? What Hand has ſet to the Sea the unmoveable Boundary it muſt reſpect through the Series of all Ages, by telling it: There, thy proud VVaves ſhall be ſtopped? But theſe Waters ſo fluid, become, on a ſudden, during the Winter, as hard as Rocks. The Summits of high Mountains, have, even at all Times, Ice and Snow, which are the Springs of Rivers, and moiſtening the Paſtures render them more fertile. Here Waters are ſweet to quench the Thirſt of Man: There they are briny, and yield a Salt that ſeaſons our Meat, and preſerves it from corrupting. In fine, if I lift up my Eyes, I perceive in the Clouds that fly above us, a ſort of hanging Seas, that ſerve to temper the Air, break the fiery Rays of the Sun, and water the Earth when it is too dry. What Hand was able to hang over our Heads thoſe great Reſervatories of Waters? What Hand takes Care never to let them fall, but in moderate Showers?

SECT.

SECT. XIV.

Of the AIR.

AFter having conſider'd the Waters, let us now contemplate another Maſs, yet of far greater Extent. Do you ſee what is call'd Air? 'Tis a Body ſo pure, ſo ſubtle, and ſo tranſparent, that the Rays of the Stars, ſeated at a Diſtance almoſt infinite from us, pierce quite through it, without Difficulty, and in an inſtant, to light our Eyes. Had this fluid Body been a little leſs ſubtle, it would either have intercepted the Day from us, or at moſt would have left us but a duskiſh and confuſed Light, juſt as when the Air is fill'd with thick Fogs. We live plung'd in Abyſſes of Air, as Fiſhes do in Abyſſes of Water. As the Water, if it were ſubtiliz'd, would become a kind of Air, which would occaſion the Death of Fiſhes; ſo the Air would deprive us of Breath if it ſhould become more humid and thicker. In ſuch a Caſe we ſhould drown in the Waves of that thicken'd Air, juſt as a terreſtrial Animal drowns in the Sea. Who is it that has ſo nicely purified that Air we breath? If it were thicker, it would ſtifle us; and if it were too ſubtle, it would want that Softneſs which continually feeds the Vitals of Man. We ſhould be ſenſible every where of what we Experience

on

on the Top of the higheſt Mountains, where the Air is ſo thin that it yields no ſufficient Moiſture and Nouriſhment for the Lungs. But what inviſible Power raiſes, and lays ſo ſuddenly the Storms of that great fluid Body, of which thoſe of the Sea are only Conſequences? From what Treaſure come forth the Winds that purify the Air, cool ſcorching Heats, temper the Sharpneſs of Winter, and, in an Inſtant, change the whole Face of Heaven? On the Wings of thoſe Winds, the Clouds fly from one end of the Horizon to the other. 'Tis known that certain * Winds blow in certain Seas, at ſome ſtated Seaſons. They continue a fix'd Time and others ſucceed them, as it were on purpoſe, to render Navigation both commodious and regular: So that if Men are but patient, and as punctual as the Winds, they may, with Eaſe perform the longeſt Voyages.

SECT. XV.

Of FIRE.

DO you ſee that Fire that ſeems kindled in the Stars, and ſpreads its Light on all ſides? Do you ſee that Flame which certain

* Call'd by Seamen Trade-Winds.

Mountains vomit up; and which the Earth feeds with Sulphur, within its Entrails? That the ſame Fire peaceably lurks in the Veins of Flints; and expects to break out, till the Colliſion of another Body excites it to ſhock Cities and Mountains. Man has found the way to kindle it, and apply it to all his Uſes; both to bend the hardeſt Metals, and to feed with Wood, even in the moſt frozen Climes, a Flame that ſerves him inſtead of the Sun, when the Sun removes from him. That ſubtle Flame glides and penetrates into all Seeds. It is, as it were, the Soul of all living Things; it conſumes all that's Impure, and renews what it has purified. Fire lends its Force and Activity to weak Men. It blows up, on a ſudden, Buildings and Rocks. But have we a mind to confine it to a more moderate Uſe? It warms Man, and makes all ſorts of Food fit for his Eating. The Ancients, in Admiration of Fire, believed it to be a Celeſtial Gift, which Man had Stolen * from the Gods.

---

* *Audax Iapeti genus*
Ignem fraude malâ gentibus intulit.
Poſt ignem æthereâ domo
Subductum, &c. Horat. Carm. *Lib.* 1. *Ode* 3.

SECT.

SECT. XVI.

Of HEAVEN.

'TIS Time to lift up our Eyes to Heaven. What Power has built over our Heads ſo vaſt and ſo magnificent an Arch? What a ſtupendous Variety of admirable Objects is here? 'Tis, no doubt, to preſent us with a noble Spectacle that an omnipotent Hand has ſet before our Eyes ſo great and ſo bright Objects. 'Tis in order to raiſe our Admiration of Heaven, ſays *Tully*, * That GOD made Man unlike the reſt of † Animals. He ſtands upright, and lifts up his Head, that he may be employ'd about the Things that were above him. Sometimes we ſee a duskiſh Azure Sky, where the pureſt Fires twinkle. Sometimes we behold, in a temperate Heaven, the ſofteſt Colours, mix'd with ſuch Variety, as 'tis not in the Power of Painting to imitate. Sometimes we ſee Clouds of all

---

* Lib. 2. *De Nat. Deor*

† *Pronaque cum ſpectent Animalia cætera Terram.*
Os hominis Sublime dedit; Cœlumque videre
Juſſit, & erectos ad Sidera tollere vultus.

Ovid. Metam. Lib. 1.

This Thought of *Ovid* was imitated by the Poet *Silius*, who ſays,

Nonne vides hominum ut celſos ad Sidera vultus
Suſtulerit Deus, & Sublimia finxerit Ora.

Shapes and Figures, and of all the brighteſt Colours, which every Moment ſhift that beautiful Garniture, by the fineſt Accidents and various Effects of Light. What does the regular Succeſſion of Day and Night, denote? For ſo many Ages as are paſt, the Sun never fail'd ſerving Men, who cannot live without it. Many thouſand Years are elaps'd, and the Dawn never once miſs'd proclaiming the Approach of the Day. It always begins preciſely, at a certain Moment and Place. The Sun, ſays the Holy Writ, knows where it ſhall ſet every Day. By that means it lights, by Turns, the two Hemiſpheres, or Sides of the Earth, and viſits all thoſe for whom its Beams are deſign'd. The Day is the Time for Society, and Labour; the Night wrapping up the Earth with its Shadow, ends, in its Turn, all manner of Fatigue, and alleviates the Toil of the Day. It ſuſpends, and quiets all; and ſpreads Silence and Sleep every where. By refreſhing the Bodies, it renews the Spirits. Soon after, Day returns to ſummon again Man to Labour, and revive all Nature.

SECT. XVII.

Of the SUN.

BUT beſides the conſtant Courſe by which the Sun forms Days and Nights, it makes us ſenſible of another, by which, for the Space of

of ſix Months, it approaches one of the Poles, and at the End of thoſe ſix Months, goes back with equal Speed, to viſit the other Pole. This excellent Order makes one Sun ſufficient for the whole Earth. If it were of a larger Size at the ſame Diſtance, it would ſet the whole Globe on Fire, and the Earth would be burnt to Aſhes. And if, at the ſame Diſtance, it were leſſer, the Earth would be all over frozen, and uninhabitable. Again, if, in the ſame Magnitude, it were nearer us, it would ſet us in Flames; and if more remote, we ſhould not be able to live on the terreſtrial Globe, for want of Heat. What Pair of Compaſſes, whoſe Circumference encircles both Heaven and Earth, has fix'd ſuch juſt Dimenſions? That Planet does no leſs befriend that Part of the Earth from which it removes, in order to temper it, than that it approaches, to favour it with its Beams. Its kind, beneficent Aſpect, fertilizes all it ſhines upon. This Change produces that of the Seaſons, whoſe Variety is ſo agreeable. The Spring ſilences bleak, froſty Winds, brings forth Bloſſoms and Flowers, and promiſes Fruits. The Summer yields rich Harveſts. The Autumn beſtows the Fruits promis'd by the Spring. The Winter, which is a kind of Night, wherein Man refreſhes and reſts himſelf, lays up all the Treaſures of the Earth in its Center, with no other Deſign, but that the next Spring may diſplay them, with all the Graces of Novelty: Thus Nature, variouſly attir'd, yields ſo many

fine Proſpects, that ſhe never gives Man Leiſure to be diſguſted with what he poſſeſſes.

But how is it poſſible for the Courſe of the Sun to be ſo regular? It appears that Star is only a Globe of moſt ſubtle Flame: Now, what is it that keeps that Flame, ſo reſtleſs and ſo impetuous, within the exact Bounds of a perfect Globe? What Hand leads that Flame, in ſo ſtrait a Way, and never ſuffers it to ſlip on one ſide or other? That Flame is held by Nothing; and there is no Body that can either guide it, or keep it under: *For* it would ſoon conſume whatever Body it ſhould be encloſed in. Whither is it going? Who has taught it inceſſantly, and ſo regularly to turn in a Space where it is free and unconſtrain'd? Does it not circulate about us, on purpoſe to ſerve us? Now if this Flame does not turn, and if, on the Contrary, 'tis our Earth that turns, I'd fain know how it comes to be ſo well placed in the Center of the Univerſe, as it were the *Focus* or the Heart of all Nature. I'd fain know alſo, how it comes to paſs that a Globe of ſo ſubtle Matter, never ſlips on any ſide, in that immenſe Space that ſurrounds it; and wherein, it ſeems to ſtand with Reaſon, that all fluid Bodies ought to yield to the Impetuoſity of that Flame.

In fine, I'd fain know, how it comes to paſs, that the Globe of the Earth, which is ſo very hard, turns ſo regularly about that Planet, in a Space where no ſolid Body keeps it faſt, to regulate its Courſe? Let Men, with the Help of Phyſicks,

Phyſicks, contrive the moſt ingenious Reaſons to explain this *Phænomenon*: All their Arguments (ſuppoſing them to be true) will become Proofs of the DEITY. The more the great Spring, that directs the Machine of the Univerſe is exact, ſimple, conſtant, certain, and productive of Abundance of uſeful Effects; the more 'tis plain, that a moſt potent, and moſt artful Hand knew how to pitch upon the Spring which is the moſt perfect of all.

SECT. XVIII.

Of the STARS.

BUT let us once more view that immenſe arch'd Roof, where the Stars ſhine, and which covers our Heads like a Canopy. If it be a ſolid Vault, what Architect built it? Who is it that has fix'd ſo many great Luminous Bodies to certain Places of that Arch, and at certain Diſtances? Who is it that makes that Vault turn ſo regularly about us? If on the Contrary, the Skies are only immenſe Spaces full of fluid Bodies, like the Air that ſurrounds us: How comes it to paſs that ſo many ſolid Bodies float in them, without ever ſinking, or ever coming nearer one another? For after all Aſtronomical Obſervations that have been made, in ſo many Ages, not the leaſt Diſorder, or irregu-

lar Motion has yet been diſcover'd in the Heavens. Will a fluid Body range in ſuch conſtant and regular Order, Bodies that ſwim circularly within its Sphere? But what does that almoſt innumerable Multitude of Stars mean? The Profuſion with which the Hand of GOD has ſcatter'd them through his Work, ſhews nothing is difficult to his Power. He has caſt them about the Skies, as a Magnificent Prince, either ſcatters Money by Hand-fulls, or ſtudds his Cloaths with precious Stones. Let who will ſay, if he pleaſes, that the Stars are as many Worlds, like the Earth we inhabit; I grant it for one Moment: * *But then*, how Potent and Wiſe muſt he be, who makes Worlds as numberleſs as the Grains of Sand that cover the Sea-ſhore; and who, without any Trouble, for ſo many Ages, governs all theſe wandring Worlds, as a Shepherd does a Flock of Sheep? If, on the contrary, they are only, as it were, lighted Torches, to ſhine in our Eyes in this ſmall Globe, call'd Earth: How great is that Power, which nothing can fatigue, nothing can exhauſt! What a profuſe Liberality it is, to give Man, in this little Corner of the Univerſe, ſo marvellous a Spectacle!

But among thoſe Stars I perceive the Moon, which ſeems to ſhare with the Sun the Care and Office of Lighting us. She appears, at ſet

---

* *Suſtinendi Muneris propter imbecillitatem difficul as minimè cadit in Majeſtatem Deorum*, Cic. Lib. 2. De Nat. Deor.

Times,

Times, with all the other Stars, when the Sun is oblig'd to go and carry back the Day to the other Hemiſphere. Thus Night it ſelf, notwithſtanding its Darkneſs, has a Light, duſkiſh indeed, but ſoft, and uſeful. That Light is borrowed from the Sun, tho' abſent: And thus every Thing is managed, with ſuch excellent Art, in the Univerſe, that a Globe near the Earth, and as dark, as ſhe of it ſelf, ſerves nevertheleſs to ſend back to her by Reflection, the Rays it receives from the Sun; and that the Sun lights, by Means of the Moon, the People that cannot ſee him, while he muſt light others.

It may be ſaid, that the Motion of the Stars, is ſettled and regulated by unchangeable Laws. I ſuppoſe it is: But this very Suppoſition proves what I labour to evince. Who is it that has given to all Nature Laws at once ſo conſtant and ſo wholeſom; Laws ſo very ſimple, that one is tempted to believe, they eſtabliſh themſelves of their own accord; and ſo productive of beneficial and uſeful Effects, that one cannot avoid acknowledging a marvellous Art in them? Whence proceeds the Government of that Univerſal Machine, which inceſſantly works for us, without ſo much as our Thinking upon it? To whom ſhall we aſcribe the *Choice* and Gathering of ſo many deep, and ſo well concerted Springs; and of ſo many Bodies, great and ſmall, viſible and inviſible, which equally concur to ſerve us? The leaſt Atom of this Ma-

chine, that ſhould happen to be out of Order, would unhinge all Nature. For the Springs and Movements of a Watch are not put together with ſo much Art and Niceneſs, *as thoſe of the Univerſe.* What then muſt be a Deſign ſo extenſive, ſo coherent, ſo excellent, ſo beneficial? The Neceſſity of thoſe Laws, inſtead of deterring me from inquiring into their Author, does but heighten my Curioſity, and Admiration. Certainly, it required a Hand equally artful and powerful, to put in his Work an Order equally ſimple and teeming, conſtant and uſeful. Wherefore I will not ſcruple to ſay with the Scripture, *Let every Star haſte to go whither the Lord ſends it; and when He ſpeaks, let them anſwer with Trembling; Here we are,* Ecce adſumus.

SECT. XIX.

Of ANIMALS, BEASTS, FOWLS, BIRDS, FISHES, REPTILES *and* INSECTS.

BUT let us turn our Eyes towards the Animals, which ſtill are more worthy of Admiration than either the Skies, or Stars. Their Species are numberleſs. Some have but two Feet, others Four, others again a great many. Some walk; others crawl, or creep; others fly; o-others ſwim; others fly, walk, or ſwim, by Turns.

Turns. The Wings of Birds, and the Fins of Fiſhes, are like Oars, that cut the Waves either of Air or Water, and ſteer the floating Body either of the Bird, or Fiſh, whoſe Structure is like that of a Ship. But the Pinions of Birds have Feathers with a Down, that ſwells in the Air, and which would grow unweildy in the Water. *And*, on the contrary, the Fins of Fiſhes have ſharp and dry Points, which cut the Water, without imbibing it, and which don't grow heavier by being wet. A ſort of Fowls that ſwim, ſuch as Swans, keep their Wings, and moſt of their Feathers above Water, both leſt they ſhould wet them, and that they may ſerve them, as it were, for Sails. They have the Art to turn thoſe Feathers againſt the Wind, and, in a manner, to tack, as Ships do when the Wind does not ſerve. Water-Fowls, ſuch as Ducks, have at their Feet large Skins that ſtretch, ſomewhat like Rackets, to keep them from ſinking on the ooſy and miry Banks of Rivers.

Amongſt the Animals, wild Beaſts, ſuch as Lions, have their biggeſt Muſcles about the Shoulders, Thighs, and Legs; and therefore theſe Animals are nimble, brisk, nervous, and ready to ruſh forward. Their Jaw-bones are prodigiouſly large, in proportion to the reſt of their Bodies. They have Teeth and Claws, which ſerve them, as terrible Weapons, to tear in Pieces and devour other Animals. For the ſame Reaſon, Birds of Prey, ſuch as Eagles, have

have a Beak and Pounces that pierce every Thing. The Muſcles of their Pinions are extream large, and brawny, that their Wings may have a ſtronger and more rapid Motion: And ſo thoſe Creatures, tho' ſomewhat heavy, ſoar aloft and towr up eaſily to the very Clouds, from whence they ſhoot, like a Thunder-bolt, on the Quarry they have in View. Other Animals have Horns. The greateſt Strength of ſome lies in their Backs and Necks; and others can only Kick. Every Species, however, has both offenſive and defenſive Arms. Their Hunting is a kind of War, which they wage one againſt another, for the Neceſſities of Life. They have alſo Laws and a Government among themſelves. Some, like Tortoiſes, carry the Houſe wherein they were born; others build theirs, as Birds do, on the higheſt Branches of Trees, to preſerve their Young from the Inſult of unwing'd Creatures, and they even lay their Neſts in the thickeſt Boughs to hide them from their Enemies. Another, ſuch as the Beaver, builds in the very Bottom of a Pond, the Sanctuary he prepares for himſelf, and knows how to caſt up Dikes round it, to preſerve himſelf by the neighbouring Inundation. Another, like a Mole, has ſo pointed and ſo ſharp a Snout, that in one Moment, he pierces through the hardeſt Ground, in order to provide for himſelf a ſubterraneran Retreat. The cunning Fox digs a Kennel with two Holes to go out and come in at, that he may not be either

either ſurpriz'd, or trapp'd by the Huntſmen. The Reptiles are of another Make. They curl, wind, ſhrink, and ſtretch by the Springs of their Muſcles; they creep, twiſt about, ſqueeze, and hold faſt the Bodies they meet in their Way; and eaſily ſlide every where. Their Organs are almoſt independent one on the other; ſo that they ſtill live when they are cut into two. The long-legg'd Birds, ſays *Cicero*, are alſo long-neck'd in Proportion, that they may bring down their Bill to the Ground, and take up their Food. It is the ſame with the Camel; but the Elephant, whoſe Neck through its Bigneſs would be too heavy, if it were as long as that of the Camel, was furniſh'd with a Trunk, which is a Contexture of Nerves and Muſcles, which he ſtretches, ſhrinks, winds, and turns every way, to ſeize on Bodies, lift them up, or throw them off: For which Reaſon the *Latins* call'd that Trunk, a Hand.

Certain Animals ſeem to be made on Purpoſe for Man. The Dog is born to careſs and fawn upon him; to obey, and be under Command; to give him an agreeable Image of Society, Friendſhip, Fidelity, and Tenderneſs; to be true to his Truſt; eagerly to hunt down, courſe and catch ſeveral other Creatures, to leave them afterwards to Man, without retaining any Part of the Quarry. The Horſe, and ſuch other Animals, are within the Reach and Power of Man; to eaſe him of his Labour, and to take upon them a thouſand Burdens.

They

They are born to carry, to walk, to ſupply Man's Weakneſs, and to obey all his Motions. Oxen are endow'd with Strength and Patience, in order to draw the Plough, and till the Ground. Cows yield Streams of Milk. Sheep have in their Fleeces a Superfluity which is not for them, and which ſtill grows and renews, as it were to invite Men to ſhear them every Year. Even Goats furniſh Man with a long Hair, for which they have no Uſe, and of which he makes Stuffs to cover himſelf. The Skins of ſome Beaſts ſupply Men with the fineſt and beſt Linings, in the Countries that are moſt remote from the Sun. Thus the Author of Nature hath cloathed Beaſts according to their Neceſſities; and their Spoils ſerve afterwards to cloath Men, and keep them warm in thoſe frozen Climes. The living Creatures, that have little or no Hair, have a very thick and very hard Skin, like Scales; others have even Scales that cover one another, as Tiles on the Top of a Houſe, and which either open or ſhut, as it beſt ſuits with the living Creature, either to extend itſelf, or ſhrink. Theſe Skins and Scales ſerve the Neceſſities of Men: And thus in Nature, not only Plants, but Animals alſo are made for our Uſe. Wild Beaſts themſelves either grow tame, or at leaſt, are afraid of Man. If all Countries were peopled and governed, as they ought to be, there would not be any where Beaſts ſhould attack Men. For no wild Beaſts would be found but in remote Foreſts,

Foreſts, and they would be preſerv'd in order to exerciſe the Courage, Strength, and Dexterity of Mankind, by a Sport that ſhould repreſent War; ſo that there never would be any Occaſion for real Wars among Nations. But obſerve that living Creatures that are noxious to Man are the leaſt teeming, and that the moſt uſeful multiply moſt. There are, beyond Compariſon, more Oxen and Sheep kill'd, than Bears or Wolves; and nevertheleſs the Number of Bears and Wolves is infinitely leſs than that of Oxen and Sheep ſtill on Earth. Obſerve likewiſe, with *Cicero*, That the Females of every Species have a Number of Tears proportioned to that of the young ones they generally bring forth. The more young they bear, with the more Milk-ſprings, has Nature ſupply'd them, to ſuckle them.

While Sheep let their Wool grow for our Uſe, Silk-worms, in Emulation with each other, ſpin rich Stuffs, and ſpend themſelves to beſtow them upon us. They make of their Ball a kind of Tomb; and ſhutting up themſelves in their own Work, they are new-born under another Figure, in order to perpetuate themſelves. On the other Hand, the Bees carefully ſuck and gather the Juice of odorous and fragrant Flowers, in order to make their Honey, and range it in ſuch an Order as may ſerve for a Pattern to Men. Several Inſects are transform'd, ſometimes into Flies, ſometimes into Worms, or Maggots. If one ſhould think

think ſuch Inſects uſeleſs, let him conſider, that what makes a Part of the great Spectacle of the Univerſe, and contributes to its Variety, is not altogether uſeleſs to ſedate, and contemplative Men. What can be more Noble, and more Magnificent, than that great Number of Common-wealths of living Creatures ſo well govern'd, and every Species of which has a different Frame from the other? Every Thing ſhews how much the Skill and Workmanſhip of the Artificer ſurpaſſes the vile Matter he has work'd upon. Every living Creature, nay even Gnats appear wonderful to me. If one finds 'em troubleſom, he ought to conſider, that 'tis neceſſary that ſome Anxiety and Pain be mix'd with Man's Conveniencies: For if nothing ſhould moderate his Pleaſures, and exerciſe his Patience, he would either grow ſoft and effeminate, or forget himſelf.

SECT. XX.

The admirable ORDER *in which all the Bodies that make up the* UNIVERSE *are ranged.*

LET us now conſider the Wonders that ſhine equally both in the largeſt and the ſmalleſt Bodies. On the one Side, I ſee the Sun

Sun ſo many thouſand Times bigger than the Earth; I ſee him circulating in a Space, in Compariſon of which, he is himſelf but a bright Atom. I ſee other Stars, perhaps ſtill bigger than he, that roll in other Regions, ſtill farther diſtant from us. Beyond thoſe Regions, which eſcape all Meaſure, I ſtill confuſedly perceive other Stars, which can neither be counted nor diſtinguiſhed. The Earth, on which I ſtand, is but one Point, in Proportion to the whole, in which no Bound can ever be found. The whole is ſo well put together, that not one ſingle Atom can be put out of its Place, without unhinging this immenſe Machine; and it moves in ſuch excellent Order, that its very Motion perpetuates its Variety and Perfection. Sure it muſt be the Hand of a Being that does every Thing without any Trouble, that ſtill keeps ſteddy, and governs this great Work for ſo many Ages; and whoſe Fingers * *play with the Univerſe*, to ſpeak with the Scripture.

---

* *Ludens in Orbe terrarum.*

SECT.

SECT. XXI.

Wonders of the INFINITELY LITTLE.

ON the other hand, the Work is no leſs to be admired in Little, than in Great: For I find as well in Little as in Great, a Kind of Infinite that aſtoniſhes me. It ſurpaſſes my Imagination, to find in a Hand-worm, as one does in an Elephant or Whale, Limbs perfectly well organized; a Head, a Body, Legs, and Feet, as diſtinct, and as well form'd as thoſe of the biggeſt Animals. There are in every Part of thoſe Living Atoms, Muſcles, Nerves, Veins, Arteries, Blood; and in that Blood ramous Particles, and Humours; in theſe Humours ſome Drops that are themſelves compos'd of ſeveral Particles: Nor can one ever ſtop in the Diſcuſſion of this infinite Compoſition of ſo infinite a whole.

The Microſcope diſcovers to us in every Object, as it were a thouſand other Objects that had eſcap'd our Notice. But how many other Objects are there in every Object diſcover'd by the Microſcope, which the Microſcope it ſelf cannot diſcover? What ſhould not we ſee if we could ſtill ſubtilize and improve more and more the Inſtruments that help our weak and dull Sight? Let us ſupply by our Imagination what our Eyes are defective in; and let our Fancy it ſelf be a Kind of Microſcope, and repreſent to us

us in very Atom a thouſand new and inviſible Worlds: But it will never be able inceſſantly to paint to us new Diſcoveries in little Bodies; it will be tired, and forced at laſt to ſtop, and ſink, leaving in the ſmalleſt Organ of a Body, a thouſand Wonders undiſcover'd.

SECT. XXII.

Of the STRUCTURE *or* FRAME *of the* ANIMAL.

LET us confine our ſelves within the Animal's Machine, which has three Things that never can be too much admired: *Firſt*, It has in it wherewithal to defend it ſelf againſt thoſe that attack it, in order to deſtroy it. *Secondly*, It has a Faculty of reviving it ſelf by Food. *Thirdly*, It has wherewithal to perpetuate its Species by Generation. Let us beſtow ſome Conſiderations on theſe three Things.

SECT. XXIII.

Of the INSTINCT *of the* ANIMAL.

ANIMALS are endow'd with what is call'd *Inſtinct*, both to approach uſeful and beneficial Objects, and to avoid ſuch as may be noxious

xious and deſtructive to them. Let us not inquire wherein this Inſtinct conſiſts, but content our ſelves with Matter of Fact, without Reaſoning upon it.

The tender Lamb ſmells his Dam afar off, and runs to meet her. A Sheep is ſeiz'd with Horror at the Approach of a Wolf, and flies away before he can diſcern him. The Hound is almoſt infallible in finding out a Stag, a Buck, or a Hare, only by the Scent. There is in every Animal an impetuous Spring, which, on a ſudden, gathers all the Spirits; diſtends all the Nerves; renders all the Joints more ſupple and pliant; and increaſes in an incredible manner, upon ſudden Dangers, his Strength, Agility, Speed, and Cunning, in order to make him avoid the Object that threatens his Deſtruction. The Queſtion in this Place is not to know, whether Beaſts are endow'd with Reaſon or Underſtanding: For I do not pretend to engage in any Philoſophical Enquiry. The Motions I ſpeak of are intirely Indeliberate, even in the Machine of Man. If, for Inſtance, a Man that dances on a Rope, ſhould, at that Time, reaſon on the Laws and Rules of *Equilibrium*, his Reaſoning would make him loſe that very *Equilibrium*, which he preſerves admirably well without arguing upon the Matter; and Reaſon would then be of no other Uſe to him but to throw him on the Ground. The ſame happens with Beaſts; Nor will it avail any Thing to object, that they reaſon as well as Men; for this

this Objection does not in the leaſt weaken my Proof; And their Reaſoning can never ſerve to account for the Motions we admire moſt in them. Will any one affirm that they know the niceſt Rules of Mechanick, which they obſerve with perfect Exactneſs, whenever they are to run, leap, ſwim, hide themſelves, double, uſe ſhifts to avoid purſuing Hounds, or to make uſe of the ſtrongeſt Part of their Bodies to defend themſelves? Will he ſay that they naturally underſtand the Mathematicks, which Men are ignorant of? Will he dare to advance, that they perform with Deliberation and Knowledge all thoſe impetuous and yet ſo exact Motions, which even Men perform without Study or Premeditation? Will he allow them to make uſe of Reaſon in thoſe Motions, wherein 'tis certain Man does not? 'Tis an Inſtinct, will he ſay, that Beaſts are govern'd by. I grant it: For 'tis, indeed, an Inſtinct. But this Inſtinct is an admirable Sagacity and Dexterity, not in the Beaſts, who neither do, nor can then have Time, to reaſon; but in the ſuperior Wiſdom that governs them. That Inſtinct, or Wiſdom that thinks, and watches for Beaſts, in indeliberate Things, wherein they could neither watch nor think, even ſuppoſing them to be as reaſonable as we, can be no other than the Wiſdom of the Artificer that made theſe Machines. Let us therefore talk no more of *Inſtinct* or *Nature*; which are but fine empty Names, in the Mouth of the Generality that pronounce

pronounce them. There is in what they call *Nature* and *Inſtinct*, a ſuperior Art, and Contrivance, of which humane Invention is but a Shadow. What's beyond all Queſtion is, That there are in Beaſts a prodigious Number of Motions entirely indeliberate, and which, yet are perform'd according to the niceſt Rules of Mechanicks. 'Tis the Machine alone that follows thoſe Rules: Which is a Fact independent from all Philoſophy; and Matter of Fact is ever deciſive. What would a Man think of a Watch that ſhould fly or ſlip away, turn again, or defend it ſelf, for its own Preſervation, if he went about to break it? Would he not admire the Skill of the Artificer? Could he be induced to believe that the Springs of that Watch had form'd, proportion'd, ranged, and united themſelves, by mere Chance? Could he imagine that he had clearly explain'd and accounted for ſuch induſtrious and skilful Operation, by talking of the *Nature* and *Inſtinct* of a Watch, that ſhould exactly ſhew the Hour to his Maſter, and ſlip away from ſuch as ſhould go about to break its Springs to Pieces?

SECT.

SECT. XXIV.

Of Food.

WHAT's more noble than a Machine which continually repairs, and renews it ſelf? The Animal, ſtinted to his own Strength, is ſoon tired and exhauſted by Labour: But the more he takes Pains, the more he finds himſelf preſs'd to make himſelf Amends for his Labour, by more plentiful Feeding. Aliments daily reſtore the Strength he had loſt. He puts into his Body another Subſtance that becomes his own, by a Kind of Metamorphoſis. At firſt it is pounded, and being changed into a Liquor, it purifies, as if it were ſtrain'd thro' a Sieve, in order to ſeparate any Thing that's groſs from it; afterwards it arrives at the Center, or *Focus* of the Spirits, where it is ſubtiliz'd, and becomes Blood. And running, at laſt, and penetrating through numberleſs Veſſels to moiſten all the Members, it filtrates in the Fleſh, and becomes it ſelf Fleſh. So many Aliments, and Liquors of various Colours, are then no more than one and the ſame Fleſh; and Food which was but an Inanimate Body, preſerves the Life of the Animal, and becomes Part of the Animal himſelf; the other Parts of which he was compoſed being exhaled by an inſenſible and continual Tranſpiration. The Matter which,

which, for Inſtance, was four Years ago ſuch a Horſe, is now but Air, or Dung. What was then either Hay, or Oats, is become that ſame Horſe, ſo fiery, and vigorous: At leaſt, he is accounted the ſame Horſe, notwithſtanding this inſenſible Change of his Subſtance.

SECT. XXV.

Of SLEEP.

THE natural Attendant of Food is Sleep; in which the Animal forbears not only all his outward Motions, but alſo all the principal inward Operations, which might too much ſtir and diſſipate the Spirits. He only retains Reſpiration, and Digeſtion; ſo that all Motions that might wear out his Strength are ſuſpended, and all ſuch as are proper to recruit and renew it, go on freely of themſelves. This Repoſe, which is a Kind of Inchantment, returns every Night, while Darkneſs interrupts and hinders Labour. Now, who is it that contrived ſuch a Suſpenſion? Who is it that ſo well choſe the Operations that ought to continue; and, with ſo juſt Diſcernment, excluded all ſuch as ought to be interrupted? The Next Day, all paſt Fatigue is gone and vaniſh'd. The Animal works on, as if he had never work'd before; and this Reviving gives him a Vivacity

city and Vigour that invites him to new Labour. Thus the Nerves are ſtill full of Spirits, the Fleſh ſmooth, the Skin whole, tho' one would think it ſhould waſte and tear: The living Body of the Animal ſoon wears out Inanimate Bodies, even the moſt ſolid that are about it; and yet does not wear out it ſelf. The Skin of a Horſe, for Inſtance, wears out ſeveral Saddles; and the Fleſh of a Child, tho' very delicate and tender, wears out many Cloaths, whilſt it daily grows ſtronger. If this Renewing of Spirits were perfect, it would be real Immortality, and the Gift of eternal Youth. But the ſame being imperfect, the Animal inſenſibly loſes his Strength, decays, and grows old, becauſe every Thing that's created ought to bear a Mark of Nothingneſs from which it was drawn, and have an End.

SECT. XXVI.

Of GENERATION.

WHAT's more admirable, than the Multiplication of Animals? Look upon the Individuals: No Animal is immortal. Every Thing grows old; every Thing paſſes away; every Thing diſappears; every Thing, in ſhort, is annihilated. Look upon the Species: Every Thing ſubſiſts; every Thing is permanent, and

immutable, tho' in a conſtant Viciſſitude. Ever ſince there have been on Earth Men that have taken care to preſerve the Memory of Events, no Lyons, Tigers, wild Boars, or Bears, were ever known to form themſelves by Chance, in Caves, or Foreſts. Neither do we ſee any fortuitous Productions of Dogs, or Cats. Bulls and Sheep are never born of themſelves, either in Stables, Folds, or on Paſture Grounds. Every one of thoſe Animals owes his Birth to a certain Male and Female of his Species

All thoſe different Species are preſerv'd much the ſame in all Ages. We do not find that for three thouſand Years paſt, any one has periſh'd, or ceaſed; neither do we find that any one multiplies to ſuch an Exceſs as to be a Nuiſance, or Inconveniency to the reſt. If the Species of Lyons, Bears, and Tigers, multiply'd to a certain exceſſive Degree, they would not only deſtroy the Species of Stags, Bucks, Sheep, Goats, and Bulls; but even get the Maſtery over Mankind, and unpeople the Earth. Now who maintains ſo juſt a Meaſure, as never either to extinguiſh thoſe different Seecies, or never to ſuffer them to multiply too faſt?

But this continual Propagation of every Species is a Wonder with which we are grown too familiar. What would a Man think of a Watch-maker, who ſhould have the Art to make Watches, which, of themſelves, ſhould produce others *ad infinitum*, in ſuch a Manner that two original Watches ſhould be ſufficient

to

to multiply and perpetuate their Species over the whole Earth? What would he ſay of an Architect, that ſhould have the Skill to build Houſes, which ſhould build others, to renew the Habitations of Men, before the Firſt ſhould decay and be ready to fall to the Ground? 'Tis however what we daily ſee among Animals. They are no more, if you pleaſe, than mere Machines, as Watches are: But, after all, the Author of theſe Machines has endow'd them with a Faculty to reproduce or perpetuate themſelves *ad infinitum*, by the Conjunction of both Sexes. Affirm, if you pleaſe, that this Generation of Animals is perform'd, either by Moulds, or by an expreſs Configuration of every Individual; which of theſe two Opinions you think fit to pitch upon, it comes all to one; nor is the Skill of the Artificer leſs conſpicuous. If you ſuppoſe that at every Generation, the Individual, without being caſt into a Mould, receives a Configuration made on Purpoſe: I ask, Who it is that manages and directs the Configuration of ſo compounded a Machine, and which argues ſo much Art and Induſtry? If, on the contrary, to avoid acknowledging any Art in the Caſe, you ſuppoſe that every Thing is determin'd by the Moulds: I go back to the Moulds themſelves, and ask, Who is it that prepared them? In my Opinion they are ſtill greater Matter of Wonder, than the very Machines which are pretended to come out of them.

Therefore let who will ſuppoſe that there were Moulds in the Animals that lived four thouſand Years ago, and affirm, if he pleaſes, that thoſe Moulds were ſo incloſed one within another *ad infinitum*, that there was a ſufficient Number for all the Generations of thoſe four thouſand Years; and that there is ſtill a ſufficient Number ready prepared for the Formation, of all the Animals that ſhall preſerve their Species in all ſucceeding Ages. Now, theſe Moulds which, as I have obſerv'd, muſt have all the Configuration of the Animal, are as difficult to be explain'd, or accounted for, as the Animals themſelves: And are beſides attended with far more unexplicated Wonders. 'Tis certain, that the Configuration of every individual Animal requires no more Art and Power than is neceſſary to frame all the Springs that make up that Machine; but when a Man ſuppoſes Moulds: *Firſt*, He muſt affirm, That every Mould contains in Little, with unconceivable Niceneſs, all the Springs of the Machine it ſelf: Now, 'tis beyond Diſpute, that there is more Art in making ſo compound a Work in Little, than in a larger Bulk. *Secondly*, He muſt ſuppoſe, That every Mould, which is an Individual, prepared for a firſt Generation, contains diſtinctly within it ſelf, other Moulds contain'd within one another *ad infinitum*, for all poſſible Generations, in all ſucceeding Ages. Now what can be more artful and more wonderful in Matter of Mechaniſm, than ſuch a Preparation of an infinite Number

of

of Individuals, all form'd beforehand, in One, from which they are to ſpring? Therefore, the Moulds are of no Uſe to explain the Generations of Animals, without ſuppoſing any Art or Skill: For, on the contrary, Moulds would argue a more artificial Mechaniſm, and more wonderful Compoſition.

What's manifeſt and indiſputable, independently from all the Syſtems of Philoſophers, is, that the fortuitous Concourſe of Atoms, never produces, without Generation, in any Part of the Earth, any Lyons, Tyers, Bears, Elephants, Stags, Bulls, Sheep, Cats, Dogs, or Horſes. Theſe, and the like, are never produc'd, but by the Encounter of Two of their Kind of different Sex. The two Animals that produce a Third, are not the true Authors of the Art, that ſhines in the Compoſition of the Animal ingendered by them. They are ſo far from knowing how to perform that Art, that they do not ſo much as know the Compoſition, or Frame of the Work that reſults from their Generation. Nay, they know not ſo much as any particular Spring of it; having been no more than blind and involuntary Inſtruments, made uſe of for the Performance of a marvellous Art, to which they are abſolute Strangers, and of which they are perfectly ignorant. Now I'd fain know, whence comes that Art, which is none of theirs? What Power and Wiſdom knows how to employ, for the Performance of Works of ſo ingenious and intricate a Deſign,

Inſtruments ſo uncapable to know what they are doing, or to have any Notion of it? Nor does it avail any Thing to ſuppoſe that Beaſts are endow'd with Reaſon: Let a Man ſuppoſe them to be as rational as he pleaſes in other Things: Yet he muſt own, that in Generation, they have no ſhare in Art that's conſpicuous in the Compoſition of the Animals they produce.

Let us carry the Thing further, and take for granted the moſt wonderful Inſtances that are given of the Skill and Fore-caſt of Animals. Let us admire, as much as you pleaſe, the Certainty with which a Hound takes a Spring into a third Way, as ſoon as he finds by his Noſe, that the Game he purſues has left no Scent in the other two. Let us admire the Hind, who, they ſay, throws a good Way off her young Fawn, into ſome hidden Place, that the Hounds may not find him out by the Scent of his Train. Let us even admire the Spider who with her Cobwebs lays ſubtle Snares to trap Flies, and fall unawares upon them before they can diſintangle themſelves. Let us alſo admire the Hern, who, they ſay, puts his Head under his Wing, in order to hide his Bill under his Feathers, thereby to ſtick the Breaſt of the Bird of Prey that ſtoops at him. Let us allow the Truth of all theſe wonderful Inſtances of Rationality; for all Nature is full of ſuch Prodigies. But what muſt we infer from them? In good Earneſt, if we carefully examine the Matter,

we

we ſhall find that they prove too much. Shall we ſay, That Animals are more rational than we? Their Inſtinct has undoubtedly more Certainty than our Conjectures. They have learnt neither Logick, nor Geometry: Neither have they any Courſe, or Method of Improvement, or any Science. Whatever they do is done of a ſudden without Study, Preparation, or Deliberation. We commit Blunders and Miſtakes every Hour of the Day after we have a long while argued and conſulted together: Whereas Animals, without any Reaſoning, or Premeditation, perform every Hour, what ſeems to require moſt Diſcernment, Choice, and Exactneſs. Their Inſtinct is in many Things, infallible: But that Word, *Inſtinct* is but a fair Name void of Senſe. For what can an Inſtinct more juſt, exact, preciſe, and certain than Reaſon itſelf mean, but a more perfect Reaſon? We muſt therefore ſuppoſe a wonderful Reaſon and Underſtanding, either in the Work, or in the Artificer; either in the Machine, or in him that made it. When for Inſtance, I find that a Watch ſhews the Hours with ſuch Exactneſs as ſurpaſſes my Knowledge: I preſently conclude, that if the Watch itſelf does not Reaſon, it muſt have been made by an Artificer, who, in that Particular, reaſon'd better and had more Skill than myſelf. In like manner, when I ſee Animals, who every Moment perform Actions, that argue a more certain Art and Induſtry than I am Maſter of, I immediately conclude

that ſuch marvellous Art muſt neceſſarily be either in the Machine, or in the Artificer that framed it. Is it in the Animal himſelf? But how is it poſſible he ſhould be ſo wiſe, and ſo infallible in certain Things? And if this Art is not in him, it muſt of Neceſſity be in the ſupream Artificer that made that Piece of Work, juſt as all the Art of a Watch is in the Skill of the Watchmaker.

SECT. XXVII.

Tho' BEASTS *commit ſome* MISTAKES, *yet their Inſtinct is, in many Caſes,* INFALLIBLE.

DO not object to me, that the Inſtinct of Beaſts is in ſome Things defective, and liable to Error. 'Tis no wonder Beaſts are not infallible in every Thing, but 'tis rather a Wonder they are ſo in many Caſes. If they were infallible in every Thing, they ſhould be endow'd with a Reaſon infinitely perfect; in ſhort, they ſhould be Deities. × In the Works of an infinite Power there can be but a finite Perfection: Otherwiſe GOD ſhould make Creatures like, or equal to himſelf, which is impoſſible. × He therefore cannot place Perfection, nor conſequently Reaſon in his Works, without ſome Bounds, and Reſtrictions: But thoſe Bounds

× Do you then give bounds to the Power of th' Omnipotent

Bounds do not prove that the Work is void of Order or Reaſon. Becauſe I miſtake ſometimes, it does not follow, that I have no Reaſon at all, and that I do every thing by mere Chance; but only that my Reaſon is ſtinted, and imperfect. In like manner, becauſe a Beaſt is not by his Inſtinct infallible in every Thing, tho' he be ſo in many, it does not follow that there is no manner of Reaſon in that Machine; but only, that ſuch a Machine has not a boundleſs Reaſon. But after all, 'tis a conſtant Truth, that in the Operations of that Machine, there is a regular Conduct, a marvellous Art, and a Skill which in many Caſes, amounts to Infallibility. Now, to whom ſhall we aſcribe this infallible Skill? To the Work, or its Artificer?

SECT. XXVIII.

'Tis impoſſible BEASTS *ſhould have Souls.*

IF you affirm that Beaſts have Souls different from their Machines, I immediately ask you, of what Nature are thoſe Souls, entirely different from, and united to Bodies. Who is it that knew how to unite them to Natures ſo vaſtly different? Who is it that has ſuch abſolute Command over ſo oppoſite Natures, as to put and keep them in ſuch a regular, and con-

ſtant Society, and wherein mutual Agreement and Correſpondence are ſo neceſſary and ſo quick?

If on the contrary you ſuppoſe that the ſame Matter may ſometimes think, and ſometimes not think according to the various Ranging, and Configurations it may receive; I will not tell you in this Place, that Matter cannot think; and that one cannot conceive that the Parts of a Stone, without adding any Thing to it, may ever know themſelves, whatever Degree of Motion, whatever Figure you may give them. I will only ask you now, wherein that preciſe Ranging and Configuration of Parts, which you ſpeak of, conſiſts? According to your Opinion there muſt be a Degree of Motion, wherein Matter does not yet Reaſon, and then another much like it, wherein, on a ſudden, it begins to reaſon, and know itſelf. Now, Who is it that knew how to pitch upon that preciſe Degree of Motion? Who is it that has diſcover'd the Line in which the Parts ought to move? Who is it that has meaſured the Dimenſions ſo nicely as to find out and ſtate the Bigneſs, and Figure every Part muſt have, to keep all manner of Proportions between themſelves in the Whole? Who is it that has regulated the outward Form, by which all thoſe Bodies are to be ſtinted? In a Word, Who is it that has found all the Combinations, wherein Matter thinks, and without the leaſt of which, Matter muſt immediately ceaſe to think?

think? If you ſay 'tis Chance: I anſwer, that you make Chance rational to ſuch a Degree, as to be the Source of Reaſon it ſelf. Strange Prejudice and Intoxication of ſome Men, not to acknowledge a moſt intelligent Cauſe, from which we derive all Intelligence; and rather chuſe to affirm, that the pureſt Reaſon, is but the Effect of the Blindeſt of all Cauſes, in ſuch a Subject as Matter, which of it ſelf, is altogether incapable of Knowledge! Certainly there's nothing a Man of Senſe would not admit, rather than ſo extravagant and abſurd an Opinion.

SECT. XXIX.

SENTIMENTS *of ſome of the* ANCIENTS, *concerning the* SOUL *and* KNOWLEDGE *of Beaſts.*

THE Philoſophy of the Ancients, tho' very lame and imperfect, had nevertheleſs a Glimpſe of this Difficulty: And therefore in order to remove it, ſome of them pretended, That the divine Spirit, interpers'd and ſcatter'd throughout the Univerſe, is a ſuperior Wiſdom, that continually operates in all Nature, eſpecially in Animals, juſt as Souls act in Bodies; and that this continual Impreſſion, or Impulſe

Impulſe of the divine Spirit, which the Vulgar call *Inſtinct*, without knowing the true Signification of that Word, was the Life of all living Creatures. They added, That thoſe Sparks of the divine Spirit were the Principle of all Generations; That Animals receiv'd them in their Conception, and at their Birth; and that the Moment they dy'd, thoſe divine Particles diſengaged themſelves from all terreſtrial Matter, in order to fly up to Heaven, where they ſhone and roll'd among the Stars. 'Tis this Philoſophy, at once ſo magnificent and ſo fabulous, which *Virgil* ſo gracefully expreſſes, in the following Verſes upon Bees:

Eſſe * *quibus Partem Divinæ Mentis, & hauſtus*

Ætherios dixere: Deum namque ire per omnes

Terraſque, Tractuſque Maris, Cœlumque profundum.

Hinc Pecudes, Armenta, Viros, Genus omne Ferarum,

Quemque ſibi tenues naſcentem arceſſere Vitas.

Scilicet huc reddi deinde, ac reſoluta referri

---

* *Virg. Georg.* Lib. 4.

Omnia,

Omnia, nec Morti eſſe Locum, ſed viva volare

Sideris in Numerum, atque alto ſuccedere Cælo.

That is,

Induc'd * *by ſuch Examples, ſome have taught*

That Bees have Portions of etherial Thought:

Endu'd with Particles of heavenly Fires:

For GOD *the whole created Maſs inſpires.*

Thro' Heaven, and Earth, and Ocean's Depth, he throws

His Influence round, and kindles as he goes.

Hence Flocks, and Herds, and Men, and Beaſts, and Fowls,

With Breath are quicken'd, and attract their Souls.

Hence take the Forms his Preſcience did ordain,

And into Him, at length, reſolve again.

---

* Dryden's Virgil.

No Room is left for DEATH, *they mount the Sky,*

And to their own congenial Planets fly.

That divine Wiſdom that moves all the known Parts of the World, had made ſo deep an Impreſſion upon the *Stoicks*, and on *Plato* before them, that they believ'd the whole World to be an Animal: But a rational, and wiſe Animal, in ſhort, ſupreme GOD. This Philoſophy reduc'd POLYTHEISM, or the Multitude of GODS, to DEISM, or One GOD; and that One GOD to NATURE, which according to them was Eternal, Infallible, Intelligent, Omnipotent, and Divine. Thus Philoſophers, by ſtriving to keep from, and rectify the Notions of Poets, dwindled again, at laſt, into Poetical Fancies; ſince they aſſign'd as the Inventors of Fables did, a Life, an Intelligence, an Art, and a Deſign to all the Parts of the Univerſe, that appear moſt inanimate. Undoubtedly, they were ſenſible of the wonderful Art that's conſpicuous in Nature; and their only Miſtake lay in aſcribing to the Work, the Skill of the Artificer.

SECT.

SECT. XXX.

Of MAN.

LET us not ſtop any longer with Animals inferior to Man. 'Tis high Time to conſider and ſtudy the Nature of Man himſelf, in order to diſcover him, whoſe Image he is ſaid to bear. I know but two Sorts of Beings in all Nature: Thoſe that are endow'd with Knowledge or Reaſon, and thoſe that are not. Now Man is a Compound of theſe two Modes of Being. He has a Body, as the moſt inanimate corporeal Bodies have; and he has a Spirit, a Mind, or a Soul, that is, a Thought whereby he knows himſelf, and perceives what's about him. If it be true, that there is a Firſt Being who has drawn or created all the reſt from Nothing, Man is truly his Image; For he has, like him, in his Nature all the real Perfection that is to be found in thoſe two various Kinds or Modes of Being. But an Image, is but an Image ſtill, and can be but an Adumbration or Shadow of the true Perfect Being.

Let us begin to ſtudy Man by the Contemplation of his Body. I know not, ſaid a * Mo-

* *Macrob.*

ther

ther to her Children, among the *Jews*, how you were form'd in my Womb. Nor is it, indeed, the Wiſdom of the Parents that forms ſo compounded, and ſo regular a Work. They have no ſhare in that wonderful Art; let us therefore leave them, and trace it up higher.

SECT. XXXI.

Of the STRUCTURE *of* MAN'S BODY.

THE Body is made of Clay; but let us admire the Hand that framed and poliſh'd it. The Artificer's Seal is ſtamp'd upon his Work. He ſeems to have delighted in making a Maſter-Piece with ſo vile a Matter. Let us caſt our Eyes upon that Body, in which the Bones ſuſtain the Fleſh that covers them. The Nerves that are extended in it, make up all its Strength; and the Muſcles with which the Sinews weave themſelves, either by ſwelling, or extending themſelves, perform the moſt exact and regular Motions. The Bones are divided at certain Diſtances; but they have Joints, whereby they are ſet one within another; and are tied by Nerves and Tendons. *Cicero* admires, and with Reaſon, the excellent Art with which the Bones are knit together: For What's more ſupple for all various Motions? And, on the other Hand, What's more firm and durable?

Even

Even after a Body is dead, and its Parts are ſeparated by Corruption, we find that theſe Joints and Ligaments can hardly be deſtroy'd. Thus this humane Machine or Frame is either ſtrait or crooked, ſtiff or ſupple, as which pleaſe. From the Brain, which is the Source of all the Nerves, ſpring the Spirits, which are ſo ſubtle, that they eſcape the Sight; and nevertheleſs ſo real, and of ſo great Activity and Force, that they perform all the Motions of the Machine, and make up all its Strength. Theſe Spirits are, in an Inſtant, convey'd to the Extremities of the Members. Sometimes they flow gently and regularly, ſometimes they move with Impetuoſity, as Occaſion requires; and they vary, *ad infinitum*, the Poſtures, Geſtures, and other Actions of the Body.

SECT. XXXII.

Of the SKIN.

LET us conſider the Fleſh. It is cover'd in certain Places with a ſoft and tender Skin, for the Ornament of the Body. If that Skin, that renders the Object ſo agreeable, and gives it ſo ſweet a Colour, were taken off, the ſame Object would become ghaſtly, and create Horror. In other Places that ſame Skin is harder and thicker, in order to reſiſt the Fatigue of thoſe

thoſe Parts. As for Inſtance, How much harder is the Skin of the Feet than that of the Face? And that of the hinder Part of the Head, than that of the Forehead? That Skin is all over full of Holes like a Sieve: But thoſe Holes, which are call'd *Pores*, are imperceptible. Altho' Sweat, and other Tranſpirations exhale through thoſe Pores, the Blood never runs out that way. That Skin has all the Tenderneſs neceſſary to make it tranſparent, and give the Face a lively, ſweet, and graceful Colour. If the Skin were leſs cloſe, and leſs ſmooth, the Face would look bloody, and excoriated. Now, who is that knew how to temper and mix thoſe Colours with ſuch Nicety, as to make a Complexion which Painters admire, but never can fectly imitate?

SECT. XXXIII.

Of VEINS *and* ARTERIES.

THERE are in Man's Body numberleſs Branches of Blood-Veſſels. Some of them carry the Blood from the Center to the extream Parts, and are call'd Arteries. Through thoſe various Veſſels runs the Blood, a Liquor ſoft, and oily, and by this Oilineſs proper to retain the moſt ſubtile Spirits, juſt as the moſt ſubtile and ſpirituous Eſſences are preſerv'd in gummy Bodies. This

This Blood moiſtens the Fleſh, as Springs and Rivers water the Earth; and after it his filtrated in the Fleſh, it returns to its Source, more ſlowly, and leſs full of Spirits: But it renews, and is again ſubtiliz'd in that Source, in order to circulate without ceaſing.

SECT. XXXIV.

Of the BONES, *and* JOINTS.

DO you conſider that excellent Order and Proportion of the Limbs? The Legs and Thighs are great Bones jointed one with another, and knit together by Nerves. They are two Sorts of Pillars, equal and regular, erected to ſupport the whole Fabrick. But thoſe Pillars fold; and the * *Rotula* of the Knee, is a Bone of a circular Figure, which is placed on purpoſe on the Joint, in order to fill it up, and preſerve it, when the Bones fold, for the Bending of the Knee. Each Column or Pillar has its Pedeſtal, which is compos'd of various inlaid Parts, ſo well jointed together, that they can either bend, or keep ſtiff, as occaſion requires. The Pedeſtal, I mean the Foot, turns, at a Man's Pleaſure, under the Pillar. In this Foot we find nothing but Nerves, Tendons, and lit-

* *Vulgarly the* Knee-pan.

tle

tle Bones cloſely knit, that this Part may, at once, be either more ſupple, or more firm, according to various Occaſions. Even the Toes with their Articles and Nails, ſerve to feel the Ground a Man walks on, to lean and ſtand with more Dexterity and Nimbleneſs, the better to preſerve the Equilibrium of the Body, to riſe, or to ſtoop. The two Feet ſtretch forward, to keep the Body from falling that way, when it ſtoops, or bends. The two Pillars are jointed together at the Top, to bear up the reſt of the Body; but are ſtill divided there in ſuch a Manner, that that Joint affords Man the Conveniency of reſting himſelf, by ſitting on the two biggeſt Muſcles of the Body.

The Body of the Structure is proportion'd to the Height of the Pillars. It contains ſuch Parts as are neceſſary for Life, and which conſequently ought to be placed in the Center, and ſhut up in the ſecureſt Place. Therefore two Rows of Ribs pretty cloſe to one another, that come out of the Back-Bone, as the Branches of a Tree do from its Trunk, form a kind of Hoop, to hide and ſhelter thoſe noble and tender Parts. But becauſe the Ribs could not entirely ſhut up that Center of the humane Body, without hindering the Dilatation of the Stomach and of the Entrails, they form that Hoop but to a certain Place, below which they leave an empty Space, that the Inſide may freely diſtend

ſtend and ſtretch, both for Reſpiration, and Feeding.

As for the Back-Bone, all the Works of Man afford nothing ſo artfully and curiouſly wrought. It would be too ſtiff, and too frangible or brittle, if it were made of one ſingle Bone: And in ſuch a Caſe Man could never bend or ſtoop. The Author of this Machine has prevented that Inconveniency, by forming *Vertebræ*, which jointing one with another make up a Whole, conſiſting of ſeveral Pieces of Bones, more ſtrong than if it were of a ſingle Piece. This Compound being ſometimes ſupple and pliant, and ſometimes ſtiff, ſtands either upright, or bends, in a Moment, as a Man pleaſes. All theſe *Vertebræ* have in the Middle a Gutter or Channel, that ſerves to convey a Continuation of the Subſtance of the Brain to the Extremities of the Body, and with Speed to ſend thither Spirits through that Pipe.

But who can forbear admiring the Nature of the Bones? They are very hard; and we ſee that even the Corruption of all the reſt of the Body, after Death, does not affect them. Nevertheleſs they are full of numberleſs Holes and Cavities that make them lighter; and in the Middle they are full of the Marrow, or Pith, that is to nouriſh them. They are bored exactly in thoſe Places through which the Ligaments that knit them are to paſs. Moreover, their Extremities are bigger than the Middle, and form, as it were, two Semi-circular Heads,

Heads, to make one Bone turn more eaſily with another, that ſo the whole may fold and bend without Trouble.

SECT. XXXV.

Of the ORGANS.

WITHIN the Incloſure of the Ribs are placed in Order, all the great Organs, ſuch as ſerve to make a Man breath; ſuch as digeſt the Aliments; and ſuch as make new Blood. Reſpiration, or Breathing is neceſſary to temper inward Heat, occaſion'd by the Boiling of the Blood, and by the impetuous Courſe of the Spirits. The Air is a Kind of Food that nouriſhes the Animal, and by Means of which he renews himſelf, every Moment of his Life. Nor is Digeſtion leſs neceſſary to prepare ſenſible Aliments towards their being changed into Blood; which is a Liquor apt to penetrate every where, and to thicken into Fleſh in the extream Parts, in order to repair in all the Members, what they loſe continually both by Perſpiration, and the Waſte of Spirits. The Lungs are like great Covers, which being ſpungy, eaſily dilate and contract themſelves, and as they inceſſantly take in, and blow out a great deal of Air, they form a kind of Bellows that are in perpetual Motion. The Stomach has a diſſolving

diſſolving Faculty that cauſes Hunger, and puts Man in Mind of his Want of Food. That Diſſolvent, which ſtimulates and pricks the Stomach, does, by that very Uneaſineſs, prepare for it a very lively Pleaſure, when its craving is ſatisfied by the Aliments. Then Man, with Delight, fills his Belly with ſtrange Matter, which would create Horror in him, if he could ſee it as ſoon as it has enter'd his Stomach, and which even diſpleaſes him, when he ſees it being already ſatisfied. The Stomach is made in the Figure of a Bag-Pipe. There the Aliments being diſſolv'd by a quick Digeſtion, are all confounded, and make up a ſoft Liquor, which afterwards becomes a Kind of Milk, call'd *Chyle*; and which being, at laſt, brought into the Heart, receives there, through the Plenty of Spirits, the Form, Vivacity, and Colour of Blood. But while the pureſt Juice of the Aliments paſſes from the Stomach into the Pipes deſtin'd for the Preparation of Chyle and Blood, the groſs Particles of the ſame Aliments are ſeparated, juſt as Bran is from Flower by a Sieve; and they are dejected downwards to eaſe the Body of them, through the moſt hidden Paſſages, and the moſt remote from the Organs of the Senſes, leſt theſe be offended at them. Thus the Wonders of this Machine are ſo great and numerous, that we find ſome unfathomable, even in the moſt abject and mortifying Functions of the Body, which Modeſty

Modeſty will not allow to be more particularly explain'd.

SECT. XXXVI.

Of the INWARDS PARTS.

I Own that the inward Parts are not ſo agreeable to the Sight, as the Outward: But then be pleas'd to obſerve, they are not made to be ſeen. Nay, it was neceſſary, according to Art and Deſign, that they ſhould not be diſcover'd without Horror; and that a Man ſhould not without violent Reluctance, go about to diſcover them, by cutting open this Machine in another Man. 'Tis this very Horror that prepares Compaſſion and Humanity in the Hearts of Men, when one ſees another wounded, or hurt. Add to this, with St. *Auſtin*, that there are in thoſe inward Parts a Proportion, Order, and Mechaniſm, which ſtill pleaſe more an attentive inquiſitive Mind, than external Beauty can pleaſe the Eyes of the Body. That Inſide of Man, which is at once ſo ghaſtly and horrid, and ſo wonderful and admirable, is exactly as it ſhould be, to denote DIRT AND CLAY WROUGHT BY A DIVINE HAND: For we find in it, both the Frailty of the Creature, and the Art of the Creator.

SECT.

SECT. XXXVII.

Of the ARMS, *and their Uſe.*

FRom the Top of that precious Fabrick we have deſcrib'd, hang the two *Arms*, which are terminated by the *Hands*, and which bear a perfect Symmetry one with another. The Arms are knit with the Shoulders, in ſuch a Manner, that they have a free Motion in that Joint. They are beſides divided at the *Elbow*, and at the *Wriſt*, that they may fold, bend, and turn with Quickneſs. The Arms are of a juſt Length to reach all the Parts of the Body. They are nervous and full of Muſcles, that they may, as well as the Back, be often in Action, and ſuſtain the greateſt Fatigue of all the Body. The Hands are a Contexture of Nerves and little Bones, ſet one within another in ſuch a Manner, that they have all the Strength and Suppleneſs neceſſary, to feel the neighbouring Bodies, to ſeize on them, hold them faſt, throw them, draw them to one, puſh them off, diſintangle, and untie them one from another. The Fingers, the Ends of which are armed with Nails, are by the Delicacy and Variety of their Motions, contrived to exerciſe the moſt curious and marvellous Arts. The Arms and Hands ſerve alſo, according as they

are either extended, folded or turn'd, to poiſe the Body in ſuch a manner, as that it may ſtoop, without any Danger of Falling. The whole Machine has beſides, independently from all After-Thoughts, a Kind of Spring that poiſes it on a ſudden, and makes it find the *Equilibrium*, in all its different Poſtures and Poſitions.

SECT. XXXVIII.

Of the NECK, *and* HEAD.

ABove the Body riſes the *Neck*, which is either firm, or flexible at Pleaſure. Muſt a Man bear a heavy Burden on his Head? This Neck becomes as ſtiff as if it were made up of one ſingle Bone. Has he a Mind to bow, or turn his Head? The Neck bends every Way, as if all its Bones were disjointed. This Neck, a little raiſed above the Shoulders, bears up with Eaſe the HEAD, which over-rules and governs the whole Body. If it were leſs big, it would bear no Proportion with the reſt of the Machine. And if it were bigger, it would not only be diſproportion'd and deformed, but, beſides, its Weight would both cruſh the Neck; and put the Man in Danger of falling on the ſide to which it ſhould lean a little too much. This Head, fortified on all Sides by very thick and very hard

hard Bones, in order the better to preſerve the precious Treaſure it encloſes, is jointed with the *Vertebræ* of the Neck, and has a very quick Communication with all the other Parts of the Body. It contains the Brain, whoſe moiſt, ſoft, and ſpungy Subſtance, is made up of tender Filaments or Threads, woven together. This is the Center of all the Wonders we ſhall ſpeak of afterwards. The Scull is regularly perforated, or bored, with exact Proportion and Symmetry, for the two *Eyes*, the two *Ears*, the *Mouth*, and the *Noſtrils*. There are Nerves deſtin'd for Senſations, that exerciſe and play in moſt of thoſe Pipes. The Noſe, which has no Nerves for its Senſation, has a *Cribri-Form*, or *Spungy Bone*, to let Odours paſs on to the Brain. Amongſt the Organs of theſe Senſations, the Chief are double, to preſerve to one Side what the other might happen to be defective in, by any Accident. Theſe two Organs of the ſame Senſation are ſymmetrically placed either on the Fore-part, or on the Sides, that Man may uſe them with more Eaſe, to the Right, or to the Left, or right againſt him, that is to ſay, towards the Place his Joints direct his Steps, and all his Actions. Beſides, the Flexibility of the Neck makes all thoſe Organs turn in an Inſtant which way ſoever he pleaſes. All the hinder Part of the Head, which is the leaſt able to defend it ſelf, is *therefore* the thickeſt. It is adorn'd with Hair, which at the ſame time, ſerves to fortify the Head againſt

the Injuries of the Air. And, on the other hand, the Hair likewiſe adorns the fore Part of the Head, and renders the Face more graceful. The Face, is the fore Part of the Head, wherein the principal Senſations meet and center, with an Order and Proportion that render it very beautiful, unleſs ſome Accident or other happen to alter and impair ſo regular a Piece of Work. The two Eyes are equal, being placed about the Middle, on the two Sides of the Head, that they may, without Trouble, diſcover afar off, both on the Right and Left, all ſtrange Objects; and that they may commodiouſly watch for the Safety of all the Parts of the Body. The exact Symmetry with which they are placed, is the Ornament of the Face: And He that made them, has kindled in them, I know not what celeſtial Flame, the like of which all the reſt of Nature does not afford. Theſe Eyes are a ſort of Looking-Glaſſes, wherein all the Objects of the whole World are painted by turns, and without Confuſion, in the Bottom of the *Retina* * that the thinking Part of Man may ſee them in thoſe Looking-Glaſſes. But tho' we perceive all Objects by a double Organ, yet we never ſee the Objects double, becauſe the two Nerves that are Subſervient to Sight in our Eyes, are but two Branches that unite in one Pipe, as the two

---

* Or *Net-like Membrane of the Eye.*

Glaſſes

Glaſſes of a pair of Spectacles unite in the upper Part that joins them together. The two Eyes are adorn'd with two equal *Eye-Brows*; and that they may open and cloſe, they are wrapp'd up with *Lids*, edg'd with Hair that defend ſo delicate a Part.

SECT. XXXIX.

Of the FOREHEAD, *and other* PARTS *of the* FACE.

THE *Forehead* gives Majeſty and Gracefulneſs to all the Face; and ſerves to heighten all its *Features*. Were it not for the Noſe which is placed in the Middle, the whole Face would look flat and deform'd; of which they are fully convinc'd who have happen'd to ſee Men, in whom that Part of the Face is mutilated. It is placed juſt above the Mouth, that it may the more eaſily diſcern, by the Odours, whatever is moſt proper to feed Man. The two Noſtrils ſerve at once, both for the Reſpiration, and Smell. Look upon the Lips: Their lively Colour, Freſhneſs, Figure, Seat, and Proportion, with the other Features, render the Face moſt beautiful. The Mouth by the Correſpondence of its Motions, with thoſe of the Eyes, animates, gladdens, ſaddens,

ſoftens, or troubles the Face, and by ſenſible Marks expreſſes every Paſſion. The Lips not only open to receive Food, but by their Suppleneſs, and the Variety of their Motions ſerve likewiſe to vary the *Sounds* that form *Speech*. When they open, they diſcover a double Row of Teeth, with which the Mouth is adorn'd. Theſe Teeth are little Bones, ſet in order, in the two *Jaw-Bones*, which have a Spring to open, and another to ſhut, in ſuch a manner, that the Teeth grind like a Mill, the Aliments, in order to prepare their *Digeſtion*. But theſe Aliments thus ground go down into the Stomach, thro' a Pipe different from that through which we breath; and theſe two Pipes, tho' ſo neighbouring, have nothing common.

SECT. XL.

Of the TONGUE *and* TEETH.

THE Tongue is a Contexture of ſmall Muſcles and Nerves ſo very ſupple, that it winds and turns like a Serpent, with unconceivable Mobility and Pliantneſs. It performs in the Mouth the ſame Office, which either the Fingers, or the Bow of a Maſter of Muſick perform on a muſical Inſtrument: For ſometimes

times it ſtrikes the Teeth, ſometimes the Roof of the Mouth. There is a * Pipe that goes into the Inſide of the Neck, call'd the *Throat*, from the Roof of the Mouth to the Breaſt, which is made up of cartilaginous Rings nicely ſet one within another, and lin'd within with a very ſmooth Membrane, in order to render the Air that's puſh'd from the Lungs more ſonorous. On the ſide of the Roof of the Mouth the End of that Pipe is open'd like a Flute, by a ſlit, that either extends, or contracts it ſelf as is neceſſary to render the Voice either big, or ſlender, hollow, or clear. But leſt the Aliments, which have their ſeparate Pipe ſhould ſlide into the *Wind-Pipe*, *I have been deſcribing*, there's a kind of *Valve* that lies on the Orifice of the Organ of the Voice, and moving like a Draw-Bridge, lets the Aliments freely paſs through their proper Channel, but never ſuffers the leaſt Particle or Drop, to fall into the Slip of the *Wind-Pipe*. This ſort of Valve has a very free Motion, eaſily turns any way: So that by ſhaking on that half open'd Orifice, it performs the ſofteſt Modulations of the Voice. This Inſtance is ſufficient to ſhew by the by, and without entering long winded Details of Anatomy, what a marvellous Art there is in the Frame of the inward Parts. And indeed the Organ I have deſcribed, is the moſt perfect of all muſi-

* *The Wind-Pipe.*

cal Inſtruments, nor have theſe any Perfection, but ſo far as they imitate that.

SECT. XLI.

Of the SMELL, TASTE, *and* HEARING.

WHO is able to explain the Niceneſs of the Organs by which Man diſcerns the numberleſs Savours and Odours of Bodies? But how is it poſſible for ſo many different Voices to ſtrike at once my Ear, without confounding one another, and for thoſe Sounds to leave in me, after they have ceaſed to be, ſo lively, and ſo diſtinct Images of what they have been? How careful was the Artificer who made our Bodies to give our Eyes a moiſt, ſmooth, and ſliding Cover to cloſe them; and why did he leave our Ears open? Becauſe, ſays *Cicero*,* the Eyes muſt be ſhut againſt the Light, in order to Sleep; and, in the mean time, the Ears ought to remain open in order to give us Warning, and wake us by the Report of Noiſe, when we are in Danger of being ſurpriz'd. Who is it that, in an Inſtant, imprints in my Eye the Heaven, the Sea, and the Earth, ſeated

---

* *Lib. 2. de Nat. Deor.*

at

at almoſt an infinite Diſtance? How can the faithful Images of all the Objects of the Univerſe, from the Sun to an Atom, range themſelves diſtinctly in ſo ſmall an Organ? Is not the Subſtance of the Brain, which preſerves, in Order, ſuch lively Repreſentations of all the Objects that have made an Impreſſion upon us ever ſince we were in the World, a moſt wonderful Prodigy? Men admire with Reaſon the Invention of Books, wherein the Hiſtory of ſo many Events, and the Collection of ſo many Thoughts, are preſerv'd. But what Compariſon can be made between the beſt Book, and the Brain of a learned Man? There's no Doubt but ſuch a Brain is a Collection infinitely more precious, and of a far more excellent Contrivance than a Book. 'Tis in that ſmall Repoſitory that a Man never miſſes finding the Images he has occaſion for. He calls them, and they come; he diſmiſſes them, and they ſink I know not where, and diſappear, to make Room for others. A Man ſhuts, or opens his Fancy at Pleaſure, like a Book. He turns, as it were, its Leaves; and in an Inſtant, goes from one End to the other. There is even in Memory a Sort of Table, like the Index of a Book, which ſhews where certain remote Images are to be found. We do not find that theſe innumerable Characters, which the Mind of Man reads inwardly with ſo much Rapidity, leave any diſtinct Trace or Print in the Brain, when we open it. That admirable Book is but a ſoft

Subſtance, or a Sort of Bottom made up of tender Threads, woven one with another. Now what skilful Hand has laid up in that Kind of Dirt, which appears ſo ſhapeleſs, ſuch precious Images, 'rang'd with ſuch excellent and curious Art?

SECT. XLII.

Of the Proportion of Man's BODY.

SUCH is the Body of Man in general: For I do not enter into an anatomical Detail; my Deſign being only to diſcover the Art that's conſpicuous in Nature, by the ſimple Caſt of an Eye, without any Science. The Body of Man might undoubtedly be either much bigger and taller, or much leſs and ſmaller. But if, for Inſtance, it were but *one* Foot high, it would be inſulted by moſt Animals, that would tread and cruſh it under their Feet. If it were as tall as a high Steeple, a ſmall Number of Men would in a few Days conſume all the Aliments a whole Country affords. They could find neither Horſes, nor any other Beaſts of Burden, either to carry them on their Backs, or draw them in a Machine with Wheels; nor could they find ſufficient Quantity of Materials to build Houſes proportion'd to their Bigneſs; and

and as there could be but a ſmall Number of Men upon Earth, ſo they ſhould want moſt Conveniencies. Now, who is it that has ſo well regulated the Size of Man to ſo juſt a Standard? Who is that has fix'd that of other Animals and living Creatures, with Proportion to that of Man? Of all Animals, Man only ſtands upright on his Feet; which gives him a Nobleneſs and Majeſty that diſtinguiſhes him, even as to the Outſide, from all that lives upon Earth. Not only his Figure is the nobleſt, but he is alſo the ſtrongeſt and moſt dextrous of all Animals, in Proportion to his Bigneſs. Let one nicely examine the Bulk and Weight of the moſt terrible Beaſts, and he'll find, that tho' they have more Matter than the Body of a Man, yet a vigorous Man has more Strength of Body than moſt wild Beaſts. Nor are theſe dreadful to him, except in their Teeth and Claws. But Man, who has not ſuch natural Arms in his Limbs, has yet Hands, whoſe Dexterity to make artificial Weapons, ſurpaſſes all that Nature has beſtow'd upon Beaſts. Thus Man either pierces with his Darts, or draws into his Snares, maſters and leads in Chains, the ſtrongeſt and fierceſt Animals. Nay, he has the Skill to tame them in their Captivity, and to ſport with them as he pleaſes. He teaches Lyons and Tygers to careſs him; and gets on the Back of Elephants.

SECT. XLIII.

Of the SOUL, *which alone, among all Creatures, thinks and knows.*

BUT the Body of Man, which appears to be the Maſter-Piece of Nature, is not to be compared to his Thought. 'Tis certain there are Bodies that do not think: Man, for Inſtance, aſcribes no Knowledge to Stone, Wood, or Metals, which undoubtedly are Bodies. Nay, it is ſo natural to believe that Matter cannot think, that all unprejudic'd Men cannot forbear Laughing, when they hear any one aſſert, that Beaſts are but meer Machines; becauſe they cannot conceive that meer Machines can have ſuch Knowledge as they pretend to perceive in Beaſts. They think it to be like Childrens playing, and talking to their Puppets, the aſcribing any Knowledge to meer Machines. Hence it is, that the Ancients themſelves, who knew no real Subſtance but the Body, pretended however, that the Soul of Man was a fifth Element, or a ſort of Quinteſſence without Name, unknown here below, indiviſible, immutable, and altogether Celeſtial and Divine: Becauſe they could not conceive, that the terreſtial Matter of the four Elements could think,

and

and know itſelf: * *Ariſtotoles quintam quandam Naturam cenſet eſſe. è quâ ſit Mens. Cogitare enim, & providere, & diſcere, & docere. --- in horum quatuor Generum nullo ineſſe putat; quantum Genus adhibet vacans Nomine.*

SECT. XLIV.

MATTER *cannot think.*

BUT let us ſuppoſe whatever you pleaſe, for I will not enter the Liſts with any Sect of Philoſophers: Here's an Alternative which no Philoſopher can avoid. Either Matter can become a Thinking Subſtance, without adding any thing to it; or Matter cannot think at all, and ſo what thinks in us is a Subſtance Diſtinct from Matter, and which is united to it. If Matter can acquire the Faculty of Thinking, without adding any thing to it, it muſt, at leaſt, be own'd, that all Matter does not think, and that even ſome Matter that now thinks, did not think fifty Years ago; as for Inſtance, the Matter of which the Body of a young Man is made up, did not think ten Years before he was born. It muſt then be concluded, that Matter can acquire the Faculty of Thinking by a certain Configuration, Ranging, and Motion of its

* *Cic. Tuſc. Quæſt. Lib.* 1.

Parts

Parts. Let us, for Inſtance, ſuppoſe the Matter of a Stone, or of a Heap of Sand. 'Tis agreed, this Part of Matter has no manner of Thought; and therefore to make it begin to think, all its Parts muſt be configurated, ranged, and moved a certain Way, and to a certain Degree. Now, who is it that knew how to find, with ſo much Niceneſs, that Proportion, Order, and Motion that Way, and to ſuch a Degree, above and below which Matter would never think? Who is it that has given all thoſe juſt, exact, and preciſe Modifications to a vile and ſhapeleſs Matter, in order to form the Body of a Child, and to render it rational by Degrees? If on the contrary it be affirm'd, that Matter cannot become a thinking Subſtance, without adding ſomething to it, and that another Being muſt be united to it: I ask, what will that other Thinking Being be, whilſt the Matter, to which it is united, only moves. Therefore, here are two Natures or Subſtances very unlike and diſtinct. We know one by Figures, and local Motions only; as we do the other by Perceptions and Reaſonings. The one does not imply, or create the Idea of the other: For their reſpective Ideas have nothing in common.

SECT.

SECT. XLV.

Of the UNION *of the* SOUL *and Body, of which* GOD *alone can be the Author.*

BUT now, how comes it to paſs that Beings ſo unlike, are ſo intimately united together in Man? Whence comes it that certain Motions of the Body ſo ſuddenly, and ſo infallibly raiſe certain Thoughts in the Soul? Whence comes it that the Thoughts of the Soul, ſo ſuddenly and ſo infallibly, occaſion certain Motions in the Body? Whence proceeds ſo regular a Society, for ſeventy or fourſcore Years, without any Interruption? How comes it to paſs that this Union of two Beings, and two Operations, ſo very different, make up ſo exact a Compound, that many are tempted to believe it to be a ſimple and indiviſible Whole? What Hand had the Skill to unite and tie together theſe two Extreams and Oppoſites? 'Tis certain they did not unite themſelves by mutual Conſent: For Matter having of itſelf neither Thought nor Will, to make Terms and Conditions, it could not enter into an Agreement with the Mind. On the other Hand, the Mind does not remember that it ever made an Agreement with Matter: Nor could it be ſubjected to ſuch an Agreement, if it had quite forgot it. If the Mind had freely, and of its own accord reſolv'd to ſubmit to the

Impreſſions

Impreſſions of Matter, it would not, however, ſubject itſelf to them but when it ſhould remember ſuch a Reſolution, which, beſides, it might alter at Pleaſure. Nevertheleſs it is certain, That in ſpite of itſelf, it is dependent on the Body, and that it cannot free itſelf from its Dependance, unleſs it deſtroy the Organs of the Body by a violent Death. Beſides, altho' the Mind had voluntarily ſubjected itſelf to Matter, it would not follow, that Matter were reciprocally ſubjected to the Mind. The Mind, would, indeed, have certain Thoughts, when the Body ſhould have certain Motions: But the Body would not be determin'd to have, in its Turn, certain Motions, as ſoon as the Mind ſhould have certain Thoughts. Now it is moſt certain that this Dependanee is reciprocal. Nothing is more abſolute than the Command of the Mind over the Body. The Mind Wills: And, inſtantly, all the Members of the Body are in Motion, as if they were acted by the moſt powerful Machines. On the other hand, nothing is more manifeſt than the Power and Influence of the Body over the Mind. The Body is in Motion: And, inſtantly, the Mind is forc'd to think either with Pleaſure or Pain, upon certain Objects. Now, what Hand equally powerful over theſe two divers and diſtinct Natures, has been able to bring them both under the ſame Yoke, and hold them captive in ſo exact and inviolable a Society? Will any Man ſay, 'twas Chance? If he does, will he be able either

either to underſtand what he means, or to make it underſtood by others? as Chance by a Concourſe of Atoms, hook'd together the Parts of the Body with the Mind? If the Mind can be hook'd with ſome Parts of the Body, it muſt have Parts itſelf, and conſequently be a perfect Body: In which Caſe, we relapſe into the firſt Anſwer, which I have already confuted. If on the contrary, the Mind has no Parts, nothing can hook it with thoſe of the Body; nor has Chance wherewithall to tie them together.

In ſhort, my Alternatively ever returns, and is peremptory and deciſive. If the Mind and Body are a Whole made up of Matter only, how comes it to paſs that this Matter, which yeſterday did not, has this Day begun to think? Who is it that has beſtow'd upon it what it had not, and which is, without Compariſon, more noble than thoughtleſs Matter? What beſtows Thought upon it, has it not itſelf, and how can it give what it has not? Let us even ſuppoſe, that Thought ſhould reſult from a certain Configuration, Ranging, and Degree of Motion, a certain Way, of all the Parts of Matter: What Artificer has had the Skill to find out all thoſe juſt, nice, and exact Combinations, in order to make a Thinking Machine? If on the contrary the Mind and Body are two diſtinct Natures; what Power ſuperior to thoſe two Natures has been able to unite and tie them together, without the Mind's Aſſent, or ſo much as its knowing which Way that Union was made? Who is it, that,

that, with ſuch abſolute and ſupreme Command, over-rules both Minds and Bodies, and keeps them in Society and Correſpondence, and under a ſort of incomprehenſible Policy?

SECT. XLVI.

The SOUL *has an* ABSOLUTE COMMAND *over the* BODY.

BE pleas'd to obſerve, That the Command of my Mind over my Body is ſupreme and abſolute in its bounded Extent, ſince my ſingle Will, without any Effort, or Preparation, cauſes all the Members of my Body, to move on a ſudden and immediately, according to the Rules of Mechanicks. As the Scripture gives us the Character of GOD, who ſaid after the Creation of the Univerſe, *Let there be Light, and there was Light:* In like manner, the inward Word of my Soul alone, without any Effort, or Preparation, makes what it ſays. I ſay, for Inſtance, within myſelf, through that inward, ſimple, and momentaneous Word, *Let my Body move, and it moves.* At the Command of that ſimple and intimate Will, all the Parts of my Body are at work. Immediately all the Nerves are diſtended; all the Springs haſten to concur together; and the whole Machine obeys, juſt as if every one of

of the moſt ſecret of thoſe Organs, heard a ſupreme and omnipotent Voice. This is certainly the moſt ſimple and moſt effectual Power that can be conceiv'd. All the other Beings within our Knowledge, afford not the like Inſtance of it; and this is preciſely what Men that are ſenſible and perſuaded, of a DEITY, aſcribe to it, in all the Univerſe.

Shall I aſcribe it to my feeble Mind, or rather to the Power it has over my Body, which is ſo vaſtly different from it? Shall I believe that my Will has that ſupreme Command of its own Nature; tho' in itſelf ſo weak and imperfect? But how comes it to paſs that among ſo many Bodies, it has that Power over no more than one? For no other Body moves according to its Deſires. Now, who is it that gave over one Body, the Power it had over no other? Will any Man be again ſo bold as to aſcribe this to Chance?

SECT. XLVII.

The POWER *of the* SOUL *over the* BODY, *is not only* SUPREME *or* ABSOLUTE, *but* BLIND, *at the ſame Time.*

BUT that Power which is ſo ſupreme and abſolute, is blind, at the ſame time. The moſt ſimple and ignorant Peaſant knows how to

to move his Body, as well as a Philoſopher the moſt skill'd in Anatomy. The Mind of a Peaſant commands his Nerves, Muſcles and Tendons, which he knows not, and which he never heard of; he finds them, without knowing how to diſtinguiſh them, or knowing where they lie; he calls preciſely upon ſuch as he has occaſion for; nor does he miſtake one for 'tother. If a Rope-Dancer, for Inſtance, does but will, the Spirits inſtantly run with Impetuouſneſs, ſometimes to certain Nerves, ſometimes to others; all which diſtend, or ſlacken in due Time. Ask him which of them he ſet agoing, and which way he begun to move them? He will not ſo much as underſtand what you mean. He is an abſolute Stranger to what he has done in all the inward Springs of his Machine. The Lute-Player, who is perfectly well acquainted with all the Strings of his Inſtrument, who ſees them with his Eyes, and touches them one after another with his Fingers, yet miſtakes them ſometimes. But the Soul that governs the Machine of Man's Body, moves all its Springs in Time, without ſeeing or diſcerning them; without being acquainted with their Figure, Situation, or Strength, and yet it never miſtakes. What Prodigy is here! my Mind commands what it knows not, and cannot ſee; what neither has, nor is capable of any Knowledge: And yet it is infallibly obey'd. How much Blindneſs, and how much Power at once is here! the Blindneſs is Man's: But the Power whoſe is it? To whom

ſhall

ſhall we aſcribe it unleſs it be to him, who ſees what Man does not ſee, and performs in him what paſſes his Underſtanding? 'Tis to no purpoſe my Mind is willing to move the Bodies that ſurround it, and which it knows very diſtinctly; for none of them ſtirs, and it has not Power to move the leaſt Atom by its Will. There is but one ſingle Body, which ſome ſuperior Power, muſt have made its Property. With reſpect to this Body, my Mind is but willing, and all the Springs of that Machine, which are unknown to it, move in Time, and in concert, to obey him. St. *Auſtin*, who made theſe Reflections, has expreſs'd them excellently well. 'The inward Parts of our Bodies, ſays he, cannot be living but by our Souls: But our Souls animate them far more eaſily than they can know them. ——— The Soul knows not the Body which is ſubject to it. ——— It does not know, why it does not move the Nerves, but when it pleaſes; and why, on the contrary, the Pulſation of Veins goes on without Interruption, whether the Mind will or no. It knows not which is the firſt Part of the Body it moves immediately, in order thereby to move all the reſt. ——— It does not know why it feels in ſpite of itſelf, and moves the Members only when it pleaſes. 'Tis the Mind does theſe Things in the Body: But how comes it to paſs, it neither knows what ſhe does, nor in what manner it performs it? Thoſe who learn Anatomy, continues that Father, are

'taught

'taught by others what paſſes within, and is
'perform'd by themſelves. Why, *ſays he*, do
'I know, without being taught that there is in
'the Sky, at a prodigious Diſtance from me, a
'Sun and Stars: And why have I occaſion for a
'Maſter to learn where Motion begins? ——
'When I move my Finger, I know not how
'what I perform within myſelf, is perform'd.
'We are too far above, and cannot comprehend
'ourſelves.

SECT. XLVIII.

The SOVEREIGNTY *of the* SOUL *over the* BODY *principally appears in the* IMAGES *imprinted in the* BRAIN.

'TIS certain, we cannot ſufficiently admire either the abſolute Power of the Soul over the corporeal Organs which ſhe knows not, or the continual Uſe it makes of them without diſcerning them. That Sovereignty principally appears with reſpect to the Images imprinted in our Brain. I know all the Bodies of the Univerſe that have made any Impreſſion on my Senſes for a great many Years paſt. I have diſtinct Images of them, that repreſent them to me, inſomuch that I believe I ſee them, even when they exiſt no more. My Brain is like a Cloſet full of Pictures, which ſhould move and ſet

ſet themſelves in order at the Maſter's Pleaſure. Painters with all their Art and Skill, never attain but an imperfect Likeneſs: Whereas the Pictures I have in my Head are ſo faithful, that 'tis by conſulting them, I perceive all the Defects of thoſe made by Painters, and correct them within myſelf. Now, do theſe Images, more like their Original than the Maſter-Pieces of the Art of Painting, imprint themſelves, in my Head without any Art? Is my Brain a Book, all the Characters of which have ranged themſelves of their own accord? If there be any Art in the Caſe, it does not proceed from me: For I find within me that Collection of Images, without having ever ſo much as thought either to imprint them, or ſet them in order. Moreover, all theſe Images either appear, or retire as I pleaſe, without any Confuſion: I call them back, and they return. I diſmiſs them, and they ſink I know not where. They either aſſemble, or ſeparate, as I pleaſe: But I neither know where they lie, nor what they are. Nevertheleſs I find them always ready. The Agitation of ſo many Images, old and new, that revive, join, or ſeparate, never diſturbs a certain Order that's amongſt them. If ſome of them do not appear at the firſt Summons: At leaſt I'am certain they are not far off. They may lurk in ſome deep Corner: But I am not totally ignorant of them, as I am of Things I never knew; for, on the contrary, I know confuſedly what I look for. If any other Image offers itſelf in the Room of that

I call'd for, I immediately diſmiſs it, telling it: 'Tis not you I have occaſion for. But then where lie Objects half-forgotten? They are preſent within me, ſince I look for them there, and find them at laſt. Again, in what manner are they there, ſince I look for them a long while in vain? What becomes of them? 'I am no 'more, ſays St. *Auſtin*, what I was, when I had 'the Thoughts I cannot find again. I know 'not, continues that Father, either how it comes 'to paſs, that I am thus withdrawn from, and 'deprived of myſelf; or how I am afterwards 'brought back, and reſtor'd to myſelf. I am, 'as it were, another Man, and carried to ano-'ther Place, when I look for, and do not find, 'what I had truſted to my Memory. In ſuch a 'Caſe, we cannot reach, and are, in a manner, 'Strangers remote from ourſelves. Nor do we 'come at ourſelves, but when we find what we 'are in queſt of. But where is it we look, 'but within us? Or what is it we look for, but 'ourſelves? —— So unfathomable a Difficulty 'aſtoniſhes us!' I diſtinctly remember I have known, what I do not know at preſent. I remember my very Oblivion. I call to Mind the Pictures or Images of every Perſon, in every Period of Life wherein I have ſeen them formerly: So that the ſame Perſon paſſes ſeveral Times in my Head. At firſt, I ſee one a Child, then a young, and afterwards an old Man. I place Wrinkles in the ſame Face, in which, on the other ſide, I ſee the tender Graces of Infancy. I join

join what ſubſiſts no more with what is ſtill without confounding theſe Extremes. I preſerve I know not what, which, by Turns, is all that I have ſeen ſince I came into the World. Out of this unknown Store come all the Perfumes, Harmonies, Taſtes, Degrees, and Mixtures of Colours; in ſhort, all the Figures that have paſs'd thro' my Senſes, and which they have truſted to my Brain. I revive when I pleaſe, the Joy I felt thirty Years ago. It returns: But ſometimes it is not the ſame it was formerly, and appears without rejoicing me. I remember I have been well pleaſed: And yet am not ſo while I have that Remembrance. On the other hand, I renew paſt Sorrows and Troubles. They are preſent: For I diſtinctly perceive them ſuch as they were formerly, and not the leaſt Part of their Bitterneſs, and lively Senſe, eſcapes my Memory: But yet they are no more the ſame; they are dull'd, and neither trouble or diſquiet me. I perceive all their Severity without feeling it: Or if I feel it, 'tis only by Repreſentation, which turns a former Smart and racking Pain, into a Kind of Sport and Diverſion; for the Image of paſt Sorrows rejoices me. It is the ſame with Pleaſures: A virtuous Mind is afflicted by the Memory of its diſorderly unlawful Enjoyments. They are preſent: For they appear with all their ſofteſt and moſt flattering Attendants; but they are no more themſelves, and ſuch Joys return only to make us uneaſy.

SECT. XLIX.

Two WONDERS *of the* MEMORY *and* BRAIN.

HERE therefore are two Wonders equally incomprehenſible. The firſt, that my Brain is a Kind of Book, that contains a Number almoſt infinite of Images, and Characters ranged in an Order I did not contrive, and of which Chance could not be the Author. For I never had the leaſt Thought either of Writing any Thing in my Brain, or to place in any Order the Images and Characters I imprinted in it. I had no other Thought but only to ſee the Objects that ſtruck my Senſes. Neither could Chance make ſo marvellous a Book: Even all the Art of Man is too imperfect ever to reach ſo high a Perfection; therefore what Hand had the Skill to compoſe it?

The ſecond Wonder I find in my Brain, is to ſee that my Mind reads with ſo much Eaſe, whatever it pleaſes, in that inward Book; and reads even Characters it does not know. I never ſaw the Traces or Figures imprinted in my Brain, and even the Subſtance of my Brain it ſelf, which is like the Paper of that Book, is altogether unknown to me. All thoſe numberleſs Characters tranſpoſe themſelves, and afterwards reſume their Rank and Place to obey my

my Command. I have, as it were, a divine Power over a Work I am unacquainted with, and which is uncapable of Knowledge; that which underſtands nothing, underſtands my Thought and performs it inſtantly. The Thought of Man has no Power over Bodies: I am ſenſible of it by running over all Nature. There is but one ſingle Body which my bare Will moves, as if it were a DEITY; and even moves the moſt ſubtle and niceſt Springs of it, without knowing them. Now, who is it that united my Will to this Body, and gave it ſo much Power over it?

SECT. L.

The MIND *of Man is mix'd with* GREATNESS *and* WEAKNESS. *Its* GREATNESS *conſiſts in two Things.*

Firſt, *The Mind has the* IDEA *of the* INFINITE.

LET us conclude theſe Obſervations by a by a ſhort Reflection on the Eſſence of our Mind; in which I find an incomprehenſible Mixture of Greatneſs and Weakneſs. Its Greatneſs is real: For it brings together the paſt and the preſent, without

Confuſion; and by its Reaſoning penetrates into Futurity. It has the Idea both of Bodies, and Spirits. Nay it has the Idea of the Infinite: For it ſuppoſes and affirms all that belongs to it, and rejects and denies all that is not proper to it. If you ſay that the Infinite is triangular; the Mind will anſwer without Heſitation, that what has no Bounds can have no Figure. If you deſire it to aſſign the Firſt of the Units that make up an infinite Number; it will readily anſwer, That there can be no Beginning, End, or Number in the Infinite; becauſe, if one could find either a firſt or laſt Unit in it, one might add ſome other Unit to that, and conſequently encreaſe the Number. Now a Number cannot be infinite, when it is capable of ſome Addition, and when a Limit may be aſſign'd to it, on the Side where it may receive an Increaſe.

SECT. LI.

The MIND *knows the* FINITE *only by the* IDEA *of the* INFINITE.

'TIS even in the Infinite that my Mind knows the Finite. When we ſay a Man is Sick, we mean a Man has no Health; and when we call a Man weak, we mean one that has

has no Strength. We know Sickneſs, which is a Privation of Health, no other Way but by repreſenting to us Health it ſelf as a real Good, of which ſuch a Man is depriv'd; and, in like manner, we only know Weakneſs, by repreſenting to us Strength as a real Advantage, which ſuch a Man is not Maſter of. We know Darkneſs, which is nothing real, only by denying, and conſequently by conceiving Day-Light, which is moſt real, and moſt poſitive. In like manner we know the Finite only by aſſigning it a Bound, which is a meer Negation of a greater Extent; and conſequently only the Privation of the Infinite. Now a Man could never repreſent to himſelf the Privation of the Infinite, unleſs he conceiv'd the Infinite it ſelf: Juſt as he could not have a Motion of Sickneſs, unleſs he had an Idea of Health, of which it is only a Privation. Now, whence comes that Idea of the Infinite in us?

SECT. LII.

Secondly, *The* IDEAS *of the Mind are* UNIVERSAL, ETERNAL, *and* IMMUTABLE.

OH! How great is the Mind of Man? He carries within him wherewithal to aſtoniſh, and infinitely to ſurpaſs himſelf: Since his Ideas are univerſal, eternal, and immutable. They are univerſal: For when I ſay, it is impoſſible to be and not to be; the Whole is bigger than a Part of it; a Line perfectly circular has no ſtrait Parts; between two Points given, the ſtrait Line is the ſhorteſt; the Center of a perfect Circle is equally diſtant from all the Points of the Circumference; and equilateral Triangle has no Obtuſe, or Right Angle: All theſe Truths admit of no Exception. There never can be any Being, Line, Circle, or Triangle. but according to theſe Rules. Theſe Axioms are of all Times, or to ſpeak more properly, they exiſt before all Time, and will ever remain after any comprehenſible Duration. Let the Univerſe be turn'd topſy turvy, deſtroy'd, and annihilated; and even let there be no Mind to reaſon about Beings, Lines, Circles, and Triangles: Yet it will ever be equally true in it ſelf, that the

ſame

ſame Thing cannot at once, be and not be; that a perfect Circle can have no Part of a ſtrait Line; that the Center of a perfect Circle cannot be nearer one Side of the Circumference than the other. Men may, indeed, not think actually on theſe Truths; and it might even happen, that there ſhould be neither Univerſe, nor any Mind capable to reflect on theſe Truths: But nevertheleſs they are ſtill conſtant and certain in themſelves, altho' no Mind ſhould be acquainted with them; juſt as the Rays of the Sun would not ceaſe being real, altho' all Men ſhould be blind, and no Body have Eyes to be ſenſible of their Light. By affirming that Two and Two make Four, ſays St. *Auſtin* *, a Man is not only certain that he ſpeaks Truth, but he cannot doubt that ſuch a Propoſition was ever equally true, and muſt be ſo eternally. Theſe Ideas we carry within our ſelves have no Bounds, and cannot admit of any. It cannot be ſaid, that what I have affirmed about the Center of perfect Circles, is true only in relation to a certain Number of Circles: For that Propoſition is true, thro' evident Neceſſity, with reſpect to all Circles *ad infinitum*. Theſe unbounded Ideas can never be chang'd, alter'd, impair'd, or defaced in us: For they make up the very Eſſence of our Reaſon. Whatever Effort a Man may make

* *Lib.* 2. *de Lib. arb.*

in his own Mind, yet it is impoſſible for him ever to entertain a ſerious Doubt about the Truths which thoſe Ideas clearly repreſent to us. For Inſtance, I can never ſeriouſly call in Queſtion, whether the Whole is bigger than one of its Parts; or whether the Center of a perfect Circle is equally diſtant from all the Points of the Circumference. The Idea of the Infinite is in me like that of Numbers, Lines, Circles, a Whole, and a Part. The changing our Ideas, would be, in Effect, the annihilating Reaſon it ſelf. Let us judge and make an Eſtimate of our Greatneſs, by the immutable infinite Stamp within us, and which can never be defaced from our Minds. But leſt ſuch a real Greatneſs ſhould dazzle, and betray us, by flattering our Vanity, let's haſten to caſt our Eyes on our Weakneſs.

SECT. LIII.

WEAKNESS *of* MAN'S MIND.

THAT ſame Mind that inceſſantly ſees the Infinite; and through the Rule of the Infinite, all finite Things; is likewiſe infinitely ignorant of all the Objects that ſurround it. It is altogether ignorant of it ſelf; and gropes about, in an Abyſs of Darkneſs. It neither knows

knows what it is, nor how it is united with a Body; nor which Way it has ſo much Command over all the Springs of that Body, which it knows not. It is ignorant of its own Thoughts and Inclinations. It knows not, with Certainty, either what it believes, or wills. It often fancies to believe and will, what it neither believes nor wills. It is liable to miſtake, and its greateſt Excellence is to acknowledge it. To the Error of its Thoughts, it adds the Diſorder and Irregularity of its Will and Deſires; ſo that it is forc'd to groan, under the Conſciouſneſs and Experience of its Corruption. Such is the Mind of Man, weak, uncertain, ſtinted, full of Errors. Now, who is it that put the Idea of the Infinite, that is to ſay of Perfection, in a Subject ſo ſtinted, and ſo full of Imperfection? Did it give it ſelf ſo ſublime, and ſo pure an Idea, which is it ſelf a Kind of Infinite in Imagery? What finite Being diſtinct from it, was able to give it what bears no Proportion with what is Limited within any Bounds? Let us ſuppoſe the Mind of Man to be like a Looking-Glaſs, wherein the Images of all the neighbouring Bodies imprint themſelves: Now what Being was able to ſtamp within us the Image of the Infinite, if the Infinite never exiſted? Who can put in a Looking-Glaſs the Image of a chimerical Object, which is not in Being, and which was never placed againſt the Glaſs? This Image of the Infinite is not a confuſed Collection of finite

Objects, which the Mind may miſtake for a true Infinite. 'Tis the true Infinite of which we have the Thought and Idea. We know it ſo well, that we exactly diſtinguiſh it from whatever it is not; and that no Subtilty can palm upon us any other Object in its Room. We are ſo well acquainted with it, that we reject from it any Propriety that denotes the leaſt Bound or Limit. In ſhort, we know it ſo well, that 'tis in it alone we know all the reſt, juſt as we know the Night by the Day; Sickneſs by Health. Now, once more, whence comes ſo great an Image? Does it proceed from Nothing? Can a ſtinted limited Being imagine and invent the Infinite, if there be no Infinite at all? Our weak and ſhort-ſighted Mind cannot of it ſelf form that Image, which, at this rate, ſhould have no Author. None of the outward Objects can give us that Image: For they can only give us the Image of what they are, and they are limited and imperfect. Therefore from whence ſhall we derive that diſtinct Image which is unlike any Thing within us, and all we know here below, without us? Whence does it proceed? Where is that Infinite we cannot comprehend, becauſe its really Infinite: And which nevertheleſs we cannot miſtake, becauſe we diſtinguiſh it from any Thing that's inferior to it? Sure it muſt be ſomewhere, otherwiſe how could it imprint it ſelf in our Minds?

SECT.

SECT. LIV.

The IDEAS *of Man are the immutable* RULES *of his* JUDGMENT.

BUT beſides the Idea of the Infinite, I have yet univerſal and immutable Motions, which are the Rule and Standard of all my Judgments; inſomuch, that I cannot judge of any Thing but by conſulting them; nor am I free to judge contrary to what they repreſent to me. My Thoughts are ſo far from being able to correct, or form that Rule, that they are themſelves corrected, in ſpite of my ſelf, by that ſuperior Rule; and invincibly ſubjected to its Deciſion. Whatever Effort my Mind can make, I can never be brought, as I obſerv'd before, to entertain a Doubt, whether Two and Two make Four; whether the Whole is bigger than one of its Parts; or whether the Center of a perfect Circle be equally diſtant from all the Points of the Circumference. I am not free to deny thoſe Propoſitions; and if I happen to deny thoſe Truths, or others much like them, there is in me ſomething above my ſelf, which forces me to return to the Rule. That fix'd and immutable Rule, is ſo inward and intimate, that I am tempted to take it for my ſelf: But it is above me, ſince it corrects, and rectifies me; gives me a Diſtruſt

of myſelf, and makes me ſenſible of my Impotency. 'Tis ſomething that inſpires me every Moment, provided I hearken to it, and I never err or miſtake except when I am not attentive to it. What inſpires me would for ever preſerve me from Error, if I were docile, and acted without Precipitation: For that inward Inſpiration would teach me to judge aright of Things within my Reach, and about which I have Occaſion to form a Judgment. As for others, it would teach me, not to judge of them at all; which ſecond Leſſon is no leſs important than the firſt. That inward Rule is what I call MY REASON: But I ſpeak of *My Reaſon* without penetrating into the Extent of thoſe Words, as I ſpeak of NATURE and INSTINCT, without knowing what thoſe Expreſſions mean.

SECT. LV.

What MAN'S REASON *is.*

'TIS certain my Reaſon is within me; for I muſt continually recollect myſelf to find it. But the ſuperior Reaſon that corrects me upon Occaſion, and which I conſult, is none of mine, nor is it Part of myſelf. That Rule is perfect and immutable; whereas I am changeable and imperfect. When I err, it preſerves its

its Rectitude. When I am undeceived, it is not ſet right, for it never was otherwiſe; and ſtill keeping to Truth has the Authority to call, and bring me back to it. 'Tis an inward Maſter, that makes me either be ſilent, or ſpeak; believe, or doubt; acknowledge my Errors, or confirm my Judgments. I am inſtructed by hearkening to it; whereas I err and go aſtray, when I hearken to myſelf. That Maſter is every where, and his Voice is heard, from one End of the Univerſe to the other, by all Men as well as me. Whilſt he corrects and rectifies me in *France*, he corrects and ſets right other Men in *China*, *Japan*, *Mexico*, and in *Peru*, by the ſame Principles.

SECT. LVI.

REASON *is the* SAME *in all* MEN, *of all* AGES *and* COUNTRIES.

TWO Men who never ſaw, or heard of one another, and who never entertain'd any Correſpondence with any other Man that could give them common Notions, yet ſpeak, at two Extremities of the Earth, about a certain Number of Truths, as if they were in Concert. 'Tis infallibly known before hand in one Hemiſphere, what will be anſwer'd in the other upon theſe Truths. Men of all Countries and of all Ages,

Ages, whatever their Education may have been, find themſelves invincibly ſubjected and obliged to think, and ſpeak in the ſame manner. The Maſter who inceſſantly teaches us, makes all of us think the ſame Way. Whenever we haſtily judge, without hearkening to his Voice, in Diffidence of ourſelves, we think, and utter Dreams full of Extravagance. Thus what appears moſt to be Part of ourſelves, and our very Eſſence, I mean our Reaſon, is leaſt our own, and what on the contrary ought to be accounted moſt borrow'd. We continually receive a Reaſon ſuperior to us, as we inceſſantly breath the Air, which is a foreign Body; or as we inceſſantly ſee all the Objects near us by the Light of the Sun, whoſe Rays are Bodies foreign to our Eyes That ſuperior Reaſon over-rules and governs, to a certain Degree, with an abſolute Power, all Men, even the leaſt rational, and makes them all ever agree, in ſpite of themſelves, upon thoſe Points. 'Tis ſhe that makes a Savage in *Canada* think about a great many Things, juſt as the *Greek* and *Roman* Philoſophers did. 'Tis ſhe that made the *Chineſe* Geometricians find out much the ſame Truths with the *Europeans*, whilſt thoſe Nations ſo very remote, were unknown one to another. 'Tis ſhe that makes People in *Japan* conclude as in *France*, that Two and Two make Four; nor is it apprehended, that any Nation ſhall ever change their Opinion about it. 'Tis ſhe that makes Men think now-a-days about certain Points, juſt as Men thought about the

ſame

ſame four thouſand Years ago. 'Tis ſhe that gives uniform Thoughts to the moſt jealous and jarring Men, and the moſt irreconcileable among themſelves. 'Tis by her that Men of all Ages and Countries are, as it were, chain'd about an unmoveable Center, and held in the Bonds of Amity by certain invariable Rules, call'd FIRST PRINCIPLES, notwithſtanding the infinite Variations of Opinions, that ariſe in them from their Paſſions, Avocations, and Caprices, which over-rule all their other leſs-clear Judgments. 'Tis through her that Men, as depraved as they are, have not yet preſum'd openly to beſtow on VICE the Name of VIRTUE, and that they are reduced to diſſemble being juſt, ſincere, moderate, benevolent, in order to gain one another's Eſteem. The moſt wicked and abandon'd of Men, cannot be brought to eſteem what they wiſh they could eſteem, or to deſpiſe what they wiſh they could deſpiſe. 'Tis not poſſible to force the Eternal Barrier of Truth and Juſtice. The inward Maſter, call'd Reaſon, intimately checks the Attempt with abſolute Power, and knows how to ſet Bounds to the moſt impudent Folly of Men. Tho' Vice has for many Ages reign'd with unbridled Licentiouſneſs, Virtue is ſtill call'd Virtue; and the moſt brutiſh and raſh of her Adverſaries cannot yet deprive her of her Name. Hence it is that Vice, tho' triumphant in the World, is ſtill obliged to diſguiſe itſelf, under the Mask of Hypocriſy, or ſham Honeſty, to gain the Eſteem it has

has not the Confidence to expect, if it ſhould go bare-faced. Thus notwithſtanding its Impudence, it pays a forced Homage to Virtue, by endeavouring to adorn itſelf with her faireſt Outſide, in order to receive the Honour and Reſpect ſhe commands from Men. 'Tis true virtuous Men are expos'd to Cenſure; and they are, indeed, ever reprehenſible in this Life, through their natural Imperfections: But yet the moſt Vicious cannot totally efface in themſelves the Idea of true Virtue. There never was yet any Man upon Earth, that could prevail either with others, or himſelf, to allow, as a receiv'd Maxim, that to be knaviſh, paſſionate, and miſchievous, is more honourable than to be honeſt, moderate, good-natured, and benevolent.

SECT. LVII.

REASON *in Man is* INDEPENDENT *of and above him.*

I Have already evinc'd, that the inward and univerſal Maſter, at all Times, and in all Places, ſpeaks the ſame Truths. We are not that Maſter: Tho' 'tis true, we often ſpeak without, and higher than him. But then we miſtake, ſtutter, and do not ſo much as underſtand ourſelves. We are even a fraid of being made ſenſible

ſible of our Miſtakes, and we ſhut up our Ears, leſt we ſhould be humbled by his Corrections. Certainly the Man who is apprehenſive of being corrected and reproved by that uncorruptible Reaſon, and ever goes aſtray when he does not follow it, is not that perfect, univerſal, and immutable Reaſon, that corrects him, in ſpite of himſelf. In all Things we find, as it were, two Principles within us. The one gives; the other receives; the one fails, or is defective; the other makes up; the one miſtakes; the other rectifies; the one goes awry, through his Inclination, the other ſets him right. 'Twas the miſtaken, and ill-underſtood Experience of this, that led the *Marcionites* and *Manicheans* into Error. Every Man is conſcious within himſelf of a limited and inferior Reaſon that goes aſtray and errs, as ſoon as it gets looſe from an entire Subordination, and which mends its Error no other Way, but by returning under the Yoke of another ſuperior, univerſal, and immutable Reaſon. Thus every Thing within us argues an inferior, limited, communicated, and borrow'd Reaſon, that wants every Moment to be rectified by another. All Men are rational by Means of the ſame Reaſon that communicates itſelf to them, according to various Degrees. There is a certain Number of wiſe Men; but the Wiſdom from which they draw theirs, as from an inexhauſtible Source, and which makes them what they are, is but ONE.

SECT.

SECT. LVIII.

'Tis the PRIMITIVE *Truth, that lights all Minds, by communicating itſelf to them.*

WHERE is that Wiſdom? Where is that Reaſon, at once both common and ſuperior to all limited and imperfect Reaſons of Mankind? Where is that Oracle, which is never ſilent, and againſt which all the vain Prejudices of Men cannot prevail? Where is that Reaſon which we have ever Occaſion to conſult, and which prevents us to create in us the Deſire of hearing its Voice? Where is that lively Light *which lighteth every Man that cometh into the World?* Where is that pure and ſoft Light, which not only lights thoſe Eyes that are open, but which opens Eyes that are ſhut; cures ſore Eyes; gives Eyes to thoſe that have none to ſee it; in ſhort, which raiſes the Deſire of being lighted by it, and gains even their Love, who were afraid to ſee it? Every Eye ſees it; nor would it ſee any Thing, unleſs it ſaw it; ſince 'tis by that Light, and its pure Rays that the Eye ſees every Thing. As the ſenſible Sun in the Firmament lights all Bodies; ſo the Sun of Intelligence lights all Minds. The Subſtance of a Man's Eye is not the Light: On the contrary the Eye borrows, every Moment, the Light from the Rays of the Sun. Juſt in the ſame manner, my Mind is not the primitive Reaſon, or univerſal and immutable

ble Truth; but only the Organ thro' which that original Light paſſes, and which is lighted by it. There is a Sun of Spirits that lights them far better than the viſible Sun lights Bodies. This Sun of Spirits gives us, at once, both its Light, and the Love of it, in order to ſeek it. That Sun of Truth leaves no manner of Darkneſs; and ſhines at the ſame time in the two Hemiſpheres. It lights us as much by Night, as by Day; nor does it ſpread its Rays outwardly; but inhabits in every one of us. A Man can never deprive another Man of its Beams. One ſees it equally, in whatever Corner of the Univerſe he may lurk. A Man never needs ſay to another; *Step aſide, to let me ſee that Sun: You rob me of its Rays; you take away my Share of it.* That Sun never ſets: Nor ſuffers any Cloud, but ſuch as are raiſed by our Paſſions. 'Tis a Day without Shadow. It lights the Savages even in the deepeſt and darkeſt Caves; none but ſore Eyes wink againſt its Light; nor is there indeed any Man ſo diſtemper'd and ſo blind, but who ſtill walks by the Glympſe of ſome duskiſh Light he retains from that inward Sun of Conſcience. That univerſal Light diſcovers and repreſents all Objects to our Minds; nor can we judge of any Thing but by it; juſt as we cannot diſcern any Body but by the Rays of the Sun.

SECT.

SECT. LIX.

'Tis by the LIGHT *of* PRIMITIVE TRUTH, *a Man judges whether what one ſays to him, be true or falſe.*

MEN may ſpeak and diſcourſe to us in order to inſtruct us: But we cannot believe them any farther, than we find a certain Conformity or Agreement between what they ſay, and what the inward Maſter ſays. After they have exhauſted all their Arguments, we muſt ſtill return, and hearken to him, for a final Deciſion. If a Man ſhould tell us, that a Part equals the Whole of which it is a Part, we ſhould not be able to forbear laughing, and inſtead of perſuading us, he would make himſelf ridiculous to us. 'Tis in the very Bottom of ourſelves, by conſulting the inward Maſter, that we muſt find the Truths that are taught us, that is, which are outwardly propoſed to us. Thus, properly ſpeaking, there is but one true Maſter, who teaches all, and without whom one learns nothing. Other Maſters always refer and bring us back to that inward School where he alone ſpeaks. 'Tis there we receive what we have not; 'tis there we learn what we were ignorant of; and find what we had loſt by Oblivion. 'Tis in the intimate Bottom of ourſelves, he keeps in Store for us certain Truths, that lie, as it were, bury'd, but which revive upon Occaſion;

ſion; and 'tis there, in ſhort, that we reject the Falſhood we had embraced. Far from judging that Maſter, 'tis by him alone we are judg'd peremptorily in all Things. He is a Judge diſintereſted, impartial, and ſuperior to us. We may, indeed, refuſe hearing him, and raiſe a Din to ſtun our Ears: But when we hear him 'tis not in our Power to contradict him. Nothing is more unlike Man than that inviſible Maſter that inſtructs and judges him with ſo much Severity, Uprightneſs, and Perfection. Thus our limited, uncertain, defective, fallible Reaſon, is but a feeble and momentaneous Inſpiration of a primitive, ſupreme, and immutable Reaſon, which communicates itſelf with Meaſure, to all intelligent Beings.

SECT. LX.

The SUPERIOR REASON *that reſides in Man is* GOD HIMSELF; *and whatever has been above diſcover'd to be in Man, are evident Footſteps of the* DEITY.

IT cannot be ſaid that Man gives himſelf the Thoughts he had not before; much leſs can it be ſaid, that he receives them from other Men: Since 'tis certain, he neither does, nor can admit any Thing from without, unleſs he finds it in his own Bottom, by conſulting within him

SECT. LIX.

'Tis by the LIGHT *of* PRIMITIVE TRUTH, *a Man judges whether what one ſays to him, be true or falſe.*

MEN may ſpeak and diſcourſe to us in order to inſtruct us: But we cannot believe them any farther, than we find a certain Conformity or Agreement between what they ſay, and what the inward Maſter ſays. After they have exhauſted all their Arguments, we muſt ſtill return, and hearken to him, for a final Deciſion. If a Man ſhould tell us, that a Part equals the Whole of which it is a Part, we ſhould not be able to forbear laughing, and inſtead of perſuading us, he would make himſelf ridiculous to us. 'Tis in the very Bottom of ourſelves, by conſulting the inward Maſter, that we muſt find the Truths that are taught us, that is, which are outwardly propoſed to us. Thus, properly ſpeaking, there is but one true Maſter, who teaches all, and without whom one learns nothing. Other Maſters always refer and bring us back to that inward School where he alone ſpeaks. 'Tis there we receive what we have not; 'tis there we learn what we were ignorant of; and find what we had loſt by Oblivion. 'Tis in the intimate Bottom of ourſelves, he keeps in Store for us certain Truths, that lie, as it were, bury'd, but which revive upon Occaſion;

ſion; and 'tis there, in ſhort, that we reject the Falſhood we had embraced. Far from judging that Maſter, 'tis by him alone we are judg'd peremptorily in all Things. He is a Judge diſintereſted, impartial, and ſuperior to us. We may, indeed, refuſe hearing him, and raiſe a Din to ſtun our Ears: But when we hear him 'tis not in our Power to contradict him. Nothing is more unlike Man than that inviſible Maſter that inſtructs and judges him with ſo much Severity, Uprightneſs, and Perfection. Thus our limited, uncertain, defective, fallible Reaſon, is but a feeble and momentaneous Inſpiration of a primitive, ſupreme, and immutable Reaſon, which communicates itſelf with Meaſure, to all intelligent Beings.

SECT. LX.

The SUPERIOR REASON *that reſides in Man is* GOD HIMSELF; *and whatever has been above diſcover'd to be in Man, are evident Footſteps of the* DEITY.

IT cannot be ſaid that Man gives himſelf the Thoughts he had not before; much leſs can it be ſaid, that he receives them from other Men: Since 'tis certain, he neither does, nor can admit any Thing from without, unleſs he finds it in his own Bottom, by conſulting within him

him the Principles of Reaſon, in order to examine whether what he is told, is agreeable or repugnant to them. Therefore there is an inward School, wherein Man receives what he neither can give himſelf, nor expect from other Men, who live upon Truſt as well as himſelf. Here then are two Reaſons I find within me; one of which is myſelf, the other is above me. That which is myſelf is very imperfect, prejudiced, liable to Error, changeable, headſtrong, ignorant, and limited; in ſhort, it poſſeſſes nothing but what is borrow'd. The other is common to all Men, and ſuperior to them: It is perfect, eternal, immutable, ever ready to communicate itſelf in all Places, and to rectify all Minds that err and miſtake; in ſhort, incapable of ever being either exhauſted or divided, altho' it communicates itſelf to all who deſire it. Where is that perfect Reaſon, which is ſo near me, and yet ſo different from me? Where is it? Sure it muſt be ſomething Real; for Nothing or Nought cannot either be perfect, or make perfect imperfect Natures. Where is that ſupreme Reaſon? Is it not the very GOD I look for?

SECT.

SECT. LXI.

New ſenſible NOTICES *of the* DEITY *in* MAN, *drawn from the Knowledge he has of* UNITY.

I Still find other Traces, or Notices of the DEITY within me: Here's a very ſenſible one. I am acquainted with prodigious Numbers with the Relations that are between them: Now, how come I by that Knowledge? It is ſo very diſtinct, that I cannot ſeriouſly doubt of it; and ſo, immediately, without the leaſt Heſitation, I rectify any Man that does not follow it in Computation. If a Man ſays 17 and 3 makes 22, I preſently tell him 17 and 3 make but 20; and he is immediately convinc'd by his own Light, and acquieſces in my Correction. The ſame Maſter, who ſpeaks within me to correct him, ſpeaks at the ſame Time within him, to bid him acquieſce. Theſe are not two Maſters that have agreed to make us agree: 'Tis ſomething indiviſible, eternal, immutable, that ſpeaks at the ſame time, with an invincible Perſuaſion in us both. Once more, how come I by ſo juſt a Notion of Numbers; All Numbers are but repeated Units. Every Number is but a Compound, or a Repetition of Units. The Number of Two for Inſtance, is but two Units; the Number of Four

Four is reducible to *one* * repeated four Times. Therefore we cannot conceive any Number without conceiving UNITY, which is the eſſential Foundation of any poſſible Number; nor can we conceive any Repetition of Units, without conceiving Unity itſelf, which is its Baſis.

But which Way can I know any real Unit? I never ſaw, nor ſo much as imagin'd any by the Report of my Senſes. Let me take, for inſtance, the moſt ſubtle Atom: It muſt have a Figure, Length, Breadth, and Depth; a Top and a Bottom; a Left and a Right Side; and again, the Top is not the Bottom, nor one Side the other. Therefore this Atom is not truly one; for it conſiſts of Parts. Now a Compound is a real Number, and a Multitude of Beings. 'Tis not a real Unit; but a Collection of Beings, one of which is not the other. I therefore never learnt by my Eyes, my Ears, my Hands, nor even by my Imagination, that there is in Nature any real *Unity*; on the contrary, neither my Senſes, nor my Imagination, ever preſented to me any Thing but what is a Compound, a real Number or a Multitude. All Unity continually eſcapes me; it flies me, as it were by a Kind of Enchantment. Since I look for it in ſo many Diviſions of an Atom, I certainly have a diſtinct Idea of it; and 'tis only by its ſimple

* *S. Aug. l. 2. de Lib. Arb.*

and

and clear Idea, that I arrive, by the Repetition of it, at the Knowledge of ſo many other Numbers. But ſince it eſcapes me in all the Diviſions of the Bodies that are in Nature, it clearly follows, that I never came by the Knowledge of it, by the Inſtruction of my Senſes and Imagination. Here therefore is an Idea which is in me independently from the Senſes, Imagination, and Impreſſions of Bodies.

Moreover, altho' I would not frankly acknowledge, that I have a clear Idea of Unity, which is the Foundation of all Numbers, becauſe they are but Repetitions, or Collections of Units: I muſt, at leaſt, be forc'd to own, that I know a great many Numbers with their Proprieties and Relations. I know, for Inſtance, how much make 900000000 join'd with 800000000 of another Sum. I make no Miſtake in it; and I ſhould, with Certainty, immediately rectify any Man that ſhould. Nevertheleſs, neither my Senſes, nor my Imagination were ever able to repreſent to me diſtinctly all thoſe Millions put together. Nor would the Image they ſhould repreſent to me, be more like ſeventeen hundred Millions, than a far inferior Number. Therefore, how came I by ſo diſtinct an Idea of Numbers, which I never could either feel, or imagine? Theſe Ideas independent upon Bodies, can neither be corporeal, nor admitted in a corporeal Subject. They diſcover to me the Nature of my Soul, which admits what's incorporeal, and receives it within itſelf, in an incorporeal Manner.

ner. Now, how came I by ſo incorporeal an Idea of Bodies themſelves? I cannot by my own Nature carry it within me: Since what in me knows Bodies, is incorporeal; and ſince it knows them, without receiving that Knowledge through the Direction of Corporeal Organs, ſuch as the Senſes and Imagination. What thinks in me, muſt be as it were, a Nothing of Corporeal Nature. How was I able to know Beings that have by Nature no Relation with my Thinking Being? Certainly, a Being ſuperior to thoſe two Natures ſo very different, and which comprehends them both in its Infinity, muſt have join'd them in my Soul; and given me an Idea of a Nature entirely different from that which thinks in me.

SECT. LXII.

The IDEA *of the* UNITY *proves that there are* IMMATERIAL SUBSTANCES; *and that there is a* BEING PERFECTLY ONE, *who is* GOD.

AS for Units, ſome, perhaps, will ſay, that I do not know them by the Bodies, but only by the Spirits; and therefore that my Mind being one, and truly known to me, 'tis by it, and not by the Bodies, I have the Idea of Unity. But to this I anſwer.

It

It will, at leaſt, follow from thence, that I know Subſtances that have no manner of Extenſion, or Diviſibility, and which are preſent. Here are already Beings purely incorporeal, in the Number of which I ought to place my Soul. Now, who is it that has united it to my Body? This Soul of mine is not an infinite Being; it has not been always; and it thinks within certain Bounds: Now, again, who makes it know Bodies ſo different from it? Who gives it ſo great a Command over a certain Body; and who gives reciprocally to that Body ſo great a Command over the Soul? Moreover, which way do I know whether this Thinking Soul is really one, or whether it has Parts? I do not ſee this Soul. Now, will any Body ſay, that 'tis in ſo inviſible, and ſo impenetrable a Thing, that I clearly ſee what Unity is? I am ſo far from learning by my Soul what the Being One is, that, on the contrary, 'tis by the clear Idea I have already of Unity, that I examine whether my Soul be one, or diviſible.

1ſt, *That there are immaterial Subſtances.*

Add to this, that I have within me a clear Idea of a perfect Unity, which is far above that I may find in my Soul. The latter is often conſcious that ſhe is divided between two contrary Opinions, Inclinations, and Habits. Now, does not this Diviſion which I find within myſelf, ſhew and denote a kind of Multiplicity, and Compoſition of Parts?

2dly, *That there is a Being perfectly One*, viz. *GOD ALONE.*

Beſides, the Soul has, at leaſt, a ſucceſſive Compoſition of Thoughts, one of which is moſt different and diſtinct from another. I conceive an Unity infinitely more one, if I may ſo ſpeak. I conceive a Being who never changes his Thoughts, who always thinks all Things at once, and in which no Compoſition, even ſucceſſive, can be found. Undoubtedly 'tis the Idea of the perfect and ſupreme Unity, that makes me ſo inquiſitive after ſome Unity in Spirits, and even in Bodies. This Idea ever preſent within me, is innate or inborn with me; it is the perfect Model by which I ſeek everywhere ſome imperfect Copy of the Unity. This Idea of what is one, ſimple, and indiviſible by Excellence, can be no other than the Idea of GOD. I therefore know GOD with ſuch Clearneſs and Evidence, that 'tis by knowing him I ſeek in all Creatures, and in myſelf, ſome Image and Likeneſs of his Unity. The Bodies have, as it were, ſome Mark or Print of that Unity, which ſtill flies away in the Diviſion of its Parts; and the Spirits have a greater Likeneſs of it, altho' they have a ſucceſſive Compoſition of Thoughts.

SECT.

SECT. LXIII.

DEPENDENCE *and* INDEPENDENCE *of* MAN. *His* DEPENDENCE *proves the* EXISTENCE *of his* CREATOR.

BUT here's another Myſtery, which I carry within me, and which makes me incomprehenſible to myſelf, *viz.* That on the one Hand I am Free, and on the other Dependent. Let us examine theſe two Things, and ſee whether 'tis poſſible to reconcile them.

I am a dependent Being. Independency is the ſupreme Perfection. To be by one's ſelf, is to carry within one's ſelf, the Source or Spring of one's own Being; or which is the ſame, 'tis to borrow nothing from any Being different from one's ſelf. Suppoſe a Being that has all the Perfections you can imagine, but which has a borrow'd and dependent Being, and you'll find him to be leſs perfect than another Being, in which you'd ſuppoſe but bare Independency. For there is no Compariſon to be made between a Being that exiſts by himſelf, and a Being who has nothing of his own, nothing but what is precarious and borrow'd, and who is in himſelf, as it were, only upon Truſt.

This Conſideration brings me to acknowledge the Imperfection of what I call my Soul. If ſhe exiſted by herſelf, it would borrow nothing from another; ſhe would not want either to be in-

ſtructed in her Ignorances, or to be rectify'd in her Errors. Nothing could reclaim her from her Vices, or inſpire her with Virtue; for nothing would be able to render her Will better than it ſhould have been at firſt. This Soul would ever poſſeſs whatever ſhe ſhould be capable to enjoy; nor could ſhe ever receive any Addition from without. On the other hand, it is no leſs certain, that ſhe could not loſe any thing: For what is, or exiſts by its ſelf, is always neceſſarily whatever it is. Therefore my Soul could not fall into Ignorance, Error, or Vice; or ſuffer any Diminution of Good-Will: Nor could ſhe, on the other hand, inſtruct, or correct herſelf, or become better than ſhe is. Now, I experience the contrary of all theſe. For I forget, miſtake, err, go aſtray, loſe the Sight of Truth, and the Love of Virtue; I corrupt, I diminiſh. On the other hand, I improve and increaſe by acquiring Wiſdom and Good-Will, which I never had. This intimate Experience convinces me, that my Soul is not a Being exiſting by itſelf, and independent; that is neceſſary and immutable in all it poſſeſſes and enjoys. Now, whence proceeds this Augmentation and Improvement of myſelf? Who is it that can enlarge and perfect my Being, by making me better, and conſequently greater than I was?

SECT. LXIV.

GOOD-WILL *cannot proceed but from a* SUPERIOR BEING.

THE Will, or Faculty of willing, is undoubtedly a Degree of Being, and of Good, or Perfection: But Good-Will, Benevolence, or Deſire of Good, is another Degree of ſuperior Good. For one may miſuſe Will, in order to wiſh ill, cheat, hurt, or do Injuſtice: Whereas Good-Will is the good or right Uſe of Will itſelf, which cannot but be good. Good-Will is therefore what is moſt precious in Man. 'Tis that which ſets a Value upon all the reſt. 'Tis as it were, *The whole Man: Hoc enim omnis Homo* *.

I have already ſhewn, that my Will is not by itſelf, ſince it is liable to loſe, and receive Degrees of Good, or Perfection; and likewiſe that it is a Good inferior to *Good-Will*, becauſe it is better to will Good, than barely to have a Will ſuſceptible both of Good and Evil. How could I be brought to believe, that I, a weak, imperfect, borrow'd, precarious and dependent Being, beſtow on myſelf the higheſt Degree of Perfection from a firſt Being? Can I imagine that GOD gives me the leſſer Good, and that I give

* *Eccleſ* xii. 13.

myſelf the greater without him? How ſhould I come by that high Degree of Perfection, in order to give it myſelf? Should I have it from Nothing, which is all my own Stock? Shall I ſay, that other Spirits, much like, or equal to mine, give it me? But ſince thoſe limited and dependent Beings like myſelf, cannot give themſelves any thing, no more than I can, much leſs can they beſtow any thing upon another. For as they do not exiſt by themſelves, ſo they have not by themſelves any true Power, either over me, or over Things that are imperfect in me; or over themſelves. Wherefore, without ſtopping with them, we muſt go up higher, in order to find out a firſt, teeming, and moſt powerful Cauſe, that is able to beſtow on my Soul the Good-Will ſhe has not.

SECT. LXV.

As a SUPERIOR BEING *is the Cauſe of all the* MODIFICATIONS *of* CREATURES, *ſo 'tis impoſſible for Man's Will, to will Good by itſelf, or of its own Accord.*

LET us ſtill add another Reflection. That Firſt Being is the Cauſe of all the Modifications of his Creatures. *The Operation follows the Being*, as the Philoſophers are us'd to ſpeak. A Being

Being that is dependent in the Eſſence of his Being, cannot but be dependent in all his Operations: For the Acceſſory follows the Principal. Therefore, the Author of the Eſſence of the Being, is alſo the Author of all the Modifications, or Modes of Being of Creatures. Thus GOD is the real and immediate Cauſe of all the Configurations, Combinations, and Motions of all the Bodies of the Univerſe. 'Tis by Means, or upon Occaſion, of a Body he has ſet in Motion, that he moves another. 'Tis he who created every Thing, and who does every Thing in his Creatures, or Works. Now *Volition*, is the Modification of the Will, or willing Faculty of the Soul, juſt as Motion is the Modification of Bodies. Shall we affirm, that GOD is the real, immediate, and total Cauſe of the Motion of all Bodies, and that he is not equally the real and immediate Cauſe of the Good-Will of Mens Wills? Will this Modification, the moſt excellent of all, be the only one not made by GOD in his own Work, and which the Work beſtows on itſelf independently? Who can entertain ſuch a Thought? Therefore my Good-Will which I had not Yeſterday, and which I have to Day, is not a Thing I beſtow upon myſelf; but muſt come from him who gave me both the *Will and the Being*.

As *to will* is a greater Perfection than barely *to be*: So *to will Good*, is more perfect than *to will*. The Step from Power to a virtuous Act, is the greateſt Perfection in Man. Power is

only a Balance, or Poiſe between Virtue and Vice, or a Suſpenſion between Good and Evil. The Paſſage, or Step to the Act, is a Deciſion or Determination for the Good, and conſequent by the ſuperior Good. The Power ſuſceptible of Good and Evil comes from GOD: Which we have fully evinc'd. Now, ſhall we affirm, That the deciſive Stroke, that determines to the greater Good, either is not at all, or is leſs owing to Him? All this evidently proves what the Apoſtle ſays, † *viz.* That God *works both to will and to do, of his good Pleaſure.* Here's Man's Dependence: Let us look for his Liberty.

SECT. LXVI.

Of MAN'S LIBERTY.

I Am free, nor can I doubt of it. I am intimately and invincibly convinc'd, that I can either will, or not will: And there is in me a Choice not only between Willing and not Willing, but alſo between divers Wills, about the Variety of Objects that preſent themſelves. I am ſenſible, as the Scripture ſays, That I * *am in the Hand of my Council:* Which alone ſuffices

† *Philip.* 2. 13. * *Eccl.* 15. 14.

to

to ſhew me, that my Soul is not Corporeal. All that is Body or Corporeal, does not in the leaſt determine itſelf, and is, on the contrary, determin'd in all Things by Laws call'd Phyſical, which are neceſſary, invincible, and contrary to what I call Liberty. From thence I infer, that my Soul is of a Nature entirely different from that of my Body. Now, who is it that was able to join by a reciprocal Union two ſuch different Natures, and hold them in ſo juſt a Concert for all their reſpective Operations? That Tye, as we obſerv'd before, cannot be form'd but by a ſuperior Being, who comprehends and unites thoſe two ſorts of Perfections, in his own infinite Perfection.

SECT. LXVII.

MAN'S LIBERTY *conſiſts in that his* WILL *by determining, modifies itſelf.*

IT is not the ſame with the Modification of my Soul, which is call'd Will, and by ſome Philoſophers *Volition*, as with the Modifications of Bodies. A Body does not in the leaſt modify it ſelf, but is modified by the ſole Power of GOD. It does not move it ſelf, it is only

ly acted, and actuated. Thus GOD is the only real and immediate Cauſe of all the different Modifications of Bodies. As for Spirits, the Caſe is different; for my Will determines it ſelf. Now, to determine one's ſelf to Will, is to modify one's ſelf, and therefore my Will modifies it ſelf. GOD may prevent my Soul; but he does not give it the Will, in the ſame manner as he gives Motions to Bodies. If 'tis GOD who modifies me, I modify my ſelf with him; and am with him a real Cauſe of my own Will. My Will is ſo much my own, that I am only to blame, if I do not will what I ought. When I will a Thing, 'tis in my Power not to will it: And when I do not will it, 'tis likewiſe in my Power to will it. I neither am, nor can be compell'd in my Will: For I cannot will what I actually will, in ſpite of my ſelf; ſince the Will I mean evidently excludes all manner of Conſtraint. Beſides the Exemption from all Compulſion, I am likewiſe free from all Neceſſity. I am conſcious and ſenſible that I have, as it were, a two-edged Will, which, at its own Choice, may be either for the Affirmative or Negative, the *Yes* or the *No*, and turn it ſelf either towards one Object, or towards another. I know no other Reaſon or Determination of my Will, but my Will it ſelf. I will a Thing becauſe I am free to will it; and nothing is ſo much in my Power, as either to will or not to will it. Altho' my Will ſhould not be conſtrain'd, yet if it were

neceſſi-

neceſſitated, it would be as ſtrongly and invincibly determin'd to will, as Bodies are to move. An invincible Neceſſity would have as much Influence over the Will with reſpect to Spirits, as it has over Motion, with reſpect to Bodies; and, in ſuch a Caſe, the Will would be no more accountable for willing, than a Body for moving. 'Tis true the Will would will what it would: But the Motion by which a Body is mov'd, is the ſame, as the Volition by which the willing Faculty wills. If therefore Volition be neceſſitated in the ſame manner as Motion, it deſerves neither more nor leſs Praiſe or Blame. For tho' a neceſſitated Will may ſeem to be a Will unconſtrain'd, yet it is ſuch a Will as one cannot forbear having, and for which he that has it, is not accountable. Nor does previous Knowledge eſtabliſh true Liberty: For a Will may be preceded by the Knowledge of divers Objects, and yet have no real Election or Choice. Nor is Deliberation, or the being in Suſpenſe, any more than a vain Trifle, if I deliberate between two Counſels, when I am under an actual Impotency to follow the one, and under an actual Neceſſity to purſue the other. In ſhort, there's no ſerious and true Choice between two Objects, unleſs they be both actually ready within my Reach, ſo that I may either leave or take, which of the Two I pleaſe.

SECT.

SECT. LXVIII.

WILL *may reſiſt* GRACE, *and its* LIBERTY *is the Foundation of* MERIT *and* DEMERIT.

WHEN therefore I ſay I am Free, I mean that my Will is fully in my Power, and that even GOD himſelf leaves me at Liberty to turn it which way I pleaſe; that I am not determin'd as other Beings; and that I determine my ſelf: I conceive, that if that firſt Being prevents me, to inſpire me with a good Will, it is ſtill in my Power * *to reject* his actual Inſpiration, how ſtrong ſoever it may be; to fruſtrate its Effect; and to refuſe my Aſſent to it. I conceive likewiſe, that when I reject his Inſpiration for the Good, I have the true and actual Power not to reject it: Juſt as I have the actual and immediate Power to riſe when I remain ſitting, to ſhut my Eyes, when I have them open. Objects may indeed ſollicite me, by all their Allurements and Agreeableneſs, to will, or deſire them. The Reaſons for willing may preſent themſelves to me with all their moſt lively and affecting Attendants; and the ſupreme Being may alſo attract me by his moſt perſwaſive Inſpirations. But yet, for

* *Conc. Trid. Seſſ. 6.*

all

all this actual Attraction of Objects, Cogency of Reaſons, and even Inſpiration of a ſuperior Being, I ſtill remain Maſter of my Will, and am free either to will, or not to will.

'Tis this Exemption, not only from all manner of Conſtraint or Compulſion, but alſo from all Neceſſity, and this Command over my own Actions, that render me inexcuſable when I will Evil, and praiſe-worthy when I will Good. In this lies *Merit* and *Demerit*; *Praiſe* and *Blame:* 'Tis this that makes either Puniſhment or Reward juſt; 'tis upon this Conſideration that Men exhort, rebuke, threaten, and promiſe. This is the Foundation of all Policy, Inſtruction, and Rules of Morality. The Upſhot of the *Merit* and *Demerit* of human Actions, reſts upon this Baſis, * *That nothing is ſo much in the Power of our Will, as our Will it ſelf; and that we have this* FREE-WILL, *this, as it were, two-edged Faculty, and this elective Power between two Counſels, which are immediately as it were within our Reach:* 'Tis what Shepherds and Husbandmen ſing in the Fields; what Merchants and Artificers ſuppoſe in their Traffick; what Actors repreſent in publick Shews; what Magiſtrates believe in their Councils; what Doctors teach in their Schools; 'tis that, in ſhort, which no Man of Senſe can ſeriouſly

* Aug. *Lib. de duabus Animab.*

call

call in Queſtion. That Truth, imprinted in the Bottom of our Hearts, is ſuppoſed in the Practice, even by thoſe Philoſophers who would endeavour to ſhake it by their empty Speculations. The intimate Evidence of this Truth is like that of the firſt Principles, which want no Proof; and which ſerve themſelves as Proofs to other Truths that are not ſo clear and ſelf-evident. But, how could the firſt Being make a Creature who is himſelf the Umpire of his own Actions?

SECT. LXIX.

A CHARACTER *of the* DEITY, *both in the* DEPENDENCE *and* INDEPENDENCE *of Man.*

LET us now put together theſe two Truths equally certain. I am dependent upon a firſt Being, even in my own Will: And nevertheleſs I am free. What then is this dependent Liberty? How is it poſſible for a Man to conceive a Free-will that is given by a firſt Being? I am free in my Will, as GOD is in His. 'Tis principally in this I am his Image, and Likeneſs. What a Greatneſs that borders upon Infinite is here! This is a Ray of the DEITY it ſelf. 'Tis a Kind of divine Power I have o

ver

ver my Will: But I am but a bare Image of that ſupreme Being ſo *abſolutely* Free and Powerful.

The Image of the divine Independence is not the Reality of what it repreſents; and *therefore* my Liberty is but a Shadow of the firſt Being, by whom I exiſt, and act. On the one hand, the Power I have of willing Evil, is, indeed, rather a Weakneſs and Frailty of my Will, than a true Power: For 'tis only a Power to fall, to degrade my ſelf, and to diminiſh my Degree of Perfection, and Being. On the other hand, the Power I have to will Good, is not an abſolute Power, ſince I have it not of my ſelf. Now, Liberty being no more than that Power, a precarious and borrow'd Power can conſtitute but a precarious, borrow'd, and dependent Liberty; and therefore ſo imperfect and ſo precarious a Being cannot but be dependent. But how is he free? What a profound Myſtery is here! His Liberty, of which I cannot doubt, ſhews his Perfection; and his Dependence argues the Nothingneſs from which he was drawn.

SECT. LXX.

The SEAL *and* STAMP *of the* DEITY *in His Works.*

WE have ſeen the Prints of the DEITY, or to ſpeak more properly, the Seal and Stamp of GOD himſelf, in all that's call'd the Works of Nature. When a Man will not enter into Philoſophical Subtilties, he obſerves, with the firſt Caſt of the Eye, a Hand, that was the firſt Mover, in all the Parts of the Univerſe, and ſet all the Wheels of the great Machine a-going. The Heavens, the Earth, the Stars, Plants, Animals, our Bodies, our Minds: Every Thing ſhews and proclaims an Order, an exact Meaſure, an Art, a Wiſdom, a Mind ſuperior to us, which is, as it were, the Soul of the whole World, and which leads and directs every Thing to his Ends, with a gentle and inſenſible, tho' omnipotent Force. We have ſeen, as it were, the Architecture and Frame of the Univerſe; the juſt Proportion of all its Parts; and the bare Caſt of the Eye has ſufficed us to find and diſcover even in an Ant, more than in the Sun, a Wiſdom and Power that delights to exert it ſelf in the poliſhing and adorning its vileſt Work. This is obvious, without any ſpeculative Diſcuſſion, to the moſt ignorant of Men: But what a world of other Won-

Wonders ſhould we diſcover, ſhould we penetrate into the Secrets of Phyſicks, and diſſect the inward Parts of Animals, which are framed according to the moſt perfect Mechanicks.

SECT. LXXI.

OBJECTION *of the* EPICUREANS, *who aſcribe every Thing to* CHANCE, *conſider'd.*

I Hear certain Philoſophers who anſwer me, that all this Diſcourſe on the Art that ſhines in the Univerſe, is but a continued Sophiſm. 'All Nature, *will they ſay*, is for Man's Uſe, 'tis 'true: But you have no Reaſon to infer from 'thence, that it was made, with Art, and on 'purpoſe, for the Uſe of Man. A Man muſt 'be ingenious in deceiving himſelf, who looks 'for, and thinks to find, what never exiſted. 'Tis true, *will they add*, that Man's Induſtry 'makes uſe of an infinite Number of Things 'that Nature affords, and are convenient for 'him: But Nature did not make thoſe Things 'on purpoſe for his Conveniency. As for In-'ſtance, ſome Country-Fellows climb up dai-'ly, by certain craggy and pointed Rocks, to 'the Top of a Mountain; but yet it does not 'follow, that thoſe Points of Rocks were cut 'with Art, like a Stair-Caſe, for the Conveni-

'ency

'ency of Men. In like manner, when a Man 'happens to be in the Fields, during a ſtor-'my Rain, and fortunately meets with a 'Cave, he uſes it, as he would do a Houſe, 'for Shelter: But, however, it cannot be af-'firm'd, that this Cave was made on purpoſe 'to ſerve Men for a Houſe. It is the ſame 'with the whole World: It was form'd by 'Chance, and without Deſign: But Men find-'ing it as it is, had the Art to turn and im-'prove it to their own Uſes. Thus the Art 'you admire both in the Work and its Arti-'ficer, is only in Men, who know how to 'make uſe of every Thing that ſurrounds 'them.' This is, certainly, the ſtrongeſt Objection thoſe Philoſophers can raiſe; and I hope they'll have no Reaſon to complain, that I have weaken'd it: But it will immediately appear how weak it is in it ſelf, when cloſely examin'd. The bare Repetition of what I ſaid before will be ſufficient to demonſtrate it.

SECT.

SECT. LXXII.

Anſwer to the Objection of the EPICUREANS, *who aſcribe all to* CHANCE.

WHAT would one ſay of a Man who ſhould ſet up for a ſubtil Philoſopher, or (to uſe the Modern Expreſſion) a FREE-THINKER, and who entring a Houſe, ſhould maintain it was made by Chance, and that Art had not, in the leaſt, contributed to render it commodious to Men, becauſe there are Caves ſomewhat like that Houſe, which yet were never dug by the Art of Man? One ſhou'd ſhew to ſuch a Reaſoner all the Parts of the Houſe, and tell him, for Inſtance: *Do you ſee this great Court-Gate? It is larger than any Door, that Coaches may enter it. This Court has ſufficient Space for Coaches to turn in it. This Stair-Caſe is made up of low Steps, that one may aſcend it with Eaſe; and turns according to the Apartments and Stories it is to ſerve. The Windows open'd at certain Diſtances, light the whole Building. They are glazed, leſt the Wind ſhould enter with the Light; but they may be open'd at Pleaſure, in order to breathe a ſweet Air when the Weather is fair. The Roof is contriv'd to defend the whole Houſe from the Injuries of the Air. The Timber-Work is laid ſlanting and pointed at the Top, that the Rain and Snow may eaſily ſlide down on both Sides. The Tiles bear one upon another, that they may*

may cover the Timber-Work. The divers Floors ſerve to make different Stories, in order to multiply Lodgings within a ſmall Space. The Chimneys are contrived to light Fire in Winter, without ſetting the Houſe on Fire, and to let out the Smoke, leſt it ſhould offend thoſe that warm themſelves. The Apartments are diſtributed in ſuch a manner, that they be diſengaged from one another; that a numerous Family may lodge in the Houſe, the one not be oblig'd to paſs through another's Room; and that the Maſter's Apartment be the Principal. There are Kitchens, Offices, Stables, and Coach-Houſes. The Rooms are furniſh'd with Beds to lie in, Chairs to ſit on, and Tables to write and eat on. Sure, ſhould one urge to that Philoſopher, *This Work muſt have been directed by ſome skilful Architect: For every Thing in it is agreeable, pleaſant, proportion'd, and commodious; and beſides, he muſt needs have had excellent Artiſts under him:* 'Not at all —— *would ſuch a Philoſopher anſwer:* 'You are ingenious in deceiving yourſelf. 'Tis 'true, this Houſe is pleaſant, agreeable, pro- 'portion'd, and commodious: But yet it made 'itſelf with all its Proportions. Chance put to- 'gether all the Stones in this excellent Order; 'it rais'd the Walls; jointed and laid the Tim- 'ber-Work; cut open the Caſements, and placed 'the Stair-Caſe. Don't believe any human 'Hand had any thing to do with it. Men only 'made the beſt of this Piece of Work, when 'they found it ready made. They fancy it was 'made for them, becauſe they obſerve Things 'in it which they know how to improve to their

'own

'own Conveniency: But all they aſcribe to the 'Deſign and Contrivance of an imaginary Ar-'chitect, is but the Effect of their prepoſterous 'Imaginations. This ſo regular, and ſo well 'contriv'd Houſe, was made juſt in the ſame 'manner as a Cave; and Men finding it ready 'made to their Hands, make uſe of it, as they 'would, in a Storm, of a Cave they ſhould find 'under a Rock, in a Deſart.

What Thoughts could a Man entertain of ſuch a fantaſtick Philoſopher, if he ſhould perſiſt ſeriouſly to aſſert, That ſuch a Houſe diſplays no Art? When we read the fabulous Story of *Amphion*, who by a miraculous Effect of Harmony, cauſed the Stones to riſe, and place themſelves with Order and Symmetry, one on the Top of another, in order to form the Walls of *Thebes*, we laugh and ſport with that Poetical Fiction: But yet this very Fiction is not ſo incredible, as that which the *Free-Thinking* Philoſopher we contend with, would dare to maintain. We might, at leaſt, imagine, that Harmony, which conſiſts in a Local Motion of certain Bodies, might (by ſome of thoſe ſecret Virtues, which we admire in Nature, without being acquainted with them) ſhake and move the Stones into a certain Order, and in a Sort of Cadence, which might occaſion ſome Regularity in the Building. I own this Explanation both ſhocks and claſhes with Reaſon: But yet it is leſs extravagant than what I have ſuppos'd a Philoſopher ſhould ſay. What, indeed, can be more abſurd, than to imagine

Stones

Stones that hew themſelves, that go out of the Quarry, that get one on the Top of another, without leaving any empty Space; that carry with them Mortar to cement one another; that place themſelves in different Ranks for the Contrivance of Apartments; and who admit on the Top of all, the Timber-Roof with the Tiles, in order to cover the whole Work? The very Children, that can't yet ſpeak plain, would laugh, if they were ſeriouſly told ſuch a ridiculous Story.

SECT. LXXIII.

COMPARISON *of the* WORLD, *with a* REGULAR HOUSE. *A Continuation of the Anſwer to the Objection of the* Epicureans.

BUT why ſhould it appear leſs ridiculous to hear one ſay, that the World made itſelf, as well as that fabulous Houſe? The Queſtion is not to compare the World with a Cave without Form, which is ſuppos'd to be made by Chance; But to compare it with a Houſe, in which the moſt perfect Architecture ſhould be conſpicuous. For the Structure and Frame of the leaſt living Creature is infinitely more artful and admirable, than the fineſt Houſe that ever was built.

Suppoſe

Suppoſe a Traveller entring *Saide*, the Country where the ancient *Thebes*, with a hundred Gates, ſtood formerly, and which is now a Deſart, ſhould find there Columns, Pyramids, Obelisks, and Inſcriptions in unknown Characters: Would he preſently ſay: Men never inhabited this Place; no human Hand had any thing to do here; 'tis Chance that form'd theſe Columns, that plac'd them on their Pedeſtals, and crown'd them with their Capitals, with ſuch juſt Proportions; 'tis Chance that ſo firmly jointed the Pieces that make up theſe Pyramids; 'tis Chance that cut the Obelisks in one ſingle Stone, and engrav'd in them theſe Characters? Would he not, on the contrary, ſay, with all the Certainty the Mind of Man is capable of: Theſe magnificent Ruins are the Remains of a Noble and Majeſtical Architecture, that flouriſh'd in ancient *Egypt*? This is what plain Reaſon ſuggeſts, at the firſt Caſt of the Eye, or firſt Sight, and without Reaſoning. It is the ſame with the bare Proſpect of the Univerſe. A Man may by vain, long-winded, prepoſterous Reaſonings confound his own Reaſon, and obſcure the cleareſt Notions: But the ſingle Caſt of the Eye is deciſive. Such a Work as the World is, never makes itſelf of its own Accord. There is more Art and Proportion in the Bones, Tendons, Veins, Arteries, Nerves, and Muſcles, that compoſe Man's Body, than in all the Architecture of the ancient *Greeks* and *Egyptians*. The ſingle Eye of the leaſt of living Creatures ſurpaſſes the Mecha-

nicks of all the moſt skilful Artificers. If a Man ſhould find a Watch in the Sands of *Africa*, he would never have the Aſſurance ſeriouſly to affirm, that Chance form'd it in that wild Place; and yet ſome Men do not bluſh to ſay, That the Bodies of Animals, to the artful Framing of which no Watch can ever be compar'd, are the Effects of the Caprices of Chance.

SECT. LXXIV.

Another OBJECTION *of the* EPICUREANS *drawn from the* ETERNAL MOTION *of* ATOMS.

I Am not ignorant of a Reaſoning, which the *Epicureans* may frame into an Objection. 'The 'Atoms, will they ſay, have an eternal Motion; 'their fortuitous Concourſe, muſt, in that Eter-'nity, have already produc'd infinite Combi-'nations. Who ſays infinite, ſays what com-'prehends all without Exception. Amongſt 'theſe infinite Combinations of Atoms which 'have already happen'd ſucceſſively, all ſuch 'as are poſſible muſt neceſſarily be found: For 'if there were but one poſſible Combination, be-'yond thoſe contain'd in that Infinite, it would 'ceaſe to be a true Infinite: Becauſe ſomething 'might be added to it; and whatever may be in-'creaſed, being limited on that Side where it can

'receive

'receive an Addition, is not truely Infinite. 'Hence it follows, that the Combination of 'Atoms, which makes up the preſent Syſtem 'of the World, is one of the Combinations 'which the Atoms have had ſucceſſively: Which 'being laid as a Principle, is it Matter of 'Wonder, that the World is as 'tis now? It 'muſt have taken this exact Form, ſomewhat 'ſooner, or ſomewhat later: For in ſome 'one of theſe infinite Changes, it muſt, at laſt, 'have receiv'd that Combination, that makes 'it now appear ſo regular; ſince it muſt have 'had, by Turns, all Combinations that can be 'conceiv'd. All Syſtems are comprehended in 'the Total of Eternity. There's none but the 'Concourſe of Atoms forms, and embraces, 'ſooner or later. In that infinite Variety of 'new Spectacles of Nature, the preſent was 'form'd in its Turn. We find our ſelves actu-'ally in this Syſtem. The Concourſe of Atoms 'that made, will in Proceſs of Time, unmake 'it, in order to make others, *ad infinitum*, of 'all poſſible Sorts. This Syſtem could not fail 'having its Place, ſince all others, without 'Exception, are to have theirs, each in its Turn.

'Tis in vain one looks for a Chimerical 'Art, in a Work which Chance muſt have made 'as it is.

'An Example will ſuffice to illuſtrate this. I 'ſuppoſe an infinite Number of Combinations of 'the Letters of the Alphabet, ſucceſſively form'd 'by Chance. All poſſible Combinations are,

'undoubtedly comprehended, in that Total, 'which is truly Infinite. Now 'tis certain, that 'Homer's *Iliads* are but a Combination of Letters: 'Therefore *Homer*'s *Iliads* are comprehended in 'that infinite Collection of Combinations of 'the Characters of the Alphabet. This being 'laid down as a Principle, a Man who will aſ-'ſign Art in the *Iliads*, will argue wrong. He 'may extol the Harmony of the Verſes, the 'Juſtneſs and Magnificence of the Expreſſions, 'the Simplicity and Livelineſs of Deſcriptions, 'the due Proportion of the Parts of the Poem, 'its preſect Unity, and inimitable Conduct. 'He may, object, That Chance can never make 'any Thing ſo preſect; and that the utmoſt 'Effort of human Wit is hardly capable to 'finiſh ſo excellent a Piece of Work: Yet all 'in vain; for all this ſpecious Reaſoning is 'viſibly falſe. 'Tis certain, that Chance, or 'the fortuitous Concourſe of Characters, 'putting them together by Turns, with an 'infinite Variety, the preciſe Combination, 'that compoſes the *Iliads*, muſt have happen'd 'in its Turn, ſomewhat ſooner, or ſomewhat 'later. It has happen'd at laſt; and thus 'the *Iliads* are perfect, without the Help of any 'human Art? This is the Objection fairly laid 'down, in its full Latitude: I deſire the Rea-'der's ſerious and continued Attention to the 'Anſwers I am going to make to it.

SECT.

SECT. LXXV.

ANSWERS *to the* OBJECTION *of the* EPICUREANS *drawn from the* ETERNAL MOTION *of* ATOMS.

NOTHING can be more abſurd than to ſpeak of ſucceſſive Combinations of Atoms, infinite in Number: For what is Infinite can never be, either Succeſſive, or Diviſible. Give me for Inſtance any Number you may pretend to be infinite: And it will ſtill be in my Power to do Two Things, that ſhall demonſtrate it not to be a true Infinite. In the firſt Place, I can take an Unite from it; and, in ſuch a Caſe it will become leſs than it was, and will certainly be finite: For whatever is leſs than Infinite, has a Boundary or Limit on the Side where one ſtops, and beyond which one might go. Now the Number, which is finite, as ſoon as one takes from it one ſingle Unite, could not be infinite before that Diminution: For an Unite is certainly finite; and a Finite join'd with another Finite, cannot make an Infinite, it would follow from thence that the Finite would be almoſt equal to the Infinite; than which nothing can can be more abſurd. In the ſecond Place, I may add an Unit to that Number given, and conſequently encreaſe it. Now what may be encreas'd, is not infinite: For an

Infinite can have no Bound; and what is capable of Augmentation, is bounded on the Side where a Man ſtops, when he might go further, and add ſome Units to it. 'Tis plain therefore, That no diviſible Compound, can be the true Infinite.

This Foundation being laid, all the Romance of the *Epicurean* Philoſophy diſappears and vaniſhes out of Sight, in an Inſtant. There never can be any diviſible Body, truly infinite in Extent, nor any Number, or any Succeſſion that is a true Infinite. From hence it follows, That there can never be an infinite ſucceſſive Number of Combinations of Atoms. If this Chimerical Infinite were real, I own all poſſible and conceivable Combination of Atoms would be found in it; and that conſequently all Combinations that ſeem to require the utmoſt Induſtry would likewiſe be included in them. In ſuch a Caſe, one might aſcribe to meer Chance, the moſt marvellous Performances of Art: If one ſhould ſee Palaces built according to the moſt perfect Rules of Architecture, curious Furniture, Watches, Clocks, and all ſort of Machines the moſt compounded, in a deſart Iſland, he would not be at Liberty reaſonably to conclude that there have been Men in that Iſland, who made all thoſe exquiſite Works. On the contrary, he muſt ſay: Perhaps one of the infinite Combinations of Atoms, which Chance has ſucceſſively made, has form'd all theſe Compoſitions in this deſart Iſland, without the Help

of

of any Man's Art: For ſuch an Aſſertion is a natural Conſequence of the Principles of the *Epicureans*. But the very Abſurdity of the Conſequence, ſerves to expoſe the Extravagance of the Principle they lay down. When Men, by the natural Rectitude of their common Senſe, conclude that ſuch ſort of Works cannot reſult from Chance: They viſibly ſuppoſe, tho' in a confuſed Manner, That Atoms are not eternal and that in their fortuitous Concourſe, they had not an infinite Succeſſion of Combinations: For if that Principle were admitted, it would no longer be poſſible ever to diſtinguiſh the Works of Art, from thoſe that ſhould reſult from thoſe Combinations, as fortuitous as a Throw at Dice.

SECT. LXXVI.

The Epicureans *confound the* Works *of* Art *with thoſe of* Nature.

ALL Men who naturally ſuppoſe a ſenſible Difference between the Works of Art, and thoſe of Chance, do conſequently, tho' but implicitly ſuppoſe, that the Combinations of Atoms were not infinite; which Supposition is very juſt. This infinite Succeſſion of Combinations of Atoms, is, as I ſhew'd before, a more abſurd Chimera, than all the Abſurdities ſome Men would

explain by that falſe Principle. No Number, either ſucceſſive, or continual, can be infinite: From whence it follows, that the Number of Atoms cannot be infinite; that the Succeſſion of their various Motions, and Combinations, cannot be infinite; that the Wotld cannot be eternal; and that we muſt find out a preciſe and fix'd Beginning of theſe ſucceſſive Combinations. We muſt recur to a Firſt Individual, in the Generations of every Species. We muſt likewiſe find out the original and primitive Form of every Particle of Matter, that makes a Part of the Univerſe. And as the ſucceſſive Changes of that Matter muſt be limited in Number, we muſt admit none in thoſe different Combinations, but ſuch as Chance commonly produces: Unleſs we acknowledge a Superior Being, who, with the Perfection of Art, made the wonderful Works which Chance could never have made.

SECT. LXXVII.

The EPICUREANS *take whatever they pleaſe for granted, without any Proof.*

THE *Epicurean* Philoſophers are ſo weak in their Syſtem, that 'tis not in their Power to form it, or bring it to bear, unleſs one admits

mits without Proofs, their moſt fabulous *Poſtulata* and Poſitions. In the firſt Place they ſuppoſe eternal Atoms; which is begging the Queſtion; For, how can they make out that Atoms have ever exiſted, and exiſt by themſelves? To exiſt by one's ſelf, is the ſupreme Perfection: Now, what Authority have they to ſuppoſe, without Proofs, that Atoms have in themſelves a perfect, eternal, and immutable Being? Do they find this Perfection in the Idea they have of every Atom in particular? One Atom not being the ſame with, and being abſolutely diſtinguiſh'd from another Atom, each of them muſt have in it ſelf Eternity, and Independence with reſpect to any other Being. Once more, is it in the Idea theſe Philoſophers have of each Atom, that they find this Perfection? But let us grant them all they ſuppoſe, in this Queſtion, and even what they ought to be aſham'd to ſuppoſe, *viz.* That Atoms are eternal, ſubſiſting by themſelves, and independent on any other Being, and conſequently entirely perfect-

SECT. LXXVIII.

The SUPPOSITIONS *of the* EPICUREANS, *are falſe and chimerical.*

MUST we ſuppoſe beſides, that Atoms have Motion of themſelves? Is this to be ſuppoſed at Pleaſure, to give an Air of Reality to a Syſtem more chimerical than the Tales of the Fairies? Let us conſult the Idea we have of a Body. We conceive it perfectly well without ſuppoſing it to be in Motion, and repreſent it to us at Reſt; nor is its Idea in this State leſs clear; nor does it loſe its Parts, Figure, or Dimenſions. 'Tis to no Purpoſe to ſuppoſe that all Bodies are perpetually in ſome Motion, either ſenſible or inſenſible; and that tho' ſome Parts of Matter have a leſſer Motion than others, yet the univerſal Maſs of Matter has ever the ſame Motion in its Totality. To ſpeak at this Rate is building Caſtles in the Air, and impoſing vain Imaginations on the Belief of others: For who has told theſe Philoſophers that the Maſs of Matter has ever the ſame Motion in its Totality? Who has made the Experiment of it? Have they the Aſſurance to beſtow the Name of Philoſophy upon a raſh Fiction, which takes for granted what they never can make out? Is there no more to do than to ſuppoſe

ſuppoſe whatever one pleaſes, in order to elude the moſt ſimple, and moſt conſtant Truths? What Authority have they to ſuppoſe that all Bodies inceſſantly move, either ſenſibly or inſenſibly? When I ſee a Stone that appears motionleſs, how will they prove to me that there is no Atom in that Stone but what is actually in Motion? Will they ever impoſe upon me bare Suppoſitions, without any Appearance of Truth, for deciſive Proofs.

SECT. LXXIX.

'Tis falſly ſuppos'd that MOTION *is* ESSENTIAL *to* BODIES.

HOWEVER, let's go a Step further, and out of exceſſive Complaiſance, ſuppoſe that all the Bodies in Nature are actually in Motion. Does it follow from thence that Motion is eſſential to every Particle of Matter? Beſides, if all Bodies have not an equal Degree of Motion; if ſome move ſenſibly, and more ſwiftly than others; if the ſame Body may not move ſometimes quicker, and ſometimes ſlower; if a Body that moves communicates its Motion to the neighbouring Body that was at Reſt, or in ſuch inferior Motion, that it was inſenſible: It muſt be confeſs'd that a Mode or Modificati-

on, which ſometimes encreaſes, and at other Times decreaſes in Bodies, is not eſſential to them. What's eſſential to a Being, is ever the ſame in it. *Neither* the Motion that varies in Bodies, and which after having encreas'd, ſlackens and decreaſes to ſuch a Degree as to appear abſolutely extinct and annihilated; nor the Motion that is loſt, that is communicated, that paſſes from one Body to another as a foreign Thing, can belong to the Eſſence of Bodies: And therefore I may conclude, that Bodies are perfect in their Eſſence, without aſcribing to them any Motion. If they have no Motion in their Eſſence, they have it only by Accident; and if they have it only by Accident, we muſt trace up that Accident to its true Cauſe. Bodies muſt either beſtow Motion on themſelves, or receive it from ſome other Being. It is evident they do not beſtow it on themſelves, for no Being can give what it has not in itſelf: And we are ſenſible that a Body at Reſt ever remains motionleſs, unleſs ſome neighbouring Body happens to ſhake it. 'Tis certain therefore that no Body moves by itſelf, and is moved by ſome other Body that communicates its Motion to it. But how comes it to paſs that a Body can move another? What's the Reaſon that a Ball which a Man cauſes to roll on a ſmooth Table (*Billiards, for the Purpoſe*) cannot touch another without moving of it? Why was it not poſſible that Motion ſhould not ever communicate itſelf from one Body to another?

another? In ſuch a Caſe a Ball in Motion would ſtop another at their meeting, and yet never ſhake it.

SECT. LXXX.

The RULES *of* MOTION *which the* EPICUREANS *ſuppoſe, do not render it eſſential to Bodies.*

I May be anſwer'd, that according to the Rules of Motion among Bodies, one ought to ſhake or move another. But where are thoſe Laws of Motion written, and recorded? Who both made them, and render'd them ſo inviolable? They do not belong to the Eſſence of Bodies; for we can conceive Bodies at Reſt; and we even conceive Bodies, that would not communicate their Motion to others, unleſs theſe Rules, with whoſe Original we are unacquainted, ſubjected them to it. Whence comes this, as it were, arbitrary Government of Motion over all Bodies? Whence proceed Laws ſo ingenious, ſo juſt, ſo well adapted one to the other, and the leaſt Alteration of, or Deviation from which would, on a ſudden, overturn and deſtroy all the excellent Order we admire in the Univerſe? A Body being entirely diſtinct from another, is in its Nature

Nature abſolutely independent from it, in all reſpects: Whence it follows, that it ſhould not receive any Thing from it, or be ſuſceptible of any of its Impreſſions. The Modifications of a Body imply no neceſſary Reaſon to modify in the ſame Manner another Body, whoſe Being is entirely independent from the Being of the Firſt. 'Tis to no purpoſe to alledge, That the moſt ſolid and moſt heavy Bodies carry or force away thoſe that are leſs Big, and leſs Solid; and that according to this Rule, a great Leaden Ball muſt move a great Ball of Ivory. We don't ſpeak of the Fact; we only enquire into the Cauſe of it. The Fact is certain; and therefore the Cauſe muſt likewiſe be certain and preciſe: Let us look for it without any manner of Prepoſſeſſion, or Prejudice. What's the Reaſon, that a great Body carries off a little one? The Thing might as naturally happen quite otherwiſe; for it might as well happen that the moſt ſolid Body ſhould never move any other Body; that is to ſay, Motion might be incommunicable. Nothing but Cuſtom obliges us to ſuppoſe that Nature ought to act as it does.

SECT.

SECT. LXXXI.

To give a ſatisfactory Account of MOTION, *we muſt recur to the* FIRST MOVER.

MOREOVER, it has been proved that Matter cannot be either Infinite, or Eternal: And therefore there muſt be ſuppos'd both a firſt Atom, by which Motion muſt have begun at a preciſe Moment, and a firſt Concourſe of Atoms, that muſt have form'd the firſt Combination. Now, I ask what Mover gave Motion to that firſt Atom, and firſt ſet the great Machine of the Univerſe a-going? It is not poſſible to elude this Home Queſtion by an endleſs Circle: For this Queſtion lying within a finite Circumference, muſt have an End at laſt; and ſo we muſt find the firſt Atom in Motion, and the firſt Moment of that firſt Motion, together with the firſt Mover, whoſe Hand made that firſt Impreſſion.

SECT. LXXXII.

No LAW *of* MOTION *has its* FOUNDATION *in the* ESSENCE *of the* BODY; *and moſt of thoſe* LAWS *are* ARBITRARY. †

AMONG the Laws of Motion we muſt look upon all thoſe as arbitrary, which we cannot account for by the very Eſſence of Bodies. We have already made out, that no Motion is eſſential to any Body: Wherefore all thoſe Laws, which are ſuppos'd to be Eternal, and Immutable, are on the contrary, Arbitrary, † Accidental, and made without cogent Neceſſity: For there is none of them that can be accounted for by the Eſſence of Bodies.

If there were any Law of Motion eſſential to Bodies, it would undoubtedly be that, by which Bodies of leſs Bulk, and leſs Solid, are moved by ſuch as have more Bulk and Solidity: And yet we have ſeen, that that very Law is not to be accounted for by the Eſſence of Bodies. There's another which might alſo ſeem very natural: That, I mean, by which Bodies ever move, rather in a direct, than a crooked Line, unleſs their Motion be other-

† N. B. *By* Arbitrary, *the Author means,* Made at Pleaſure.

wiſe

wiſe determin'd by the Meeting of other Bodies. But even this Rule has no Foundation in the Eſſence of Matter. Motion is ſo very accidental, and ſuperadded to the Nature of Bodies, that we do not find in the Nature of Bodies any primitive or immutable Law, by which they ought to move at all, much leſs to move according to certain Rules. In the ſame manner as Bodies might have exiſted, and yet have never either been in Motion, or communicated Motion one to another: So they might never have moved but in a circular Line; and this Motion might have been as natural to them as the Motion in a direct Line. Now, who is it that pitch'd upon either of theſe two Laws equally poſſible? What is not determin'd by the Eſſence of Bodies, can have been determin'd by no other but him who gave Bodies the Motion they had not in their own Eſſence. Beſides, this Motion in a direct Line might have been upwards or downwards, from Right to Left, or from Left to Right, or in a diagonal Line. Now, who is it that determin'd which Way the ſtrait Line ſhould go?

SECT

SECT. LXXXIII.

The EPICUREANS *can draw no* CONSEQUENCE *from all their* SUPPOSITIONS, *altho' the ſame ſhould be granted them.*

LET us ſtill attend the *Epicureans* even in their moſt fabulous Suppoſitions; and carry on the Fiction to the laſt Degree of Complaiſance. Let us admit Motion in the Eſſence of Bodies, and ſuppoſe as they do, that Motion in a direct Line is alſo eſſential to all Atoms. Let us beſtow upon Atoms both a Will, and an Underſtanding, as Poets did on Rocks and Rivers. And let us allow them likewiſe to chuſe which way they will begin their ſtrait Line. Now, what Advantage will theſe Philoſophers draw from all I have granted them, contrary to all Evidence? In the firſt Place, all Atoms muſt have been in Motion from all Eternity; *Secondly*, They muſt all have had an equal Motion; *Thirdly*, They muſt all have moved in a direct Line; *Fourthly*, They muſt all have moved by an immutable and eſſential Law.

I am ſtill willing to gratify our Adverſaries, ſo far as to ſuppoſe that thoſe Atoms are of different Figures, for I will allow them to take for granted what they ſhould be oblig'd to prove, and for which they have not ſo much as the

the Shadow of a Proof. One can never grant too much to Men who never can draw any Conſequence from what is granted them: For the more Abſurdities are allow'd them, the ſooner they are caught by their own Principles.

SECT. LXXXIV.

ATOMS *cannot make any* COMPOUND *by the Motion the* EPICUREANS *aſſign them.*

THESE Atoms of ſo many odd Figures, ſome round, ſome crooked, others triangular, *&c.* are by their Eſſence oblig'd always to move in a ſtrait Line, without ever deviating or bending to the Right, or to the Left: Wherefore they never can hook one another, or make together any Compound. Put, if you pleaſe, the ſharpeſt Hooks near other Hooks of the like Make: Yet if every one of them never moves otherwiſe than in a Line perfectly ſtrait, they will eternally move one near another, in Parallel Lines, without being able to join and hook one another. The two ſtrait Lines which are ſuppos'd to be parallel, tho' immediate Neighbours, will never croſs one another, tho' carried on *ad Infinitum*: Wherefore in all Eternity, no Hooking, and conſequently no Compound can reſult from that Motion of Atoms in a direct Line.

SECT.

SECT. LXXXV.

The Declination, or Bending of ATOMS, *is a Chimerical Notion, that throws the* EPICUREANS *into a groſs Contradiction.*

THE *Epicureans* not being able to ſhut their Eyes againſt this glaring Difficulty, that ſtrikes at the very Foundation of their whole Syſtem, have, for a laſt Shift, invented what *Lucretius* calls *Clinamen*: By which is meant a Motion ſomewhat declining or bending from the ſtrait Line, and which gives Atoms the Occaſion to meet and encounter. Thus they turn and wind them at Pleaſure, according as they fancy beſt for their Purpoſe. But upon what Authority do they ſuppoſe this Declination of Atoms, which comes ſo pat to bear up their Syſtem? If Motion in a ſtrait Line be eſſential to Bodies, nothing can bend, nor conſequently join them, in all Eternity; the *Clinamen* deſtroys the very Eſſence of Matter, and thoſe Philoſophers contradict themſelves without Bluſhing. If, on the contrary, the Motion in a direct Line is not eſſential to all Bodies: Why do they ſo confidently ſuppoſe eternal, neceſſary, and immutable Laws for the Motions of Atoms, without recurring to a firſt Mover? And why do they build a whole

whole Syſtem of Philoſophy, upon the precarious Foundation of a ridiculous Fiction? Without the *Clinamen* the ſtrait Line can never produce any Thing, and the *Epicurean* Syſtem falls to the Ground. With the *Clinamen*, a fabulous Poetical Invention, the direct Line is violated, and the Syſtem falls into Deriſion and Ridicule.

Both the ſtrait Line, and the *Clinamen*, are airy Suppoſitions and mere Dreams: But theſe two Dreams deſtroy each other; and this is the Upſhot of the uncurb'd Licentiouſneſs ſome Men allow themſelves of ſuppoſing as eternal Truths, whatever their Imagination ſuggeſts to them to ſupport a Fable; while they refuſe to acknowledge the artful and powerful Hand that form'd and placed all the Parts of the Univerſe.

SECT. LXXXVI.

Strange Abſurdity of the EPICUREANS, *who endeavour to account for the Nature of the* SOUL, *by the Declination of* ATOMS.

TO reach the higheſt Degree of amazing Extravagance, the *Epicureans* have had the Aſſurance to explain and account for what we call

call the Soul of Man, and his Free-will, by the *Clinamen*, which is ſo unaccountable and inexplicable itſelf. Thus they are reduc'd to affirm, that 'tis in this Motion, wherein Atoms are in a Kind of *Æquilibrium* between a ſtrait Line, and a Line ſomewhat circular, that human Will conſiſts.

Strange Philoſophy! If Atoms move only in a ſtrait Line, they are inanimate, and uncapable of any Degree of Knowledge, Underſtanding, or Will: But if the very ſame Atoms ſomewhat deviate from the ſtrait Line, they become on a ſudden, animate, thinking, and rational. They are themſelves intelligent Souls, that know themſelves, reflect, deliberate, and are free in their Acts and Determinations. Was there ever a more abſurd Metamorphoſis! What Opinion would Men have of Religion, if in order to aſſert it, one ſhould lay down Principles and Poſitions ſo trifling and ridiculous as theirs, who dare to attack it in earneſt?

SECT. LXXXVII.

The EPICUREANS *caſt a Miſt before their own Eyes, by endeavouring to explain the Liberty of Man by the* DECLINATION *of* ATOMS.

BUT let us conſider to what Degree thoſe Philoſophers impoſe upon their own Underſtandings. What can they find in the *Clinamen*, that, with any Colour, can account for the Liberty of Man? This Liberty is not imaginary: For 'tis not in our Power to doubt of our Free-Will, any more than it is to doubt of what we are intimately conſcious and certain. I am conſcious I am free to continue ſitting, when I riſe in order to walk. I am ſenſible of it with ſo entire a Certainty, that 'tis not in my Power ever to doubt of it in Earneſt; and I ſhould be inconſiſtent with myſelf, if I dar'd to ſay the contrary. Can the Proof of our Religion be more evident and convincing? We cannot doubt of the EXISTENCE of GOD, unleſs we doubt of our own Liberty: From whence I infer, that no Man can ſeriouſly doubt of the Being of the DEITY; ſince no Man can entertain a ſerious Doubt about his own Liberty. If, on the contrary, it be frankly acknowledged, that Men are really Free, nothing is more eaſy than to demonſtrate, that the Liberty of Man's Will cannot

cannot conſiſt of any Combination of Atoms, if one ſuppoſes, that there was no Firſt Mover, who gave Matter arbitrary Laws for its Motion. Motion muſt be eſſential to Bodies, and all the Laws of Motion muſt alſo be as neceſſary as the Eſſences of Natures are. Therefore, according to this Syſtem, all the Motions of Bodies muſt be perform'd by conſtant, neceſſary, and immutable Laws; the Motion in a ſtrait Line muſt be eſſential to all Atoms, that are not made to deviate from it by the Encounter of other Atoms; the ſtrait Line muſt likewiſe be eſſential either upwards, or downwards, either from Right to Left, or Left to Right, or ſome other Diagonal Way, fix'd, preciſe, and immutable. Beſides, 'tis evident that no Atom can make another Atom deviate: For that other Atom carries alſo in its Eſſence the ſame invincible and eternal Determination to follow the ſtrait Line the ſame Way. From hence it follows, that all the Atoms placed at firſt on different Lines, muſt purſue *ad infinitum*, thoſe parallel Lines, without ever coming nearer one another; and that thoſe who are in the ſame Line muſt follow one another *ad infinitum*, without ever coming up together, but keeping ſtill the ſame Diſtance from one another. The *Clinamen*, as we have already ſhewn, is manifeſtly impoſſible: But contrary to evident Truth, ſuppoſing it to be poſſible, in ſuch a Caſe it muſt be affirm'd that the *Clinamen* is no leſs neceſſary, immutable, and eſſential to Atoms, than the

the ſtrait Line. Now, will any Body ſay, that an eſſential and immutable Law of the local Motion of Atoms, explains and accounts for the true Liberty of Man? Is it not manifeſt, that the *Clinamen* can no more account for it, than the ſtrait Line itſelf? The *Clinamen*, ſuppoſing it to be true, would be as neceſſary as the perpendicular Line, by which a Stone falls from the Top of a Tower into the Street. Is that Stone free in its Fall? *However*, the Will of Man, according to the Principle of *Clinamen*, has no more Freedom than that Stone. Is it poſſible for Man to be ſo extravagant as to dare to contradict his own Conſcience about his Free-Will, leſt he ſhould be forc'd to acknowledge his GOD and MAKER? To affirm, on the one hand, that the Liberty of Man is imaginary, we muſt ſilence the Voice, and ſtifle the Senſe of all Nature; give ourſelves the Lye in the groſſeſt Manner; deny what we are moſt intimately conſcious and certain of; and in ſhort, be reduc'd to believe, that we have no *Eligibility*, or Choice of two Courſes, or Things propoſed, about which we fairly deliberate upon any Occaſion. Nothing does Religion more honour, than to ſee Men neceſſitated to fall into ſuch groſs and monſtrous Extravagance, as ſoon as they call in Queſtion the Truths ſhe teaches! On the other hand, if we own that Man is truly free, we acknowledge in him a Principle, that never can be ſeriouſly accounted for, either by the Combinations of Atoms, or the Laws of local Motion, which

muſt be ſuppoſed to be all equally neceſſary, and eſſential to Matter, if one denies a firſt Mover. We muſt therefore go out of the whole Compaſs of Matter, and ſearch far from combined Atoms, ſome incorporeal Principle to account for Free-Will, if we admit it fairly. Whatever is Matter and an Atom, moves only by neceſſary, immutable, and invincible Laws: Wherefore Liberty cannot be found either in Bodies, or in any local Motion; and ſo we muſt look for it in ſome incorporeal Being. Now, whoſe Hand tied and ſubjected to the Organs of this corporeal Machine, that incorporeal Being, which muſt neceſſarily be in me united to my Body? Where is the Artificer that ties and unites Natures ſo vaſtly different? Can any but a Power ſuperior both to Bodies and Spirits, keep them together in this Union, with ſo abſolute a Sway? *Two crooked Atoms*, ſays an *Epicurean*, *hook one another*. Now, this is falſe, according to his very Syſtem: For I have demonſtrated, that thoſe two crooked Atoms never hook one another, becauſe they never meet. But, however, after having ſuppos'd that two crooked Atoms unite by hooking one another, the *Epicurean* muſt be forc'd to own, that the Thinking Being, which is free in his Operations, and which conſequently is not a Collection of Atoms, ever moved by neceſſary Laws, is incorporeal, and could not by its Figure be hook'd with the Body it animates. Thus which Way ſoever the *Epicurean* turns, he overthrows his Syſtem with his own Hands.

But

But * let us not, by any Means, endeavour to confound Men that err and miſtake, ſince we are Men as well as they, and no leſs ſubject to Error. Let us only pity them; ſtudy to light and inform them with Patience; edify them; pray for them; and conclude with aſſerting an evident Truth.

SECT. LXXXVIII.

We muſt neceſſarily acknowledge the HAND *of a* FIRST CAUSE *in the* UNIVERSE, *without enquiring why that Firſt Cauſe has leaſt* DEFECTS *in it.*

THUS every Thing in the Univerſe, the Heavens, the Earth, Plants, Animals, and, above all, Men bear the Stamp of a DEITY. Every Thing ſhews and proclaims a ſet Deſign, and a Series and Concatenation of ſubordinate Cauſes, over-ruled and directed with Order by a ſuperior Cauſe.

'Tis prepoſterous and fooliſh to criticize upon this great Work: The Defects that happen to be in it, proceed either from the free and diſorderly Will of Man, which produces them by its

---

* *Here's a Sentence worthy of a* Chriſtian *Biſhop, and which ſavours of the Primitive Apoſtolical Times!*

Diſorder; or from the ever Holy and Juſt Will of GOD, who ſome Times has a Mind to puniſh impious Men, and, at other Times, by the Wicked to exerciſe and improve the Good. Nay, it happens oftentimes, that what appears a Defect to our narrow Judgment, in a Place ſeparate from the Work, is an Ornament with reſpect to the general Deſign; which we are not able to conſider, with Views ſufficiently extended and ſimple to know the Perfection of the Whole. Does not daily Experience ſhew, that we raſhly cenſure certain Parts of Mens Works, for want of being throughly acquainted with the whole Extent of their Deſigns and Schemes? This happens, in particular, every Day, with reſpect to the Works of Painters and Architects. If Writing Characters were of an immenſe Bigneſs, each Character, at cloſe View, would take up a Man's whole Sight; ſo that it would be impoſſible for him to ſee above one at once; and therefore he would not be able to read, that is, put different Letters together, and diſcover the Senſe of all thoſe Characters put together. It is the ſame with the great Strokes of Providence in the Conduct of the whole World, during a long Succeſſion of Ages. There's nothing but the Whole that's intelligible; and the Whole is too vaſt and immenſe to be ſeen at cloſe View. Every Event is like a particular Character that is too large for our narrow Organs, and which ſignifies Nothing of itſelf, and ſeparate from the reſt. When, at the Conſummation of Ages, we

ſhall

ſhall ſee in GOD, that is, in the true Point and Center of Perſpective, the Total of human Events, from the firſt to the laſt Day of the Univerſe, together with their Proportions, with regard to the Deſigns of GOD, we ſhall cry out: LORD, Thou alone are juſt and wiſe! we cannot rightly judge of the Works of Men, but by examining the Whole. Every Part ought not to have every Perfection; but only ſuch as becomes it according to the Order and Proportion of the different Parts that compoſe the Whole. In a human Body, for Inſtance, all the Members muſt not be Eyes, for there muſt be Hands, Feet, *&c.* So in the Univerſe, there muſt be a Sun for the Day; but there muſt be alſo a Moon for the Night. * *Nec tibi occurrit perfecta Univerſitas, niſi ubi majora ſic præſtò ſunt, ut minora non deſint.* This is the Judgment we ought to make of every Part, with reſpect to the Whole. Any other View is narrow and deceitful. But what are the weak and puny Deſigns of Men, if compar'd to that of the Creation and Government of the Univerſe? As much as the Heavens are above the Earth, as much, ſays GOD in the Holy Writ, are my Ways and my Thoughts above yours. Let therefore Man admire what he underſtands, and be ſilent about what he does not comprehend. But after all, even the real Defects of this Work, are only Imperfections which GOD was pleaſed to leave in it, to put us in mind that he drew and made it from NOTHING. There's not any Thing in the Uni-

verſe but what does, and ought equally to bear theſe two oppoſite Characters; on the one Side, the Seal or Stamp of the Artificer upon his Work; and on the other, the Mark of its original Nothing, into which it may relapſe and dwindle every Moment. 'Tis an incomprehenſible Mixture of Low and Great; of Frailty in the Matter, and of Art in the Maker? The Hand of GOD is conſpicuous in every Thing, even in a Worm that crawls on Earth. Nothingneſs, on the other Hand, appears every where, even in the moſt vaſt and moſt ſublime Genius. Whatever is not GOD, can have but a ſtinted Perfection, and what has but a ſtinted Perfection, always remains imperfect, on the Side where the Boundary is ſenſible, and denotes that it might be improv'd. If the Creature wanted nothing, it would be the CREATOR himſelf: For * it would have the Fulneſs of Perfection, which is the DEITY it ſelf. Since it cannot be Infinite, it muſt be limited in Perfection; that is, it muſt be imperfect on one Side or other. It may have more or leſs Imperfection; but ſtill it muſt be imperfect. We muſt ever be able to point out the very Place where it is defective; and to ſay, upon a critical Examination: This is what it might have had, what it has not.

---

* *Aug. de Ordine.*

SECT.

SECT. LXXXIX.

The DEFECTS *of the* UNIVERSE, *compar'd with thoſe of a* PICTURE.

DO we conclude that a Piece of Painting is made by Chance, when we ſee in it either Shades, or even ſome careleſs Touches? The Painter, we ſay, might have better finiſh'd that Fleſh-Piece, thoſe Draperies, thoſe Proſpects. 'Tis true, this Picture is not perfect according to the niceſt Rules of Art. But how extravagant would it be to ſay: This Picture is abſolutely perfect; therefore 'tis only a Collection of Colours form'd by Chance, nor did the Hand of any Painter meddle with it? Now, what a Man would bluſh to ſay of an indifferent, and almoſt artleſs Picture, he is not aſham'd to affirm of the Univerſe, in which a Crowd of incomprehenſible Wonders, with excellent Order and Proportion, are conſpicuous. Let a Man ſtudy the World as much as he pleaſes; let him deſcend into the minuteſt Details; diſſect the vileſt of Animals; narrowly conſider the leaſt Grain of Corn ſown in the Ground, and the manner in which it germinates and multiplies; attentively obſerve with what Precautions a Roſe-bud blows and opens in the Sun, and cloſes again at Night: And he will find in all theſe more Deſign, Conduct, and

Induſtry, than in all the Works of Art. Nay, what is call'd the Art of Men, is but a faint Imitation of the great Art call'd the Laws of Nature, and which the Impious did not bluſh to call *Blind Chance*. Is it therefore a Wonder, that Poets animated the whole Univerſe; beſtow'd Wings upon the Winds, and Arrows on the Sun; and deſcribed great Rivers impetuouſly running to precipitate themſelves into the Sea, and Trees ſhooting up to Heaven, to repel the Rays of the Sun, by their thick Shades? Theſe Images and Figures have alſo been receiv'd in the Language of the Vulgar: So natural it is for Men to be ſenſible of the wonderful Art that fills all Nature. Poetry did not only aſcribe to inanimate Creatures, the Art and Deſign of the CREATOR, who does every Thing in them. From the figurative Language of the Poets, thoſe Notions paſs'd into the Theology of the Heathens, whoſe Divines were the Poets. They ſuppoſed an Art, a Power, or a Wiſdom, which they call'd *Numen*, in Creatures the moſt deſtitute of Underſtanding. With them great Rivers were Gods, and Springs *Naiads*. Woods and Mountains had their particular Deities; Flowers had their *Flora*; and Fruits *Pomona*. After all, the more a Man comtemplates Nature, the more he diſcovers in it an inexhauſtible Stock of Wiſdom, which is, as it were the SOUL of the Univerſe.

SECT.

SECT. XC.

We muſt neceſſarily conclude that there is a FIRST BEING *that created the* UNIVERSE.

WHAT muſt we infer from thence? The Conſequence flows of it ſelf. If ſo much Wiſdom and Penetration, ſays *Minucius Fælix*, are required to obſerve the wonderful Order and Deſign of the Structure of the World: How much more were neceſſary to form it? If Men ſo much admire Philoſophers, becauſe they diſcover a ſmall Part of the Wiſdom that made all Things: They muſt be ſtark blind, not to admire that WISDOM it ſelf.

SECT. XCI.

REASONS *why Men do not acknowledge* GOD *in the* UNIVERSE, *wherein he ſhews himſelf to them, as in a faithful Glaſs.*

THIS is the great Object of the Univerſe, wherein GOD, as it were in a Glaſs, ſhews himſelf to Mankind. But ſome (I mean the Philoſophers) were bewilder'd in

their own Thoughts. Every Thing with them turn'd into Vanity. By their ſubtle Reaſonings ſome of them over-ſhot and loſt a Truth, which a Man finds naturally and ſimply in himſelf, without the Help of Philoſophy.

Others, intoxicated by their Paſſions, live in a perpetual Avocation of Thought. To perceive GOD in his Works, a Man muſt, at leaſt, conſider them with Attention; But Paſſions caſt ſuch a Miſt before the Eyes, not only of wild Savages, but even of Nations that ſeem to be moſt civiliz'd and polite, that they do not ſo much as ſee the Light that lights them. In this Reſpect, the *Egyptians*, *Grecians*, and *Romans*, were no leſs blind, or leſs brutiſh, than the rudeſt and moſt ignorant *American*. Like theſe, they lay, as it were, buried within ſenſible Things, without going up higher; and they cultivated their Wit, only to tickle themſelves with ſofter Senſations, without obſerving from what Spring they proceeded. In this manner, the Generality of Men paſs away their Lives upon Earth. Say nothing to them, and they will think on nothing, except what flatters either their brutiſh Paſſions, or Vanity. Their Souls grow ſo heavy and unwieldy, that they cannot raiſe their Thoughts to any incorporeal Object. Whatever is not palpable, and cannot be ſeen, taſted, heard, felt, or reckoned up, appears chimerical to them. This Weakneſs of the Soul turning into Unbelief, appears Strength

of

* of Mind to them; and their Vanity glories in oppoſing what naturally ſtrikes and affects the reſt of Mankind: Juſt as if a Monſter prided in not being form'd according to the common Rules of Nature; or as if one born blind boaſted of his Unbelief with reſpect to Light and Colours, which other Men perceive and diſcern.

SECT. XCII.

A PRAYER *to* GOD.

O My GOD! If ſo many Men do not diſcover Thee in this great Spectacle, Thou giveſt them of all Nature: 'Tis not becauſe Thou art far from any of us. Every one of us feels Thee, as it were with his Hand: But the Senſes, and Paſſions they raiſe, take up all the Attention of our Minds. Thus, O LORD, Thy Light ſhines in Darkneſs: But Darkneſs is ſo thick and gloomy, that it does not admit the Beams of Thy Light. Thou appear'ſt every where; and every where unattentive Mortals neglect to perceive Thee. All Nature ſpeaks of Thee, and reſounds with Thy Holy

---

* *Our illuſtrious Author undoubtedly alludes to the Appellation of* Eſprits Forts, *which in* French *ſignifies* Free-Thinkers.

Name. But ſhe ſpeaks to deaf Men, whoſe Deafneſs proceeds from the Noiſe and Clutter they make to ſtun themſelves. Thou art near, and within them: But they are fugitive, and wandering as it were, out of themſelves. They would find Thee, O ſweet Light, O eternal Beauty, ever Old, and ever Young; O Fountain of chaſte Delights, O pure and happy Life of all who live truly, ſhould they look for Thee within themſelves. But the Impious loſe Thee, only by loſing themſelves. Alas! Thy very Gifts, which ſhould ſhew them the Hand from whence they flow, amuſe them to ſuch a Degree, as to hinder them from perceiving it. They live by Thee, and yet they live without thinking on Thee; or rather, they dye by the the Fountain of Life, for want of quenching their Drought in that vivifying Stream: For what greater Death can there be, than not to know Thee, O Lord? They fall aſleep in Thy ſoft and paternal Boſom; and full of the deceitful Dreams by which they are toſs'd in their Sleep, they are inſenſible of the powerful Hand that ſupports them. If Thou wert a barren, impotent, and inanimate Body, like a Flower that fades away; a River that runs; a Houſe that decays and falls to Ruin; a Picture, that is but a Collection of Colours, to ſtrike the Imagination; or an uſeleſs Metal that gliſters: They would perceive Thee, and fondly aſcribe to Thee the Power of giving them ſome Pleaſure, altho' in Reality, Pleaſure cannot proceed from

from inanimate Beings, which are themſelves void and incapable of it, but only from Thee alone, the true Spring of all Joy. If therefore Thou wert but a lumpiſh, frail, and inanimate Being; a Maſs without any Virtue, or Power; a Shadow of a Being: Thy vain, fantaſtick Nature would buſy their Vanity; and be a proper Object to entertain their mean and brutiſh Thoughts. But becauſe Thou art too intimately within them, and they never at home, * Thou art to them an UNKNOWN GOD: For while they rove and wander abroad, the intimate Part of themſelves is remote from their Sight. The Order and Beauty Thou ſcatter'ſt over the Face of Thy Creatures, are like a glaring Light that hides Thee from, and dazzles their ſore Eyes. Thus the very Light that ſhould light them, ſtrikes them blind; and the Rays of the Sun themſelves hinder them to ſee it! In fine, becauſe Thou art too Elevated, and too pure a Truth, to affect groſs Senſes, Men who are become like Beaſts, cannot conceive Thee. Tho' Man has daily convincing Inſtances of Wiſdom and Virtue, without the Teſtimony of any of his Senſes; for thoſe Virtues have neither Sound, Colour, Odour, Taſte, Figure, nor any ſenſible Quality. Why then, O my GOD, do Men call Thy Exiſtence, Wiſdom, and Power, more

---

* Aug. *Intimior Intimo noſtro.*

in

in Queſtion, than they do thoſe other Things moſt real and manifeſt, the Truth of which they ſuppoſe as certain, in all the ſerious Affairs of Life, and which, nevertheleſs, as well as Thou, eſcape our feeble Senſes? O Miſery! O diſmal Night, that ſurrounds the Children of *Adam*! O monſtrous Stupidity! O Confuſion of the whole Man! Man has Eyes only to ſee Shadows, and Truth appears a Phantom to him. What's Nothing, is All; and what's All, is Nothing, to Him. What do I behold in all Nature? GOD. GOD every where, and ſtill GOD alone. When I think, O LORD, that all Being is in Thee, Thou exhauſteſt and ſwallow'ſt up, O Abyſs of Truth, all my Thoughts. I know not what becomes of me. Whatever is not Thou diſappears; and ſcarce ſo much of my ſelf remains, wherewithal to find my ſelf again. Who ſees thee not, never ſaw any Thing; and who is not ſenſible of Thee, never was ſenſible of any Thing. He is as if he were not. His whole Life is but a Dream. Ariſe, O Lord, ariſe. Let Thy Enemies melt like Wax, and vaniſh like Smoke, before Thy Face. How unhappy is the impious Soul, who far from Thee is without GOD, without Hope, without eternal Comfort! How happy he who ſearches, ſighs, and thirſts after Thee. But fully happy he, on whom are reflected the Beams of thy Countenance; whoſe Tears Thy Hand has wiped off; and whoſe Deſires Thy Love has already compleated! When

will

will that Time be, O LORD? O fair Day, without either Cloud or End, of which Thy ſelf ſhalt be the Sun, and wherein thou ſhalt run through my Soul, like a Torrent of Delight! Upon this pleaſing Hope my Bones ſhiver, and cry out: *Who is like Thee, O LORD? My Heart melts, and my Fleſh faints, O GOD of my Soul, and my eternal Wealth.*

A POEM ON THE A. Biſhop of CAMBRAY.

Written by the late Duke of Devonſhire.

CAMBRAY! whilſt of Seraphick Love you write,
The nobleſt Image in the cleareſt Light!
A Love by no Self-intereſt debas'd,
But on th' Almighty's high Perfection plac'd:

A

A Love in which true Piety conſiſts,
That ſoars to Heaven without the Help of Prieſts:
Let partial *Rome* the gaeat Attempt oppoſe,
Support the Cheat from which her Income flows:
Her Cenſures may condemn, but not confute,
If beſt your elevated Notions ſuit
With what to Reaſon ſeems the Almighty's due,
They have, at leaſt, an Air of being true.
And what can animated Clay produce,
Beyond a Gueſs, in Matters ſo abſtruſe?
But when, deſcending from the imperial Height,
You ſtoop of ſublunary Things to treat,
Minerva ſeems the Moral to diſpenſe:
How great the Subject, how ſublime the Senſe.
Not the *Aonian Bard* with ſuch a Flame
E'er ſung of ruling Arts; your lofty Theam
In your *Telemachus* his Hero's Son,
We ſee the great Original outdone.
There is in Virtue ſure a hidden Charm,
To force Eſteem, and Envy to diſarm;

Elſe

Elſe in a flatt'ring Court you ne'er had been
deſign'd
T' inſtruct the future Troublers of Mankind.
Happy your native Soil, at leaſt by Nature ſo,
In none her Treaſures more profuſely flow,
The Hills adorn'd with Vines, with Flow'rs
the Plain
Without the Sun's too near Approach ſerene:
But Heav'n in vain does on the Vineyards ſmile,
The Monarch's Glory mocks the Lab'rer's Toil.
What tho' elaborate Braſs with Nature ſtrive,
And proud *Equeſtrian* Figures ſeem alive,
With various Terrors on their Baſis wrought,
With yielding Citadels, ſurpriz'd or bought;
And here the Ruins of a taken Town,
There a bombarded Steeple tumbling down:
Such Prodigies of Art, or coſtly Pains,
Serve but to gild th' unthinking Rabble's Chains.
Oh! abject State of ſuch as tamely groan
Under a blind Dependency on One!

How

How far inferior to the Herds that range
With native Freedom o'er the Woods and
Plains?
With them no Fallacy of Schools prevail,
Nor of a right Divine the nauſeous Tale
Can give to one amongſt themſelves a Pow'r,
Without Controul, his Fellows to devour.
To Reas'ning human Kind alone belong]
The Arts to hurt themſelves by Reas'ning
wrong.
Howe'er the fooliſh Nation firſt began,
Of truſting *abſolute* to lawleſs Man:
Howe'er a Tyrant may by Force ſubſiſt;
For who would be a Slave that can reſiſt?
Thoſe ſet the Caſuiſt ſafeſt on the Throne,
Who make the People's Intereſt their own;
And chuſing rather to be lov'd than fear'd,
Are Kings of Men, not of a ſervile Herd.

Oh Liberty! too late desir'd, when lost,
Like Health, when wanted, thou art valued most!

In Regions where no Property is known,
Thro' which the *Garone* runs and rapid *Rhone*,
Where Peasants toil for Harvests not their own!

How gladly wou'd they quit their native Soil,
And change for Liberty their Wine and Oil;
As Wretches chain'd, and lab'ring at the Oar,
In Sight of *Italy*'s delightful Shore,
Reflect on their unhappy Fate the more.

Thy Laws have still their Force above the rest
Of *Gothick* Kingdoms, happy *Albion*! blest.
Long since their ancient Freedom they have lost,
And servilely of their Subjection boast:

Thy

Thy better Fate the vain Attempts reſiſts
Of faithleſs Monarchs, and deſigning Prieſts,
Unſhaken yet the Government ſubſiſts.
While Streams of Blood the Continent o'er-
flow,
Red'ning the *Maeſe*, the *Danube*, and the *Po*,
Thy *Thames*, auſpicious Iſle, her Thunder ſends,
To cruſh thy Foes, and to relieve her Friends.
Say Muſe, ſince no Surprize, or foreign Stroke,
Can hurt her, guarded by her Walls of Oak;
Since wholſome Laws her Liberty transfer
To future Ages, what can *Albion* fear?
Can ſhe the dear-bought Treaſures throw away?
Have Univerſities ſo great a Sway?
The Muſe is ſilent, cautious to reflect
On Manſions where the Muſes keep their Seat,
Barren of Thought, and niggardly of Rhime,
My creeping Numbers are forbid to climb;

Vent'ring

Vent'ring too far, my weary Genius fails,
And o'er my drooping Senſes Sleep prevails.
An antick Pile near *Thames*'s Silver Stream,
Was the firſt Object of my airy Dream;
In antient Time a conſecrated Fane,
But ſince apply'd to Uſes more prophane:
Fill'd with a popular debating Throng,
Oft in the Right, and oftner in the Wrong:
Of Good and Bad the variable Teſt,
Where the Religion that is voted beſt
Is ſtill inclin'd to perſecute the reſt.
On the high Fabrick ſtood a Monſter fell,
Of hideous Form, ſecond to none in Hell:
The Fury, to be more abhorr'd and fear'd,
Her Teeth and Jaws with Clods of Gore beſmear'd:
Her parti-colour'd Robe obſcenely ſtain'd
With pious Murthers, Freemen rack'd and chain'd:

With

With the implacable and brutiſh Rage
Of fierce Dragoons, ſparing no Sex, nor Age,
With all the horrid Inſtruments of Death,
Of tort'ring Innocents to improve their Faith,
Clouding the Roof with their infectious Breath.
Thus ſhe began: Are then my Labours vain,
That to the Pow'rs of *France* have added *Spain*?
Vain my Attempts to make that Empire great;
And ſhall a Woman my Deſigns defeat,
Baffle th' infernal Projects I've begun,
And break the Meaſures of my fav'rite Son?
Tho' far unlike the Heroes of her Race,
That made their Humours of their Laws take Place,
And, ſlighting Coronation Oaths, diſdain'd
Their high Prerogative ſhould be reſtrain'd,
Tho 'her own Iſle is bleſt with Liberty,
Has ſhe a Right to ſet all *Europe* free ?

Under

Under this Roof, with Management I may
The Progreſs of her Arms at leaſt delay,
From a contagious Vapour I ſhall blow;
Within thoſe Walls Breaches may wider grow.
Here let imaginary Fears be ſhown
Of Danger to the Church, when there is none:
From trivial Bills let warm Debate ariſe,
Foment Sedition, and retard Supplies.
If once my treach'rous Arts, and watchful Care,
Break the Confed'racy, and end the War,
Ador'd, In Hell I may in Triumph ſit,
And *Europe* to one Potentate ſubmit.
Waking at ſo deteſtable a Sound,
Which would all Order and all Peace confound,
I cry'd, Infernal Hag! be ever dumb;
Thee, with her Arms, let *Anna* overcome;

Who

Who here reigns Queen, by Heav'n on us be-
ſtow'd,
To right the Injur'd, and ſubdue the Proud.
As *Rome* of old gave Liberty to *Greece*,
Anna th' invaded ſinking Empire frees:
Th' Allies her Faith, her Pow'r the *French*
proclaim,
Her Piety th' Oppreſt, the World her Fame!
At *Anna*'s Name, dejected, pale, and ſcar'd,
The execrable Phantom diſappear'd.

F I N I S.

THE SECOND PART OF THE DEMONSTRATION OF THE EXISTENCE, WISDOM, and OMNIPOTENCE of GOD.

THE
SECOND PART
OF THE
DEMONSTRATION
OF THE
EXISTENCE, WISDOM, and OMNIPOTENCE of GOD.

A

DEMONSTRATION

OF THE

Exiſtence of GOD, and of his Attributes, taken from the Idea we have of an Infinite Being.

CHAP. I.

That the Idea of GOD proves ſeveral Ways his actual Exiſtence.

THE only Courſe to avoid all Error, is in my Opinion, to doubt of all Things, none excepted, whereof I do not find full Evidence. For this Reaſon, I diſtruſt all my own pre-conceived Notions. The Clearneſs wherewith I have hitherto believed my ſelf to diſcover divers Things,

A general Doubt requiſite in order to our aſſenting to nothing but what is certain.

is not a Reaſon for ſuppoſing them true; I diſtruſt whatever we call the Impreſſion of Senſe; and cannot bring my ſelf to believe wonted Principles and Appearances of Truth, if they have not a compleat Certainty, I cannot imagine that any Thing leſs than Evidence only, and an entire Certitude of whatever Objects, ought to prevail with me to give my Conſent; and whenſoever ſuch Conviction is wanting, I account them all as doubtful Matters.

Having laid down this Rule, I reckon no more upon any of thoſe Beings, with which I have till now believed my ſelf encompaſſed; poſſibly they are all Deluſions. I have always owned, that every Night there is a Time when I take my ſelf

Sleep a Reaſon for doubting.

to ſee what I really do not ſee, and to touch that which I do not touch; this I have called the Time of dreaming; and who can aſſure me, that I am not always aſleep, and that all my Perceptions are not meer Dreams?

If Sleep in a certain Degree may cauſe a Deluſion which Waking may diſcover to be ſo, who can ſatisfy me, that Waking is not another Species of Sleep, in a different Degree, of which I can never rid my ſelf; and whoſe Deluſion no other Eſtate can diſcover. What Difference can be ſuppoſed to be between one that is aſleep and one that is delirous from the Violence of a Fever?

Folly a Reaſon of doubting.

He

He that is aſleep rambles only for the Space of ſome Hours, after which he awakes, and hereupon is preſently convinced of the Falſity of his Dreams. He that is delirous has ſeveral Sorts of Dreams for ſeveral Days together: Recovery of Health is to him, what Awakening is to the other; he perceives not his Wandrings, till he gets rid of his Sickneſs. Here then is a longer Sort of Deluſion, but which, however, has its Bounds, and which a Man diſcovers when once he is freed from it. There are other yet longer Deluſions, ſuch as continue for the whole Life: One out of his Senſes, and who is incurably ſo, will perſwade himſelf all his Life long, that he beholds what is not before his Eyes, and never be ſenſible of his Miſtake: It is a Dream for his whole Life that poſſeſſes him, with his Eyes open, and without his being aſleep. And how ſhall I aſſure my ſelf, that I am not really in a like Condition? He that is in it, does not think he is ſo, but believes himſelf as ſure as I am, of his being otherwiſe. I do not more certainly believe than he, that I ſee what I ſeem to ſee: But how is it? I cannot, however, doubt in Practice this is true. But now he that is out of his Senſes, can in Practice doubt no more than I, of all that he conceives himſelf to ſee. This Perſwaſion inevitable in Practice, is no good Proof: Perhaps it is in me, as well as in this diſordered Perſon, only a Miſery attendant upon my Condition, and an invincible Occaſion of Error. However, he that dreams cannot keep himſelf from believing what theſe Dreams repre-

ſent to him; it does by no Means follow from hence, that theſe Dreams are true. So that howſoever this diſordered Perſon cannot help his believing himſelf a King, or imagining that he ſees what he does not; yet does it not follow, that his Royalty, and all the other Objects of his Fancy are true. It may be in the Moment of what I call Death, I may be roused out of all the heavy Dreams of this Life, after the ſame Manner as awaking in the Morning undeceives me, as to all the Dreams of the Night; or, as the curing of a Fool ſets him free from the Errors that had made him ſo during the Time of his Folly.

The Impoſſibility of doubting in Practice may poſſibly be no Reaſon for believing any Thing to be certain.

Again, another Thing is poſſible, and it is this. That the Deluſion which I obſerve to be of a longer Continuance in a Fool, than in a Man aſleep, may yet be much longer and more conſtant in another, who neither ſleeps nor is diſordered in his Head. It is poſſible that when I awake, and in a great Coolneſs of Temper, I may be the Sport of a Deluſion never to be removed; and that no other Condition will deliver me from this perpetual Fallacy. What am I to do then? The leaſt I can aim at, is to endeavour to prevent being miſtaken, by doubting of every Thing for one Moment. Is this a ſerious Eſtate and poſſible? Or, would it not rather be a Folly, worſe than even the Deluſion which I am labouring to avoid? It cannot be an Inſtance of Folly, not to affirm for certain, what we

we do not find to be entirely ſo. If I be drawn to ſuppoſe Things for which I have no manifeſt Proof, I ſhall look upon my ſelf to be like one that is all along inſenſibly ſucked in by a Torrent, and who continually applies himſelf to catch hold on the Branches of the Trees that grow upon the Bank. He that is very drowſy ſtrives hard to overcome his Sleepineſs, but his Sleepineſs inſtantly overcomes him; and no ſooner is he faſt aſleep, but his Reaſon diſappears, his Thoughts ramble, and he falls into ridiculous Dreams. And again; no ſooner is he awake but he perceives his Error, and the Deluſion of his Dreams, into which nevertheleſs he falls again in three Minutes. Thus perhaps it is, that I am between waking and ſleeping, between a philoſophical Doubt, which is the only reaſonable one, and the Dream that deceives People in the common Courſe of their Life.

To preſerve my ſelf from this Deluſion, I will endeavour, at leaſt from Time to Time, to betake my ſelf to my immoveable Rule, never to admit of any Thing but what is certain. In this very Moment of my returning into my ſelf, I will diſcard all my raſh and haſty Notions, will put my ſelf in Suſpenſe, and diſtruſt my own ſelf as much as every Thing I apprehend to be about me.

This is the Courſe I muſt take, if I will follow my Reaſon; which ought not to believe any Thing, but what is certain, nor to doubt of any Thing but what is doubtful. Till I

meet with ſomething that is invincible by pure Reaſon, to arrive at a Certainty of all that is termed Nature; and the Univerſe, the whole Univerſe is to be ſuſpected to be no better than a Dream and a Fable. Perhaps all Nature is but a vain Apparition: I confeſs this State of Suſpenſe aſtoniſhes and affrights me. I own, as to my inner Man, it caſtes me into a profound Solitude, and full of Horror; it perplexes me, it holds me as it were up in the Air; it cannot laſt for any Time. I agree to it; but it is reaſonable but for a Moment. My Inclination to ſuppoſe Things, whereof I have no manner of Proof, is like the Taſte of Children for Stories and Changes of Form. People love better to ſuppoſe a Lye, than to keep themſelves in a violent Suſpenſe about it, ſo as not to ſurrender themſelves, ſave only to Truth exactly demonſtrated.

A Philoſophical Perplexity cauſed by the univerſal Doubt.

O Reaſon! whither doſt thou carry me! where am I! what am I? Every Thing eſcapes me; I cannot defend my ſelf from Error, nor renounce the Truth which flies from me. How long ſhall I be in Doubt, which is ſuch a ſort of Torment? Oh the Abyſs of Darkneſs that frightens me! Shall I never believe any Thing? Or ſhall I believe without being certain? Who will deliver me from this Vexation?

Now

Now a Thought comes into my Mind, which deſerves to be inquired into. If there is a Being on whom I depend for mine, muſt he not be good and true? And could he be ſo, if he ſhould deceive me, and if he has ſent me into the World only to be perpetually deluded? But who has told me, that it is not a powerful, wicked, and deceitful Being that has formed me? Who is he that has told me, I was not formed purely by Chance, and in an Eſtate that naturally expoſes to Deluſion? Beſides, how do I know, that I am not a voluntary Cauſe of deluding my ſelf? That I fall not into Error, I will ſuſpend my Judgment, and will ſtay a Moment in the univerſal Doubt. It is my Forwardneſs to judge, that makes me liable to deceive my ſelf. It may be he that placed me in this World, has placed me here, with a Deſign that I ſhould remain always in Doubt. It may be I abuſe my Reaſon, that I paſs the Bounds that are ſet me, that I give myſelf up to Error whenſoever I take upon me to judge. Therefore ſhall I judge no more, but examine all Things, diſtruſting myſelf, and even him that has formed me, upon Suppoſition that I have been formed by a Being ſuperiour to me?

The firſt Truth diſcovered the Exiſtence of him that doubts.

In this Uncertainty, which I am reſolved to drive as far as it will go, there is one Thing that ſtops me by the Way. Am I then as deſirous as can be to doubt of all

Things? It is impoſſible for me to know how to doubt whether I am. Nothing can never doubt. And tho' I ſhould happen to be in the wrong, it follows even from my Miſtake, that I am ſomething, inaſmuch as what is not cannot be deceived. To doubt and to be miſtaken, is certainly to think. And I who think, who doubt, who fear to be deceived, who dare not judge of any Thing, could not do all this if I were Nothing.

A clear Idea the Principle of Certainty.

But how comes it to paſs that I imagine Nothing, cannot be able to Think? I immediately return Anſwer to my ſelf, he that pronounces Nothing, hereby excludes without Reſerve, all ſorts of Propriety, all ſorts of Action, all manner of Being, and by Conſequence all Thought. For Thought is a ſort of Being and Acting; this I take to be very clear. But poſſibly I ſatisfy my ſelf too eaſily. Let us then proceed a little farther, and preciſely obſerve how this comes to be ſo clear to me.

All the Clearneſs of this Reaſoning turns upon the Knowledge which I have of Nothing, and that which I have of a Thought. I know clearly that Nothing has no Power; it does nothing, it receives nothing, it never has any thing. On the other Side, I know clearly, that to think is to act, it is to do, it is to have ſomething. So that I know clearly that actual Thought can never agree to Nothing.

It

It is the clear Idea of Thought that ſhews me the Incompatibility that is between Nothing and It; becauſe that is a Manner of Being. From whence it follows, that when I have a clear Idea of a Thing, it is no longer in my Power to go contrary to the Evidence of this Idea. The Example I am upon ſhews this invincibly. Whatſoever Violence I offer to my ſelf, I cannot yet bring my ſelf to doubt whether that in me which thinks has an Exiſtence. And it is no Queſtion but we have ſome very clear Ideas, as clear as thoſe we have of Thought. By conſulting of which we ſhall be always determined to deny to a Thing what its Idea excludes, and to affirm of the very ſame Thing that which its Idea clearly includes in it.

What an Idea is.

But I talk of an Idea, and I know not what it is. It is ſomething which I cannot yet well explain. It is a Light within me, which is not my ſelf, which corrects me, prevents my being deceived, draws me by its Evidence, and ſtrikes me by its Light. It is an inward Rule of which I cannot judge, and by which on the contrary it is neceſſary that I judge of every Thing I would judge of. It is a Rule that compels me even to judge, as appears by the Example of what I am now inquiring into. For it is impoſſible for me to refrain from judging that I am, ſince I think. The Clearneſs of the Idea I have of the neceſſary Exiſtence

ſtence of that which thinks, creates in me an abſolute Inability to doubt whether I am.

My Rule never to judge at all, for fear of being deceived, is then of no uſe, unleſs in Things where I have no clear Idea. But for thoſe where I have an Idea perfectly clear, this Clearneſs forces me to judge, whether I will or no; I am no longer at Liberty to heſitate. Tho' this ſame Clearneſs of Idea were a Deluſion, I could not but yield to it: I carry the Doubt as far as I can, but I cannot drive it ſo far, as to contradict my clear Ideas. I defy another more incredulous and more diffident than my ſelf, to drive it farther. I defy him to doubt ſeriouſly of his Exiſtence. That he may be able to doubt, it will be neceſſary for him to believe that one may think, and yet not be. Reaſon has only its Ideas, it has nothing in it wherewith to oppoſe them. She muſt firſt depart from herſelf, and ſet herſelf againſt herſelf, before ſhe can contradict herſelf. Tho' ſhe could find nothing whereby to evince the Certainty of her Ideas, ſhe has nothing in her that might ſerve for an Inſtrument to invalidate what her Ideas repreſent to her. And yet once more, it is true, that ſhe may doubt of what her Ideas repreſent to her as doubtful. This Doubt is ſo far from oppoſing theſe Ideas, that on the contrary, it is a very exact Courſe of following them, and ſubmitting to them. But as to thoſe Things which they clearly repreſent, a Man cannot hinder,

hinder, either his conceiving them clearly, or his believing them with Certainty.

Three prime clear Truths

Wherefore, I conclude, three Things concerning the clear Idea which I have of my Exiſtence, from my Thought. The Firſt is, that no Man in good Earneſt can doubt, againſt an intirely clear Idea. The Second is, that tho' even our Ideas were deceitful, they would draw us invincibly, whenſoever they ſhould have this perfect Clearneſs. The Third, that we have nothing in us that gives us a Right to doubt of the Certainty of our clear Ideas. This would be to doubt without knowing why, and this Doubt would have no Appearance of Truth; for all the Extent of our Reaſon is ſo far from putting us upon riſing againſt our Ideas, that it conſiſts only in our conſidering them as our ſuperiour and immoveable Rule. I know very well, that ſuch as take Pleaſure in doubting, will always confound Ideas intirely clear with thoſe that are by no means ſo, and will make uſe of Examples of ſuch Things, whoſe Ideas are obſcure, and leave an entire Liberty of Opinion, to combat the Certainty of clear Ideas; concerning which, a Man is by no means to doubt. But I will at any time convince them, from their own Experience, if they be in good Earneſt. Whilſt they ſhall doubt of every Thing, I defy them to doubt whether, that which doubts in them is a meer Nothing. If the Belief that I am, be-

cauſe

cauſe I doubt is an Error, it is not only an incurable Error, but moreover, it is ſuch an Error, that Reaſon has no Pretence for ſuſpecting it to be ſo.

The Reſult of all this is, that great Care is to be had, not to take an obſcure Idea for a clear one, which makes People haſtily paſs their Judgments, and fall into Error. As alſo that we muſt not, nor can ever ſeriouſly heſitate, as to thoſe Things which are manifeſtly included in our Ideas.

Whether clear Ideas can deceive us.

What I have been ſaying, is perhaps a ſort of Brightneſs, which preſents itſelf to me in the Abyſs of Darkneſs, into which I am ſunk; yet poſſibly it is not the true Day-light. As great a Deſire as I have to ſee the Light, I am much rather for the moſt frightful Obſcurity, than a falſe Light. The more precious Truth is, the more I am afraid of meeting what might reſemble it, but ſhould not prove to be it. Oh Truth! if thou art any Thing that canſt hear, and ſee me, hearken to my Deſires; behold the Preparation of my Heart, and by no Means ſuffer me to take thy Shadow for thy Self; be jealous of thy Glory; ſhew thy Self, it will ſuffice me to have a Sight of Thee; this I beg for thy Sake, as well as my own. How long doſt thou withdraw thy Self from me? But, what do I ſay? Perhaps Truth cannot hear me. It is true my Reaſon furniſhes me with no Occaſion to doubt

doubt of my clear Ideas. But how do I know my Reaſon itſelf is not a falſe Meaſure, for meaſuring all Things? Who has taught me, that this Reaſon is not itſelf a perpetual Deluſion of my Mind, ſeduced by a potent and deceitful Spirit that is ſuperiour to mine? Perhaps this Spirit repreſents to me as clear, what is moſt abſurd. Perhaps meer Nothing is capable of thinking, and that whilſt I think I am not. Perhaps one and the ſame Thing may be and not be, at the ſame time. Perhaps a Part is as great as the Whole. Thus am I thrown back into a ſtrange Uncertainty, and am not allowed an impatient Deſire of getting out, how very uneaſy ſoever this Eſtate be; inaſmuch as my Impatience would be a bad Diſpoſition for attaining to the Knowledge of the Truth. Let us therefore calmly weigh what has been ſaid.

Reaſon has no other Rule but its Idea.

I make the utmoſt Difference between my free and changeable Opinions, and my clear Ideas, which I am never at Liberty to change. Suppoſing they were falſe, it would be impoſſible for me to mend them; and ſo I am beyond Recovery devoted to Error. Even thoſe that would accuſe me of impoſing upon myſelf, if it were an Impoſition, are under the ſame Neceſſity of always impoſing upon themſelves, as well as I. This Error, ſuch as it is ſuppoſed to be, is not an Accident, it is a fixed Eſtate wherein we are born.

born. It is their Nature, and it is mine. This Reaſon which deceives us, is not a foreign Inſpiration, nor any Thing from without that comes to incline our Minds to Self-deceit, or that drives us into Error. This deceitful Reaſon is our ſelves; and if it be true that we are any Thing, we are preciſely this Self-deceiving Reaſon, ſince this Reaſon is the Foundation of our Nature.

The Spirit that had given us a falſe Reaſon, muſt have been a Creator and Omnipotent.

It muſt have been that the ſuperior Spirit which ſhould deceive us, would himſelf give us a falſe Nature, wholly inclinable to Error, and incapable of Truth. It muſt have been, that he has given us, as I may ſay, inverted Reaſon, and which ſhould always take the contrary Courſe to Truth. A Spirit that ſhould have made mine after this Manner, would not only be Superior, but Omnipotent: For a Spirit that makes Spirits which makes them of Nothing, which finds Nothing wrought in them, but makes and puts all Things according to his Deſign; and for his own Pleaſure, makes a Reaſon which is no Reaſon, a Reaſon that overturns Reaſon it ſelf, muſt be an Omnipotent Spirit: It muſt neceſſarily be the Creator, and have made his Work out of Nothing: Or, if he had made his Work out of Something, he would have been ſubject to this Thing, whereof he had ſerved himſelf in his Production. That which he ſhould have found already made, would be in the right and primitive Rule of meer Nature. But to make us in ſuch a Manner, that all

that

that is in us, and all that our ſelves are, ſhould be nothing but Error and Deluſion, it is neceſſary, if I may ſay ſo, that he has taken nothing in Nature, and that he has formed all Things purpoſely out of Nothing, a Being all new, and directly oppoſite to true Reaſon. Is not this to be a Creator? Is not this to be Omnipotent? I am of Opinion, that Being and Truth are the ſame Thing, ſo as that a Thing is not any farther than it is true, and that it is not true any farther than it is. According to this Rule, an intelligent Being has no Being any farther than it has Underſtanding: So that if a Spirit were not indeed intelligent, it could not be at all, for it has no other Being but its Underſtanding. But what is Underſtanding it ſelf? He that ſays Underſtanding, ſays eſſentially the Knowledge of ſome Truth. A pure Nothing cannot be the Object of Underſtanding. No one has a Conception of it; no one has an Idea of it, it cannot be repreſented to the Mind. If then there were in all Nature nothing of Truth, nor Reality, which is anſwerable to our Ideas, our Underſtanding it ſelf, and by Conſequence our Being, would have nothing of Reality; and we ſhould know nothing of what is true, either without us, or within us; ſo neither ſhould we our ſelves be any Thing or what is true: We ſhould be a doubting Nothing, we ſhould be a Nothing which could not help being deceived, becauſe it could not abſtain from judging, and a Nothing which always is in Action, which thinks, and thinks again of its Thought without ceaſing; a Nothing that

makes

makes Reflections upon it ſelf, that finds out it ſelf; and laſtly that flies from it ſelf. What a ſtrange Nothing is this? This is a monſtrous Nothing, that would deceive a Superior Spirit. Is it not to be more than Omnipotent, to act upon Nothing, as upon what is true and real? Furthermore, what a Prodigy it is to make Nothing to act, to believe any Thing, to ſpeak to it ſelf, as to another. I think, therefore I am; but not ſo, perhaps I think without Being, and that I am deceived, and am ſtill no better than Nothing.

If this Spirit is Omnipotent, he cannot therefore have given me a Being, any farther that he has given me an Underſtanding, for there is nothing intelligible but what is real and true. Wherefore ſuppoſing that I am Something, and Something that is intelligent, an Omnipotent Creator could not create me with ut enabling me to underſtand the Truth. It is not to be made a Queſtion whether he intended to deceive me or not? He could eaſily give me a limited Underſtanding, and reſtrain it from the Knowledge of infinite Truth. The Reaſon is, as I have already ſaid over and over, becauſe Nothing is as incapable of being known, as it is of knowing. If I think, it muſt be that I am Something, and that what I think is Something likewiſe; what I ſay of an Omnipotent Being, may be ſaid with greater Strength of Reaſon concerning Chance. Suppoſe that Chance could form an intelligent Being, and cauſe by a fortuitous Conjunction, that what did not think at all, would begin to think; at leaſt it

could

could not cauſe a Being that ſhould think, to have thought without thinking of a Truth; for a Lie is Nothing, and Nothing is not the Object of Thought. There is no thinking of any Thing but a Being, and that which is true; for Being and Truth are the ſame Thing. One may eaſily be deceived in Part, in joining together ſeparate Beings, without Reaſon: But this Error has a Mixture of Truth with it, and it is impoſſible to be deceived in the Whole. This would be not to think any longer; for Thought would not ſubſiſt any longer, if it led intirely to what is falſe, and had no real and true Object: All terminates in this abſolute Deſpair, and univerſal Shipwrack of human Reaſon, to profeſs that one and the ſame Thing can at the ſame Time both be and not be, think and not think at all; or rather the Concluſion muſt be, that one firſt Being, though Omnipotent, has not been able to give us an Underſtanding, in ſome Degree, without giving us at the ſame Time ſome Portion of intelligible Truth, for the Object of our Thoughts.

I am very ſenſible, that after this Reaſoning, it remains to inquire, whether we can think without Being, and whether a Thing can be and not be at the ſame Time: But at leaſt it is manifeſt, that if theſe two Things are incompatible, a firſt Being could not by its Omnipotence create us intelligent, and intirely deprived of Truth.

Beſides, if this ſuperior Being is a Creator, and Omnipotent, he muſt needs be infinitely perfect. He cannot exiſt of himſelf, and be able

able to produce Something out of Nothing, without having in himſelf a Fulneſs of Being, in as much as Being, Truth, Goodneſs, Perfection, cannot but be one and the ſame Thing. If he be infinitely perfect, he is infinitely true: If he is infinitely true, he is infinitely oppoſite to Error and a Lye. In the mean while, if he had made my Reaſon falſe, and incapable of knowing the Truth, he would have made it eſſentially evil; and by Conſequence he would be evil himſelf, he would love Error, he would be a voluntary Cauſe; and, in creating me, he would not have had any other End but Deluſion and Deceit: It muſt therefore follow from hence, that he is incapable of creating me after this Sort, or that he does not exiſt at all.

The Difference between ſleeping and waking Thoughts.

I find plainly by my Dreams, that I might have been created to be ſometimes in a tranſient Deluſion. This Deluſion is rather a Suſpenſion of my Reaſon than truly an Error. During this Deluſion, I have nothing of Freedom; but in the very next Moment, I have my Thoughts clear, exact, and one duly following upon another, ſuch as are above thoſe of a Dream, and make them all vaniſh. Hence this Eſtate has been rightly called by the Name of a tranſient Deluſion, and an Inability to Reaſon with Conſequence: But if keeping awake ſhould deceive me in like Manner, this would be a very different Caſe; my Reaſon would be eſſentially falſe, becauſe all my Ideas, which

which are the Foundation of my very Reaſon, and are immoveable in me, would ſtand in direct Oppoſition to true Reaſon. This would be an Error of Nature, and eſſential, out of which nothing could draw me. It would be neceſſary for me to make of me another ſelf, and to eraſe all my Ideas, to bring me to conceive the leaſt Truth; or to ſpeak more plainly, this new Creature, which ſhould begin to have ſome Truth, would be of a different Make from my ſelf, it would be rather a new Creature produced in my Place, after my Annihilation.

I fully comprehend, that a Being, Creator, and infinitely perfect, may now and then for a ſhort Space ſuſpend my Reaſon, by giving me confuſed Ideas, which deface and deſtroy one another, as I experience in my Dreams. Theſe tranſient Errors, if they may be ſo called, are preſently corrected by fix'd Thoughts, and the Reflections that occur upon Waking. I do not know, whether I can ſay ſo much, as that I make any true Judgment, nor, by Conſequence, that I really fall into Error whilſt I am aſleep. I acknowledge, that upon opening my Eyes it ſeems to me, that during my Dreams, I have judged, have reaſoned, have been afraid, have hoped, have loved, have hated, in Conſequence of my Judgments: But it may be, my Judgments have not been true ones whilſt I ſlept, any more than the Acts of my Will. It may come to paſs, that the Images imprinted in my Brain in the Day-time, may beſtir themſelves

in

In the Night by a fortuitous Motion of the Spirits. Theſe Images of my Thoughts, and of my Inclinations when awake, being thus excited, have made a new Track, which has been accompany'd with confuſed Perceptions, and tranſient Senſations, without any Reflection or formal Judgment at Awaking. I can perceive theſe new Tracks of Images made whilſt I was awake, and believe, that in my Dream I have joined together the Judgments which they preſent, tho' I have not really joined them whilſt I was aſleep. The Memory is apparently nothing but a Perception of Tracks already made; ſo that when at my Waking I perceive the Tracks renew'd whilſt I was aſleep, I call to Mind the Judgments of the Day, whereof the Images of a Dream in the Night are compoſed; and by Conſequence can readily believe my ſelf to remember, that I have judged in my Sleep, notwithſtanding that I have not paſſed any real Judgment.

Moreover, tho' I had even judged, and had really been deceived in my Dreams, I ſhould not be ſurprized, that a Being, infinitely perfect and true, had permitted me to be deceived in the Time when I ſlept. Theſe Errors do not influence me in any free and reaſonable Action of my Life; they do not make me to do any Thing, either meritorious or offenſive; they are neither an Abuſe of Reaſon, nor a ſettled Oppoſition to Truth; they are preſently redreſſed by the Judgments which I paſs at my Waking,

Waking, and which are followed by a Will that is free.

I am aware, that the firſt Being may be pleaſed to bring Truth out of Error, as well as Good out of Evil, by permitting me in my Sleep to have deceitful Dreams, by Means of a Suſpenſion of the Spirits. By this Experience he ſhews me ſome great Truths: For what is more proper to diſcover the Weakneſs of my Reaſon, and the Nullity of my Mind, than to prove this periodick and inevitable Wandring of my Thoughts? 'Tis a regular *Delirium*, which takes up near the third Part of my Life, and which admoniſhes me, with Reſpect to the two other Thirds, That I am to be diffident, and bring down my Pride. It teaches me, that my very Reaſon is not my own Property, but is lent me, and withdrawn by Turns, ſo as that I am not able to retain it when it flies from me, nor recal it when it is gone, nor reſiſt the Deluſions which its Abſence cauſes in me, nor have, by my own Endeavours, any Part in its Return. Here then you ſee a Time of Error well employ'd, if it puts me into the right Way to know my ſelf, and ariſe to that Wiſdom, without which all my own is but Folly. But what Compariſon can be made between this ſo tranſient and ſo profitable a Deluſion, and a State of Error, from whence nothing can extricate me, and where my moſt evident Reaſon would be of it-

Sleep a proper Means of ſhewing the Weakneſs of Reaſon, and the Vanity of our Being.

ſelf an inexhauſtible Fond of Seduction and Lying? A Nature and Eſſence wholly of Error, and which would be a Deprivation of Reaſon, a Nature all falſe, and all evil; or that I may better expreſs it, which would not be at all a poſitive Nature, but an abſolute Nullity in all Reſpects, can never be the Work of a Creator, that is All-good, All-true, and All-powerful.

To doubt of evident Truths, as great an Error as lightly to believe Truths which are no way evident.

This is what my Reaſon repreſents to me, touching itſelf; and this, as it ſeems to me, is what I clearly find, whenſoever I conſult it. Well then, is the univerſal abſolute Doubt, wherein I entrench my ſelf, any more ſure? By no Means: For we deceive our ſelves as much in doubting, when there is no more Occaſion for it. To doubt, is to judge, that a Thing is not to be believed. Suppoſe that a Thing ought to be believed, and that I groundleſsly heſitate, I am deceived in doubting of the whole; and I am at a Stand, in Regard of the Truth that repreſents it ſelf to me. What ſhall I do then? My laſt Hope is ſnatched from me; I have not ſo much as the laſt ſad Conſolation left me, of eſcaping Error, by entrenching my ſelf in the Doubt. Where am I? What am I? Whither am I going? Where ſhall I ſtop my ſelf? But how can I ſtop my ſelf? If I renounce my Reaſon, and it is ſuſpected by me, in what it preſents me as moſt clear, I am reduced to this Extremity of

Doubting.

Doubting. If one and the ſame Thing can at the ſame Time both be and not be, I have nothing to catch at, whereby to ſtop myſelf. In ſo frightful a Deſcent I muſt neceſſarily drop to the bottom of this Abyſs. And oh! that I could ſtay there? But this Abyſs into which I am fallen caſts me back, and the Doubt ſeems to me as ſubject to Error, as my old Opinions. If an omnipotent Being, infinitely good and true, has made me to know the Truth by the right Reaſon he has given me, I am inexcuſable in blinding myſelf by a capricious Doubt, and my univerſal Doubt is a Monſter. If on the other Hand, my Reaſon is falſe, I do not fail of being excuſable in following it. For what can I do better, than to ſerve myſelf faithfully of whatever is in me, to try to go the right Way to Truth? Is it permitted me to ſuſpect, without any Foundation, either inward or outward, all that appears to me alike at all Times, Reaſon, Certainty, Evidence? It were much better therefore to follow this Evidence, which neceſſarily draws me, which I cannot ſuſpect on any Side, which agrees with all I can conceive of an omnipotent Being, which may have made me; in fine, againſt which I can find no Foundation for a ſolid Doubt; than to give myſelf up to a looſe Doubt, which may be itſelf an Error, and a Heſitation of my weak Mind, which remains uncertain for want

of knowing how to lay hold of the Truth by a firm and conſtant View.

Wherefore behold me reſolved at laſt, to believe I think, ſince I doubt; and that I am, ſince I think: For Nothing cannot think, and one and the ſame Thing cannot at the ſame Time be and not be. Theſe Truths, which I begin to know, and the Diſcovery whereof has coſt my Mind ſo dear, are very few. If I ſtop here, I know none in all Nature but myſelf, and this Solitude fills me with Horror. Moreover, if I know myſelf, yet I do not at all know myſelf. It is true, I am ſomething, that knows itſelf, and whoſe Nature is to know. But whence is it I come? Did I proceed from Nothing? Or indeed have I been always? What is this that would commence Thought in me? Is that which I ſeem to behold all about me any Thing? O Truth, you begin to ſhine before my Eyes! I ſee a feeble Ray of growing Light peep above the Horizon, in the midſt of a profound and fearful Night: Go on to break quite through my Darkneſs; clear up by little and little the Confuſion wherein I am ſunk! It appears to me that my Heart is right before you; I fear nothing but Error: I am as much afraid of reſiſting Evidence, and not believing what deſerves to be believed, as to believe too lightly that which is uncertain. O Truth, come to me!

ſhew

ſhew yourſelf all pure: Let me ſee you, and I ſhall be fully ſatisfied in ſeeing you.

Four certain Truths.

All my Cares for Doubting can then no longer hinder my certain Belief of ſeveral Truths. The firſt is, that I think when I doubt. The ſecond, that I am a thinking Being; that is to ſay, whoſe Nature is to think; for as yet I know no more of my ſelf. The third, on which the other former two depend, is that one and the ſame Thing cannot exiſt and not exiſt at the ſame time; for if I could at the ſame Time be and not be, I might alſo think and yet not be. The fourth, that my Reaſon conſiſts only in my clear Ideas, and ſo I can affirm of a Thing all that is clearly included in the Idea of that Thing; otherwiſe I could not conclude that I am, becauſe I think. This Reaſoning is of no Force, ſave only as Exiſtence is clearly included in the Idea of Thought.

To think is an Action, and a Manner of Being, whence it is evident by this Example, that one may affirm of a thing all that is clearly included in its Idea; but now to heſitate about it, is not any more an Exactneſs and Vigour of Mind, in order to doubting of what is doubtful, it is rather Fickleneſs and Want of Reſolution; it is the Inconſtancy of a floating Mind, that knows not how to lay hold of any thing by a ſettled Judgment, that neither embraces nor follows any thing, from which known Truth flies away, and that ſuffers itſelf

to be ſhaken againſt its fulleſt Convictions, by all ſorts of fluttering Thoughts.

This immoveable Foundation being laid, I rejoice to know any Truth; this is my true Satisfaction. But I am very poor, my Mind finds itſelf reſtrained to theſe four Truths, and I dare not paſs beyond them, for fear of falling into Error. What I know is almoſt nothing; what I do not know is infinite: But it is poſſible I may inſenſibly gather from the little I know already, ſome new Knowledge of this Infinite that is yet unknown to me.

I know what I call myſelf that think, and to what I give the Name of Spirit. Without me I as yet know nothing; as yet I know not whether there be any other Spirit than mine, nor whether there be any Body. It is true I believe myſelf to perceive one Body, that is to ſay, an Extenſion that properly belongs to my ſelf, which I move from Place to Place as I pleaſe, and whoſe Motions cauſe me either Grief or Pleaſure. It is true likewiſe, I believe I ſee other Bodies very nearly reſembling my own, ſome of which are moved, and others are immoveable, about me; however I keep myſelf cloſe to my inviolable Rule, which is to ſuſpend my Judgment of Things which I do not yet evidently know. Not only all theſe Bodies which I take myſelf to perceive, as well my own as others, but thoſe Spirits likewiſe which appear to me to be in Society with me, which communicate their Thoughts to me, and which hearken

hearken to mine; all theſe Beings, I ſay, may have nothing real in them, and may be but a meer Deluſion which paſſes all entire into me only. Is it poſſible I alone am all Nature? Do not I find by Experience, that when I ſleep, I believe I ſee, underſtand, touch, ſmell, taſte, that which is not, nor ever will be. Whatever ſtrikes me in my Dream, I carry within me; but Abroad it has nothing of Truth. Neither the Bodies which I imagine myſelf to perceive, nor the Spirits which I repreſent to myſelf as intermixing their Thoughts with mine, are either Spirits or Bodies; they are, as I may ſay, my Error. Who will anſwer me once more? Who aſſures me, that my whole Life is not a Dream, and a Charm which nothing can put a Stop to? I muſt therefore neceſſarily ſuſpend my Judgment as yet, as to all theſe Beings, which I ſuſpect of Falſity. Being thus as it were repulſed by every thing I imagine myſelf to know without me, I retire within; as I am again aſtoniſhed in this Solitude within my own ſelf. I ſearch myſelf, I ſee plainly that I am, but I know neither how I am, nor whether I had a Beginning, nor by what Means I could exiſt. O Prodigy! I am ſure of nothing but myſelf; and this I in which I include myſelf, aſtoniſhes me, ſurpaſſes me, confounds me, and flies from me when I pretend to hold it. But have I made myſelf? No, for to make, it is neceſſary to be; a Nothing makes nothing; ſo that to make me, it would have been neceſſary

that I ſhould have been before I was, which is a manifeſt Contradiction. Have I always had a Being? Am I of myſelf? It ſeems to me that I have not been always; I am not convinced that I am now, any otherwiſe than by Thought; if I had always had a Being, I ſhould have always Thought; if I had always thought, ſhould I have had no Remembrance of my Thoughts? That which I call Memory, is what puts me in mind of what I had thought of heretofore. My Thoughts re-reflect upon themſelves, ſo that in thinking I perceive that I think, and my Thought knows its own ſelf. I have a Knowledge of it remaining, when itſelf is paſt, whereby I recollect it whenſoever I pleaſe. And this is what I call Remembrance. So that it is highly probable that if I had thought, I ſhould have had ſome Remembrance of it. Nevertheleſs it might poſſibly happen, that ſome unknown and foreign Cauſe, ſome powerful Being, and ſuperior to mine, might have had ſuch Influence upon me, as to take away from me the Perception of thoſe my former Thoughts, and produced in me what I call Oblivion. I actually find by Experience, that ſome of my Thoughts eſcape me in ſuch a manner, that I never recover them more. Some of them alſo are ſuddenly ſo loſt, that upon this Account I do not at all think that I have ever thought them. But what ſhould this foreign Power ſuperior to mine be, that ſhould hinder my Thought from recollecting itſelf,

itſelf, and perceiving its Exiſtence, as it naturally does? In this Uncertainty I ſuſpend my Judgment according to my Rule, and turn myſelf to the other Side by a ſhorter Courſe. Am I of myſelf, or from another? If I am of myſelf, it follows that I have always been, becauſe I eſſentially carry within me, as I may ſo ſay, the Cauſe of my Exiſtence; that which makes me exiſt to Day, muſt neceſſarily make me to have exiſted, and immutably from all Eternity. If on the contrary, I am from another, after a changeable and dependent Manner, this other, whoſoever it be, has cauſed me to proceed from Nothing into Being.

He that ſays a Paſſage from Nothing into Being, ſays a Succeſſion wherein we begin to be, and where Nothing, or not Being, precedes Exiſtence. All my Enquiry then is to be, whether I am of myſelf, or not?

In order to this Enquiry, I muſt be ſure to ſtick to one of my principal Rules, which is an Univerſal Key to all Truth; which is, to conſult my Ideas, and affirm nothing but what they clearly contain in them.

Being, Truth, and Goodneſs are the very ſame Thing.

To explain this, it will be requiſite to put together certain Points which appear evident to me. Being, Truth, and Goodneſs, are the very ſame Thing; as I thus prove. Goodneſs and Truth cannot agree to Nothing; for Nothing can never be either true or good, in any Degree. Wherefore Truth and Goodneſs can agree only to a

Being. In like manner, Being cannot agree to any Thing but what is true; for what is entirely falſe, is not at all; and what is partly falſe exiſts alſo only in Part. The Caſe is the ſame with Goodneſs; what is but a little Good has but little of Being; what is Better has more of Being; what has no Goodneſs at all, has no Being at all. Evil is not a real Being; it is only the Abſence of Good, as a Shadow is the Abſence of Light. It is true, there are divers Things undoubtedly real and poſitive, which are called Evils, not becauſe of the Reality and Truth of their Nature, which is good in itſelf, ſo far as it reaches, but through a Want of certain Goods which it ought to have, but has not. Hence I cannot be deceiv'd in believing that Truth and Goodneſs are only Being. Goodneſs and Truth being real, and yet having no other Reality but Being, it follows clearly, that to be true, to be good, and meerly to be, is the ſame Thing. But as I can conceive a Thing to be more or leſs, ſo I can alſo conceive it to be more or leſs true, more or leſs good.

The 1ſt Proof of the Exiſtence of God.

A Being that is from itſelf is ſuperlatively perfect.

Upon theſe Principles I return to the Being which was of itſelf; and I find it was in the utmoſt Perfection. Whatever is of itſelf is eternal and immutable; for it always carries within itſelf the Cauſe and Neceſſity of its Being. It can receive nothing from without; for whatſoever it ſhould receive from without, could never make the ſame Thing with

with it, nor by Conſequence add to its Perfection; for what is of a communicated and variable Nature, can never make the ſame Being with that which is of itſelf, and incapable of Changes. The Diſtance and Diſproportion between ſuch Parts would be infinite; ſo that they could never compoſe amongſt themſelves a true Whole. No one therefore may add any Thing to his Truth, to his Goodneſs, and to his Perfection. He is of himſelf all that he can be, and he can never be leſs than he is. To be thus, is to exiſt even to the higheſt Degree of Being, and by Conſequence to the ſupream Degree of Truth and Perfection.

Give me a communicated and dependent Being, and conceive it as perfect as you pleaſe, even to Infinity, it will ſtill remain infinitely ſhort of that which is of itſelf. What Compariſon is there between a borrow'd, unſettled Being, capable of Loſing and of Getting, and ready to fall back to its former State, and a Being neceſſary, independent, immutable, which in its Independency can receive Nothing from another, which always has been, and always will be, and which finds in itſelf whatſoever it ought to be?

Inaſmuch, as the Being which is of itſelf, does after this Manner ſurpaſs the Perfection of every created Being that can poſſibly be conceived, though we raiſe our Thoughts even to Infinity; it follows that a Being that is of itſelf, is in the ſupreme Degree of Being, and

conſequently is infinitely Perfect in its Eſſence.

Now we are to enquire, whether what I call *Me*, which thinks, which reaſons, and knows itſelf, is that immutable Being, which ſubſiſts of itſelf, or not? That which I call *Myſelf*, or my Mind, is at any infinite Diſtance from infinite Perfection. I am ignorant, I am deceived, I am undeceived, at leaſt I imagine myſelf to be undeceived: I doubt, and oftentimes the Doubt, which is an Imperfection, is the better Part for me; ſometimes I am in Love with my Errors, I am obſtinate, and am afraid of being undeceived; I grow diffident, and ſay the Contrary to what I think. I receive another's Inſtruction, am reprehended, and there was good Reaſon for doing it, I receive then the Truth from this other. But what is yet much more, I will, and I will not; my Will is changeable, uncertain, contrary to itſelf; and can I conceive myſelf ſuperlatively Perfect, amongſt ſo many Changes and Defects; amongſt many ſorts of Ignorance, and involuntary Errors, and even voluntary too? If it is manifeſt, that I am in no wiſe infinitely Perfect, it is manifeſt alſo that I am not from myſelf. If I am not from myſelf, it muſt needs be that I am from another; for I have already clearly profeſſed, that I had it not in my Power to produce myſelf. If I am from another, it muſt be that this other that has made me paſs from Nothing into Being, be of himſelf, and by Conſequence, infinitely Perfect.

That

That which cauſes a Thing to paſs from Nothing into Being, not only is to have a Being of itſelf, but moreover an infinite Power of communicating it; for there is an infinite Diſtance from Nothing even to Exiſtence. If any Thing could add to what is infinite, it muſt be owned, that the Fruitfulneſs of Creating would add infinitely to the infinite Perfection of a Being, which is from itſelf. Therefore this Being, which is from itſelf, and from whom I am, is infinitely Perfect, and this is called GOD. All theſe Propoſitions are clear, and nothing can ſtop me in their Connexion. For of what ſhall I doubt? Is it not true, that what is of itſelf, fully and perfectly is? It is paſs'd doubt, if I may be allowed to ſay ſo, that it is the moſt a Being of all Beings, and by Conſequence infinitely Perfect. My Spirit then is not of itſelf, for it is by no means in this infinite Perfection; in acknowledging this I need not fear to be deceived. And I ſhould be very groſsly deceived, if I doubted ever ſo little: It is therefore unqueſtionable, that I am not of myſelf, but from another. Once more, this other, if he himſelf came from Nothing, could not bring me from thence: He that has no Being but from another, cannot preſerve it of himſelf; ſo far is he from being able to beſtow it upon one that has it not. To cauſe that which was not to begin to be, is to diſpoſe of Being as one's own, and to have infinite Power. For no Power can be conceived finite in any Degree, that is not below this;

this: Whence the Being by which I am, is in the higheſt Degree of Being and Power; it is infinitely Perfect, and I ſee nothing any more that gives the leaſt Colour of Doubt about it.

Lo! here at laſt the firſt Ray of Truth that ſhines before my Eyes. But of what Truth! that of the firſt Being. O Truth more precious of itſelf and alone, than all others put together, that I can diſcover! a Truth that ſerves me inſtead of all others. Nay, I am no more ignorant of any Thing, ſince I know that which is all; and that all which is beſides, it is nothing. O Truth univerſal, infinite, immutable, it is you yourſelf therefore that I know; it is you that have made me, and who have made me by yourſelf; I ſhould be as if I were not at all, if I had no Knowledge of you. Why have I been ſo long unacquainted with you? Whatſoever I believed I ſaw without you, was not at all true, for nothing can have any Degree of Truth in it, but by you alone. O prime Truth! till this Time I have ſeen nothing but Shadows, my whole Life has been but a Dream! I profeſs that to this preſent I have known but few Truths; but it is not a Multitude that I ſeek after. O precious Truth, O fruitful Truth, O the only Truth! in you alone I find all, and my Curioſity is exhauſted. From you all Truths proceed, all Beings as from their Source! In you I find the immediate Cauſe of all: Your boundleſs Power totally abſorps me in the Contemplation of it. I have got the Key of all the

Myſteries

Myſteries of Nature, now that I have diſcovered their Author. O Wonder, that explaineſt to me all others! you are incomprehenſible, but you make me comprehend every Thing; you are incomprehenſible, and I rejoice at it. Your Infinity aſtoniſhes and over-whelms me; it is my Conſolation; I am in a Rapture at your being ſo Great, that I cannot ſee you all entire; it is in reſpect to this Infinity I acknowledge you the Being which has extracted me out of Nothing: My Spirit faints under ſo great Majeſty; happy in kiſſing your Eyes, but not being able to bear with my Sight the Brightneſs of your Glory.

A 2d Proof of the Exiſtence of God.

We have an Idea of Infinite, and it is only an Infinite Being that can give us it.

All Things I have hitherto remarked, let me ſee that I have in me an Idea of Infinite, and of an Infinite Perfection. It is true I cannot exhauſt an Infinite, nor comprehend it; that is to ſay, I cannot know ſo much of it as is intelligible. Nor ought I to be daunted at this, for I have already acknowledged, that my Underſtanding is finite; and by Conſequence it cannot reach what is infinitely intelligible. Nevertheleſs, it is certain, that I have a preciſe Idea of Infinity. I diſcern moſt clearly what agrees to to it, and what will by no Means agree to it: I never make any Difficulty in excluding all the Properties of finite Numbers and Quantities. The very Idea that I have

Have of an Infinite, is neither Confuſed nor Negative; for it is meerly by excluding all Boundaries, that I form to my ſelf an Infinite. He that ſays a Boundary, ſpeaks of a ſimple Negation; on the contrary, he that denies this Negation, affirms Something that is poſitive in the higheſt Degree. Therefore the Term Infinite, though it appears as I ſpeak it, a negative Term, and means only not Finite, is nevertheleſs moſt poſitive. It is the Word Finite, whoſe true Senſe is moſt Negative. Nothing is ſo Negative as a Boundary; for he that ſays a Boundary, ſays a Negation of all farther Extention. It is fit then I accuſtom my ſelf always to look upon the Term Finite, as being a Negative; and conſequently that of Infinite is moſt Poſitive. A double Negation is an Affirmation; whence it follows, that an abſolute Negation of all Negation, is an Expreſſion the moſt poſitive that a Man can conceive, and the higheſt Affirmation. Wherefore the Infinite is infinitely affirmative by its Signification, though it appears negative in grammatical Conſtruction. In denying all Bounds, what I conceive is ſo preciſe and ſo poſitive, that it is impoſſible ever to make me to take any other Thing for this. Give me a finite Thing as prodigious as you pleaſe, and make it after ſuch a Manner as by abundantly ſurpaſſing all ſenſible Meaſure, it becomes as Infinite to my Imagination, yet remains Finite

The Idea of an Infinite is poſitive in the higheſt Degree.

to

to my Judgment. I conceive a Boundary even then when I cannot imagine it. I cannot point out where it is, but I know clearly it is; and far from its being confounded with what is Infinite; I conceive with Evidence, that it is yet infinitely Diſtant from the Idea which I have of what is truly Infinite. If any comes to tell me of an Infinite, as a Medium between Limited and Infinite, I ſhall anſwer, that this Indefinite cannot ſignify any Thing, unleſs it ſignify Something truly Finite, whoſe Bounds eſcape the Imagination without eſcaping the Judgment. But laſtly, Whatſoever is not preciſely Infinite, of whatever exceſſive Greatneſs it be, falls infinitely ſhort of reſembling it. I have not only the Idea of what is Infinite, but I have moreover that of an Infinite Perfection: Perfect and Good is the ſame Thing: And Goodneſs and Being are moreover the ſame Thing. To be infinitely Good and Perfect, is to be Infinitely. It is certain that I conceive an Infinite Being, and infinitely Perfect. I diſtinguiſh clearly from this all Beings of a limited Perfection: And I ſhould never ſuffer my ſelf to be dazzled any more at an indefinite Perfection, than at an indefinite Body. Therefore it is true, and I am not at all deceived in ſaying, that I always carry with me, notwithſtanding that I am finite, an Idea which repreſents to me an infinite Thing. Whence have I met with this Idea which is ſo very far above

Whence comes the Idea of Infinite.

above me, which infinitely ſurpaſſes me, which aſtoniſhes me, which makes me diſappear to my own Eyes, which renders me an Infinite preſent? Whence comes it? Where have I met with it? In Nothing, Nothing of what is Finite can give me it; for a Finite in no Wiſe repreſents an Infinite, whereto it is infinitely unlike. If no Finite, how large ſoever it be, can ever give me the Idea of a true Infinite; how is it, that a meer Nothing ſhould give me it? It is manifeſt, beſides, that I could not give my ſelf it; for I am Finite, as all other Things are, of which I can have any Idea. I am ſo far from able to comprehend, that I invent an Infinite, if there be no true one. Nor is it in me to comprehend how a real Infinite without me, has been able to imprint in me, who am bounded, an Image reſembling the Infinite Nature. It muſt be then, that the Idea of an Infinite is come to me from without; and I am very much aſtoniſhed, that it could enter. And yet once more: Whence have I this marvellous Repreſentation of the Infinite, which reſembles the Infinite, but has no Likeneſs of any Thing that is Infinite? It is in me; it is more than me; it appears to me all, and is nothing; I cannot deface it, nor darken, nor leſſen, nor contradict it. It is in me: I have not put it there: I have found it there, and I have only found it there, becauſe it was there before I ſought for it. There it remains unchangeable, even when I think not of it at all, and when I am thinking of

of ſome other Thing. I find it again as oft as I ſearch for it: And it many Times preſents it ſelf, though I do not in the leaſt ſeek after it. It depends not on me; but I depend upon it. If I go aſtray, it calls me back, it corrects me, it rectifies my Notions; and though I examine into it, I can neither correct it, nor doubt of it, nor judge it; it is that which judges me and corrects me.

If what I perceive, is an Infinite preſent to my Mind, this Being is then infinitely perfect: If on the contrary, it is a Repreſentation of an Infinite imprinted in me; this Reſemblance of the Infinite ſhould be Infinite; for the Finite does in Nothing anſwer the Infinite, and ſo cannot be a true Repreſentation. It muſt therefore be, that what truly repreſents the Infinite, has Something of Infinite, whereby to reſemble and repreſent it. This Image of the Divinity itſelf will therefore be a ſecond GOD, like the Firſt in Infinite Perfection. How will this be received and contained in my limited Judgment? Beſides, who ſhall have made this infinite Repreſentation of an Infinite to furniſh me with it? Shall itſelf have made itſelf the infinite Image of an Infinite? Should it have neither Original, according to which it ſhould be made, nor any real Cauſe that has produced it? Where are we now? and what an Heap of Extravagances is here? We may then invincibly conclude, That it is a Thing infinitely perfect

fect that is preſent to my Mind, when I conceive it.

I have already found this, when I acknowledge that there neceſſarily is in Nature a Being that is of itſelf, and by Conſequence, infinitely Perfect. I have owned that I am not this Being, becauſe I am infinitely below Infinite Perfection. I have owned it to be without me, and that I am from it. Now I diſcover that it has given me its Idea, in making me conceive an Infinite Perfection, concerning which I cannot miſtake; for whatever limited Perfection preſents itſelf to me, I heſitate not about it, its being limited makes me preſently reject it; and I ſay to it in my Heart, *You are not my GOD. You are not Infinitely, You are not from yourſelf. Whatever Perfection you have, there is a Point and Meaſure beyond which you have Nothing farther, and are Nothing.* It is by no Means ſo with my GOD, who is All. He is, and he never ceaſes to be. He is, and has as to himſelf neither Degree nor Meaſure: He is, and Nothing is, except from him. Such is what I conceive; and ſince I conceive it, it is: For it is not at all to be wondred at, that he ſhould be, ſince Nothing, as I have obſerved, can be but from him. But what is wonderful and incomprehenſible is, that I being feeble, limited, and defective, can have a Conception of him. He muſt be neceſſarily the Object of my Thought, but more the Cauſe of my Thinking, as he is the Cauſe of my Being, and raiſes that which

is finite, to think of the Infinite. See here what a Prodigy I always carry with me. I am my ſelf a Prodigy. Being nothing, at leaſt being only a borrow'd, limited, tranſitory Being, I lay hold on the Infinite and Immutable. Whilſt I conceive hence, I cannot comprehend my own ſelf. I embrace all, and am nothing. I am a Nothing that knows the Infinite. I want Words to expreſs my Admiration of my ſelf, and my Contempt of my ſelf at the ſame Time. O God! O the Moſt a Being of all Beings! O Being, before whom I am as if I were not at all! Do you ſhew your ſelf to me, and nothing of all that is not you, can reſemble you. I ſee you; it is you your ſelf: And the Ray that proceeds from your Face, ſatisfies my Heart, whilſt I wait for the full Day of the Truth.

But the fundamental Rule of all Certainty, which I laid down at the Firſt, evidently diſcovers to me the Truth of the firſt Being. I ſaid, That if Reaſon be Reaſon, it conſiſts only in the unbiaſſed and faithful Conſultation of my Ideas. I know not how to judge of it, and I judge of all Things by it. If any Thing ſeems to me certain and evident, it is that my Ideas repreſent it to me as ſuch, and I am no more at Liberty to doubt of it. If on the contrary any Thing appears to me falſe and abſurd, it is becauſe my Ideas diſagree with it: In a Word, In all my Judgments, whether Affirmative or Negative, they are always my unchangeable I-

deas

deas that determine what I think. I muſt therefore renounce for ever all Reaſon, which I am not at Liberty to do, or follow my clear Ideas without fear of being deceived.

What common Senſe is.

When I enquire, Whether Nothing can think? Inſtead of a ſerious Enquiry, I am rather inclined to Laugh. Whence comes this? It is from the Idea of my Thoughts, clearly including ſomething poſitive and real in it, which agrees only to a Being. An Attention only to this Idea, ſhews a manifeſt Ridiculouſneſs in my Queſtion. The Caſe alſo is the ſame with divers other Queſtions. Ask a Child of four Years old, Whether the Table in the Chamber, where he is, walks of its ſelf, and plays like him? And inſtead of anſwering, he will laugh at you. Ask a Country Labourer, Whether the Trees of a Cloſe have a Kindneſs for him? Whether his Cows have adviſed him in his Domeſtick Affairs? Whether his Plough has a great Deal of Spirit? He will Anſwer, You make a Jeſt of him.

In good Truth, all theſe Queſtions are ſo ridiculous, as to ſhock the ignoranteſt Labourer, and the moſt innocent Child. Wherein conſiſts the Ridiculouſneſs of this? To what may it be preciſely aſcribed? Every one will ſay, To ſhock common Senſe. But, What is this common Senſe? Is it not the firſt Notions which all Men have of the ſame Things? This common Senſe, which is always, and in all reſpects

reſpects the ſame; which prevents Enquiry; which makes it ridiculous to enquire into ſome Sorts of Queſtions; which inſtead of enquiring, makes a Man laugh, whether he will or no; which reduces a Man to that Paſs, that he cannot doubt, how earneſtly ſoever he endeavours to bring himſelf into a true Doubt: This common Senſe, which is that of all Men: This Senſe, which waits only to be conſulted; which ſhews it ſelf upon the firſt Caſt of the Eye, and immediately diſcovers the Perſpicuity, or the Abſurdity of a Queſtion. Is not this what I call my Ideas? See here then theſe Ideas, or general Notions, which I can neither contradict, nor enquire into; according to which, on the contrary, I examine and determine all Things; inſomuch, that I laugh inſtead of anſwering, as oft as any propoſes to me, what is clearly oppoſite to that which theſe immutable Ideas ſet before me.

This Principle is certain, and only its Application can at any Time fail: That is to ſay, That I muſt without Heſitation follow all my clear Ideas; but withal, great Heed is to be taken, never to take for a clear Idea, that which contains in it ſome Thing that is obſcure. Thus would I have you exactly follow this Rule in the Things I am going to conſider.

The third Proof of the Exiſtence of God, by the

I have already profeſſed, That I have the Idea of a Being infinitely Perfect I have remarked, That this Being is of it ſelf, ſuppoſing it to

be

Idea of a Neceſſary Being.

be. That it is neceſſarily. That a Man can never conceive it otherwiſe, than as exiſting, becauſe he conceives its Eſſence to be. That it exiſts always of it ſelf. If a Man cannot conceive it otherwiſe than as exiſting, inaſmuch as Exiſtence is included in its Eſſence, he can never conceive it as not actually exiſting, and only as being ſimply poſſible. To place it out of actual Exiſtence, in the Claſs of Things purely poſſible, is to nullify its Idea. It is to change its Eſſence; and by Conſequence, it is to be no longer it. It is to take another Being for it, whereby to be able to imagine what can never agree to it. It is to deſtroy the Suppoſition. It is to contradict himſelf. We muſt therefore either abſolutely deny, That we have any Idea of a neceſſary Being, and infinitely Perfect; or muſt own, That we can never conceive it otherwiſe than actually exiſting, which makes its Eſſence. If then it be true, That we conceive it; and if we cannot conceive it, but in this Manner, I may juſtly conclude, according to my own Rule, and without fear of being deceived, That it always actually exiſts.

1. It is certain I have an Idea of this Being, ſeeing it muſt neceſſarily be, That there is one. If I my ſelf am not this Being, it muſt be, That I have received Exiſtence from it. I not only conceive it, but moreover, I evidently ſee a Neceſſity in Nature that it ſhould be. It muſt be, either that every Thing is Neceſſary, or

or that one only neceſſary Being has made all the others: But in either the one, or the other of theſe two Suppoſitions, it however remains equally true, That we cannot be without ſome neceſſary Being. I conceive this Being, and its Neceſſity.

2. The Idea which I have, clearly includes the actual Exiſtence. I diſtinguiſh it not from all other Beings, but by this. It is only by this actual Exiſtence, that I conceive it. Take this away from it, and it is no more any Thing: Leave it to it, it remains all. It is therefore clearly included in its Eſſence, as the Exiſtence is included in the Thought. It is not a greater Truth to ſay, he that ſays to think, ſays to be; than that whoſoever ſays to be from one's ſelf, ſays eſſentially an actual and neceſſary Exiſtence. Wherefore it may juſtly be affirmed of a ſimple Idea, of the Being infinitely perfect, that it has an actual Exiſtence; after the ſame Manner as I affirm my actual Exiſtence, from my actual Thought.

Perhaps I ſhall be told, that this is a Sophiſm. It is true, will ſome ſay, that this Being exiſts neceſſarily, upon Suppoſition it does exiſt: But, How ſhall we know that it does in Reality exiſt? Whoſoever makes this Objection, underſtands neither the State of the Queſtion, nor the Importance of the Terms. The Queſtion here is, How to judge of the Exiſtence of God, as we are obliged to judge with reſpect to all other Beings, by the Qualities that agree

or diſagree with their Eſſence? If actual Exiſtence is as inſeparable from the Eſſence of God, as Reaſon, for Example, is inſeparable from Man; we muſt conclude, That God eſſentially exiſts, with the ſame Certainty, as we conclude, that Man is eſſentially reaſonable.

Now that we have clearly ſeen, that Reaſon is eſſential to Man, we do not ſet our ſelves to conclude, after a childiſh Manner, that Man is reaſonable, ſuppoſe he be reaſonable, but do conclude abſolutely and ſeriouſly, that he can never be otherwiſe than reaſonable. Juſt thus, when a Man has once owned, that actual Exiſtence is eſſential to the neceſſary and infinitely perfect Being which we conceive, he has no time to ſtop; he is neceſſarily to beſtir himſelf, and proceed to the End: In a Word, he muſt conclude, That this Being exiſts actually and eſſentially; ſo as that it can never ceaſe to be. If this Reaſoning, abſtracted from all ſenſible Things, affects not ſome Minds through its extreme Simplicity, and its Abſtraction, inſtead of weakening its Force, it augments it; for it is not founded upon any of thoſe Things, which ſerve the Senſes or the Imagination: The Whole is reduced to two Rules, The one of pure Metaphyſicks, which we have already ſettled, which is to conſult our clear and unchangeable Ideas; the other is purely Logical, To draw the immediate Conſequence, and affirm preciſely of a Thing, what its clear Idea contains.

Thus

Thus that which indiſpoſes ſome Minds for a Concluſion ſo evident in it ſelf, is, That they are not accuſtomed to reaſon certainly, upon what is abſtracted and inſenſible; it is their falling into an habitual Prejudice of Reaſoning concerning the Exiſtence of God, as they reaſon about the Qualities of Creatures, not ſeeing how abſurd their Sophiſm is. In this Caſe they are to reaſon about the Exiſtence which is eſſential, as we reaſon concerning the Underſtanding which is eſſential to Man: The Exiſtence of Man is not neceſſary; but ſuppoſing that it be ſo, it is eſſential to him to be intelligent. Whence it may be affirmed at all times of Man, That he is an intelligent Being, when he exiſts. As to God, actual Exiſtence is eſſential to him; for which Reaſon it is always to be affirmed of him; not that he actually exiſts ſuppoſing he exiſts, which would be ridiculous and identical, as the Schools ſpeak; but that he actually exiſts, ſince Eſſences cannot be changed, and that his imports actual Exiſtence. If one were reſolved to contemplate abſtracted Things, which are evident of themſelves, he would laugh as much at thoſe who doubt hereof, as a Child laughs when asked, Whether the Table plays with it? Whether a Stone ſpeaks to it? Whether its Baby has a great Deal of Spirit?

Wherefore it is true, O my God, that I find you on every Side. I have already ſeen, that there wanted a Being in Nature, neceſſary and

from itſelf; that this Being was neceſſarily perfect and infinite; that I was not that Being, and that I had been made by it: This was already to diſcern, and to have found you. But I find you again ſtill another Way: You come forth, if I may ſay ſo, from the Bottom of my ſelf on all Sides. This Idea which I carry within me, of a Being neceſſary and infinitely perfect, What does it ſay, if I hearken to it at the Bottom of my Heart? Who has placed it there, if it be not you? Whom can it repreſent, if it be not you? A Lye is nothing, could that repreſent to me a ſupreme and univerſal Truth? This infinite Idea of the Infinite in my bounded Mind, Is it not the Seal of the All-powerful Worker, who hath impreſſed it upon his Work?

Farther, Does not this Idea teach me, that you are always actually and neceſſarily, as my other Ideas teach me, that other Things may be from you, or not be, as it pleaſes you? I as evidently ſee your neceſſary and immutable Exiſtence, as I ſee my own borrowed and ſubject to Change. To doubt of this, we muſt doubt of Reaſon it ſelf, which conſiſts only in theſe Ideas: We muſt believe the Eſſence of Things, and contradict our own ſelves. All theſe different Manners of arriving at you, or rather of finding you in my ſelf, are interwoven, and mutually ſupport each other. Thus, O my God, when a Man is not afraid to ſee you, nor has ſore Eyes, which avoid the Light,

Light, every Thing ſerves to diſcover you, and intire Nature ſpeaks only of you. Nor can we conceive even this, without conceiving you. It is in your pure and univerſal Light, that the inferior Light is ſeen, by which all particular Objects are clearly ſhewn.

CHAP. II.

A Refutation of the Principles of Spinoza.

THERE remains yet one farther Difficulty to be cleared: It preſents it ſelf to me on the ſudden, and caſts me into an Uncertainty. See it here in its utmoſt Extent. I have the Idea of ſomething that is infinitely Perfect, it is true; and I ſee clearly this Idea muſt have a real Foundation: It muſt have its true Object; it muſt needs be that ſome Thing has put ſo high an Idea into me. All that is below the Infinite, is infinitely unlike it, and by Conſequence cannot give the Idea of it. It muſt be then, That the Idea of the infinite Perfection, comes to me by Means of a real Being, and which exiſts with an infinite Perfection: All this is certain.

Whether the infinite Being can be a Collection of all Beings?

I hoped to find out a firſt Being by this Proof. But may I not be deceived? This Reaſoning fully proves, That there is really in Nature, ſomething which is infinitely Perfect; but it does not prove, That this infinite Perfection is diſtinguiſh'd from all the Beings that appear to me on every Side. It may be this Multitude of Beings, the Collection of which bears the Name of the Univerſe, is an infinite Maſs, that in its whole contains infinite Perfections by its Variety. Perhaps it may be, that all theſe Parts, which appear to be diſtinguiſhed the one from the other, are indiviſible from the Whole; and that this infinite and indiviſible Whole contains in it ſelf this infinite Perfection, whereof I have the Idea, and whoſe Reality I am ſearching after. The better to unfold this Indiviſibility of the Whole, I argue with my ſelf, that the Separation of the Parts from one another, is not enough to make me conclude, that any one of theſe Parts can ever be ſeparated from the Whole. The Separation of the Parts from one another, is only a Change of Situation, and no real Diviſion. To the end that theſe Parts ſhould be really divided, it would be neceſſary that all together ſhould never be able to make one and the ſame Whole. While one Part which is at the utmoſt Diſtance from another, takes hold of it by the Help of all thoſe that lye between them, it cannot be ſaid that there is a real Diviſion. For to make a real Separation of one Part from all the Reſt, there

muſt

muſt be allowed ſome real Space between all the others and it; but this is impoſſible, upon Suppoſition that the Whole is infinite. For, How can one find, beyond the Infinite, which has no Bounds, a void Space that may be placed between one Part of this Infinite, and all the Reſt whereof it is compoſed? It is true then, That this Infinite will be indiviſible in its Whole, howſoever it be diviſible by Means of the Relation each of its Parts has to the other neighbouring Parts. A round Body, that is moved upon its proper Center, continues immoveable as to its Whole, notwithſtanding each of its Parts be in Motion. And this Inſtance gives us to underſtand ſomething of what I would ſay, but it is very imperfect; for this round Body has a Superficies, which correſponds to the other neighbouring Bodies; and when this whole Superficies, changes its Situation and Correſpondence with the neighbouring Bodies; we may conclude from hence, That the Whole of the round Shape is moved and changes its Place. But it is not ſo with an infinite Maſs; this has neither Bound nor Superficies; it has no Correſpondence to any foreign Body: Whence it is certain, That it is perfectly immoveable in its Whole, though its bounded Parts, conſidered with the Relation one has to another, are in perpetual Motion. In a Word, The whole Infinite cannot be moved, howſoever its Parts being finite, are moved inceſſantly. Hence I collect into this whole

Infinite, all the Perfections of a ſimple and indiviſible Nature, and all the Wonders of a diviſible and changeable Nature. The Whole is one, and immoveable by Reaſon of its Infinity. The Parts are infinitely multiplied, and by their infinite Relations, form a Variety that nothing can exhauſt. One and the ſame Thing receives ſucceſſively all, even the moſt contrary Forms. It is the Fruitfulneſs of divers Natures, where all is new, all is eternal, all is upon changing, all is immutable. Is it not this infinite Collection, this infinite, and conſequently indiviſible and immutable Whole, that has given me the Idea of an infinite Perfection? Why ſhould I go to ſeek for it any where elſe, when I can ſo eaſily find it here? Why to add to the Univerſe, which is ſo apparently all about me, another incomprehenſible Nature, which I call God?

The Abſurdity of this Suppoſition.

Here you ſee, in my Conception, a Difficulty as great as can be: And in good Truth, I have forgot nothing of all that can enforce it. But yet I find, That it inevitably vaniſhes, as ſoon as ever I ſet my ſelf to examine it more nearly. And it is thus:

1. *It ſuppoſes the Infinite to be changing and variable.*

1. When I ſuppoſe the Univerſe to be infinite, I cannot help believing, That the Whole is full of Change, if all the Parts taken ſeparately are ſo. It is true, there will not be in this infinite Univerſe a Superfi-

Superficies or Circumference, to turn like the Circumference of a circular Body, whoſe Center is immoveable. But when all the Parts of this whole Infinite ſhall be in Motion, and upon Change, it will neceſſary follow, that the Whole will alſo be in Motion, and in a perpetual Change. For the Whole is not a Fantom, or an abſtracted Idea; it is preciſely nothing elſe but the Collection of all the Parts. Wherefore if all the Parts are moved, the Whole, which is nothing but all the Parts taken together, is alſo moved. To take away all Equivocation, I am in Truth carefully to diſtinguiſh two Sorts of Motions; the one internal, as I may ſay, the other external: For Example, one makes a Bowl to run in a Plain, and one makes a Pot full of Water, and cloſe ſtopped, to boil before the Fire. The Bowl is moved with that Motion which I call external; that is to ſay, it goes all wholly out of one Space to get into another: This I own, is what the Univerſe which we ſuppoſe Infinite can never do. But the Pot filled with Water boiling and cloſe ſtopped, has another ſort of Motion, which I call internal; that is to ſay, this Water is moved, and very ſwiftly, without leaving the Space wherein it is contained: It is conſtantly in the ſame Place, and yet it fails not to be moved without ceaſing: It is very truly ſaid, that this Water boils, it is toſſed, it changes its Relations; and in a Word, nothing can have a greater Change within, whilſt with-

our it appears immoveable. It would be exactly the ſame with this Univerſe, which one would ſuppoſe Infinite, it would not wholly change its Place; but all the different Motions from within, which form all the Relations, which cauſe the Generations and Compoſitions of Subſtances, would be perpetual and infinite. The entire Maſs would be inceſſantly moved in all its Parts. But it is evident, that a Whole, that perpetually changes, cannot anſwer to the Idea which I have of infinite Perfection. For a ſimple immutable Being, that has no Modification, becauſe it has neither Parts nor Bounds; that has in it ſelf neither Change, nor Shadow of Change, and which includes all the Perfections of all the moſt diverſifyed Modifications, in its perfect and immutable Simplicity, is more perfect than that infinite and eternal Collection of changeable and limited Beings, and incapable of any Conſiſtency. Wherefore it is manifeſt, That a Man muſt either renounce the Idea of an infinitely perfect Being, or he muſt ſeek it in a ſimple and indiviſible Nature, far from this *Chaos*, which ſubſiſts only in a perpetual Change.

2. *What is compounded cannot be the abſolute infinite.*

2. It muſt be ſincerely acknowledged, that a Collection of Parts really diſtinguiſhed the one from the other, cannot by any Means be that ſovereign and infinite Unity, whereof I have the Idea. If this Whole were really one and ſimply ſo, it would be

be true to ſay, that each Part were the Whole: If each Part were really the Whole, it muſt neceſſarily be like that really infinite, indiviſible, immoveable, unchangeable, incapable of any Bound or Modification. Whereas on the contrary, each Part is defective, bounded, changeable, ſubject to I know not how many ſucceſſive Modifications. Another Abſurdity and manifeſt Contradiction were alſo ſtill to be admitted; it is, That there being a real Identity between all the Parts, which ſhould make up a Whole really one and indiviſible, it would follow, that the Parts would no more be Parts, and that one would be really the other; whence it ought to be concluded, That the Air would be Water, and the Heaven would be Earth; that the Hemiſphere where it is Night, would be that where it would be Day; that the Ice would be warm, and the Fire cold; that a Stone would be of Wood, that the Glaſs would be of Marble; and that a round Body would be all at once, round, ſquare, triangular, and of all Figures and Dimenſions agreeable to the Infinite; that my Errors would be thoſe of my Neighbour; that I ſhould at the ſame Time believe what he believes, and doubt of the ſame Things which he believes, and whereof I doubt; he ſhould be vicious by my Vices; I ſhould be virtuous by his Virtues; and I ſhould be at the ſame Time vicious and virtuous, wiſe and ſenſleſs, ignorant and learned: In a Word, All the Bodies, and all the Thoughts of the U-

niverſe, making all together but one only ſimple Being, really one and indiviſible, to jumble together all the Ideas, to confound all the Natures and Properties, to renounce all the Diſtinctions, to attribute to Thought all the ſenſible Qualities of Bodies, and to Bodies all the Thoughts of thinking Beings; it would be neceſſary to attribute to each Body all the Modifications of all the Bodies, and of all the Spirits: It muſt then be concluded, That each Part is the Whole, and that each Part is alſo one of the other Parts; which would be a Monſter of which Reaſon is aſhamed, and which it abhors. So that nothing is ſo ſenſeleſs as this Dream. If there be a real Identity between the Parts and the Whole, it muſt be ſaid, either that the Whole is each Part, or that each Part is the Whole: If the Whole is each Part, it has all the changeable Modifications, and all the Defects that are in the Parts: Therefore this Whole, is not the infinitely perfect Being; and contains in it ſelf infinite Contradictions, by Reaſon of the Oppoſition of all the Modifications or Qualities of the Parts. If, on the contrary, each Part is the Whole, each Part is then infinite, immutable, uncapable of Bounds and Modifications: Therefore it is no more a Part, nor any Thing of the Whole, as it appears to be.

3. In

3. Inaſmuch as you do not admit of this real and reciprocal Identity of all the Beings of the Univerſe, you can no more make any Thing of one, of one real Unite, nor by Conſequence make any Thing either perfect or infinite. Each of theſe Beings has an Exiſtence independent of others. Each Atom exiſting by it ſelf, it is neceſſary that, being taken ſeparately and by it ſelf, it ſhould be infinitely Perfect: For according to the Rule we have laid down, one cannot be in a higher Degree of Being, than to be of himſelf. It is manifeſt, that one ſingle Atom is not infinitely Perfect, ſince all the whole remaining Matter of the Univerſe adds all to its Extent and to its Perfection. Therefore each Atom taken ſeparately, cannot exiſt from it ſelf. If it does not exiſt from it ſelf, it cannot exiſt except from another; and this other, which muſt neceſſarily be found out, is that firſt Cauſe which I am in Search of.

3. *No Compound can ſubſiſt of it ſelf.*

I obſerve by the Way, we are to conclude from this, that every Compoſition muſt neceſſarily have it Bounds. A Being that is perfectly and ſimply One may be Infinite, becauſe Unity does not bound it; and on the contrary, the more it is One, the more Perfect it is; inſomuch, that if it is ſupremely One, it is ſupremely and perfectly Perfect: But as to whatever is compounded, having limited Parts, whereof one is not really the other, and where-

of

of one has its Exiſtence independent of the other, I can clearly conceive the Non-exiſtence of its Parts, ſince it is not eſſentially exiſtent of itſelf. I can conceive it, I ſay, without altering or taking from the Exiſtence of all the reſt. Nevertheleſs, it is plain, that in not conceiving this Part as any longer exiſting and united to the other, I leſſen the Whole. A Whole leſſened is by no Means Infinite; what is leſs is bounded; for what comes ſhort of the Infinite is not Infinite. If this Whole is leſſened it is bounded: Whereas it is leſſened only by a Diminution of one ſingle Unite, it follows clearly that it was not Infinite, even before this Unite was withdrawn from it; for you can never make the Infinite of a compounded Finite, by adding one ſingle finite Unite. My Concluſion is, that whatever is compounded can never be Infinite. Whatever has real Parts which are limited, and may be meaſured, cannot compoſe any Thing but what is Finite. Every Number collective or ſucceſſive can never be Infinite. He that ſays a Number, ſays a Collection of Unites really diſtinguiſhed, and reciprocally independent the one of the others as to their Being, or not Being. He that ſays a Heap of Unites reciprocally independent, ſays a Whole which may be diminiſhed, and which by Conſequence is not Infinite. It is certain the ſame Number was greater before the Withdrawing of an Unite, than after that is withdrawn,

drawn. Since the Subſtraction of this limited Unite, the Whole is not Infinite; therefore it was not ſo before this Subſtraction. The only Method for eluding this Reaſoning, is to ſay, that in the Infinite there are Infinites of Infinite; but this is meer Cavilling: For it is not to be imagined, that there can be abſolute Infinites the one larger than the others. If any one has been attentive to the true Idea of the Infinite, he may conceive without Trouble, that there is neither more or leſs, which are relative Meaſures, in this which can never have any Meaſure. It is ridiculous to think there is Nothing beyond a Thing as ſoon as it is truly Infinite; or that an Hundred Thouſand Millions of Infinites are no more than one ſingle Infinite. It is a Degradation of the Infinite to imagine divers ſuch, inaſmuch, as Divers add nothing real to One only.

Behold then a Rule, which I take to be certain, for rejecting all the compounded Infinites; they deſtroy and contradict themſelves by their Compoſition; they can be neither Infinite nor Perfect; they cannot be Infinite for the Reaſon I have been explaining; they cannot be Perfect in the higheſt Degree of Perfection, ſince I conceive that a Being, Infinite and really One, muſt be incomparably more Perfect than all theſe which are compounded. Therefore it is neceſceſſary, in Order to the filling up my Idea of an infinite Perfection, to return to an Unite; and all the Perfections which I ſearch for in Things com-

compounded, far from augmenting by the Multitude, do but debaſe it by being multiplied.

4. A Compoſition of infinite Beings anſwers not the Idea of abſolute Infinity.

4. I have profeſſed a Truth of which I am not allowed to doubt; it is, that Being and Goodneſs or Perfection, are exactly the ſame Thing. Perfection is Something that is Poſitive, and Imperfection is only the Abſence of this Poſitive: But there is Nothing Real and Poſitive beſides Being. Whatever is not really a Being is Nothing; leſſen the Perfection, and you leſſen the Being; take it away intirely, and you deſtroy the Being; enlarge the Perfection, and you enlarge the Being. It is therefore true, that what is little has little Perfection, what is more is more Perfect, what is infinitely is infinitely Perfect. If therefore there were an infinite Compoſition, it muſt have had an infinite Perfection. Seeing it would have an infinite Being, it would have an infinite Subſtance; it would have an infinite Variety of Modifications, which would all be ſo many true Degrees of Perfection, and by Conſequence, there would be in this Infinite infinitely diverſified, an actual Infinity of true Perfections. Yet might not one venture to ſay, That it were infinitely Perfect, for the Reaſon I have ſo often touched upon; that is, that this Whole is not One, it makes not a meer real Unite, to which may be aſcribed the Being of all the Parts, whereby to keep up an infinite Perfection. Hereby one falls, by ſuppoſing this Whole,

Whole, into a manifeſt Abſurdity and Contradiction. He would ſuppoſe on the one Hand, a compounded Infinite, and by Conſequence of infinite Perfections; and in the mean time is obliged on the other, to profeſs that this Compoſition is nevertheleſs not infinitely Perfect, tho' it contains in it an Infinite of Perfections; for one ſingle Being, which without Parts ſhould exiſt infinitely, would be infinitely more Perfect: Whence I conclude, that this compounded Infinite is a *Chimæra* unworthy of a ſerious Examination. Yet the better to convince me of this which already appears clear to me, I take the Collection of all the Bodies which appear to encompaſs me, and which I call the Univerſe: I ſuppoſe this Univerſe Infinite in Being, it ought by Conſequence to be ſo in Perfection. However, I cannot ſay that an infinite Heap, in whatſoever Order or Form it is placed, can ever be of an infinite Perfection; for this Heap, which compaſſes ſo many Globes, both terreſtrial and celeſtial, how Infinite ſoever it be ſuppoſed, does not know itſelf. I cannot help believing, that what knows itſelf and thinks, is of a ſuperior Perfection. I will not ſtand here to inquire whether Matter thinks, and I will for a Moment ſuppoſe as much as can be deſired, that Matter can think; yet at laſt the infinite Maſs of the Univerſe does not think, and they are only the organized Body of Animals to which one would chuſe to attribute any Thought. Let a Man then pretend as much

as

as much he will, this will never hinder my open Acknowledgment, that this Portion of Being which is called Spirit or Matter, as People will; that this Portion, I ſay, of Being, which thinks, and which knows itſelf, has more of Perfection, than the infinite and inanimate Maſs of the Univerſe. See here Something that is to be placed above the Infinite. But let us now paſs on to this Portion of Thinking Being, which is ſuperior to the reſt of the Univerſe. To bring the Difficulty to an End, we ſuppoſe an infinite Number of Thinking Beings; all our Difficulties recur however. One of theſe Beings is not the other. We may conceive one of the leſs, without deſtroying all the reſt, and thereby the Infinite is deſtroyed. A ſtrange Infinite, which the withdrawing of one only Unite renders Finite. Theſe Thinking Beings are all very imperfect; they are ignorant, they doubt, they contradict themſelves; they might have more Perfection than they have, and really they grow in Perfection, when they come forth out of any Sort of Ignorance, or recover out of any Error, or become ſincere and better inclined to conform themſelves to Reaſon. What then is this infinite Perfection which is full of manifeſt Imperfections? What is this Infinite ſo Finite on all Hands, which believes, and which disbelieves ſenſibly?

I ſee then very well, that I want another Infinite to fill up this noble Idea which I have in me. Nothing can ſtop me but a ſimple and indivi-

diviſible Infinite, Immutable, and without any Modification, in one Word an Infinite that is one, and that is always the ſame. What is not really and perfectly Immutable, is not one; for it is ſometimes one Thing, ſometimes another: So this is not one and the ſame Being, but ſeveral ſucceſſive Beings. That which is not ſupremely one, does not ſupremely exiſt. All that is diviſible is not the true real Being; it is only a Compoſition, and a Relation of divers Beings, and not one real Being that any one can deſcribe: Yet it is not the Reality we ſearch after, and which we ſhould find alone. We arrive not at the Reality of the Being, till we come at the true Unity of the ſame Being. That which exiſts ſupremely, muſt be one, and be even the ſupreme Unity. It is with Unity as it is with Goodneſs and Being: Theſe three Things make but one. That which exiſts, is leſs good; that which exiſts more is better than one; that which exiſts ſupremely, is ſupremely good and one; therefore a compound Being is not ſupremely; and it is in perfect Simplicity that we are to ſeek for the ſupreme Being.

I had loſt you out of my Sight for a little while, O my Treaſure! O Infinite Unity, who ſurpaſſeſt all the Multitudes, I had loſt you! and this is more than to loſe my ownſelf: But I find you again with greater Evidence than ever. A Cloud had covered my weak Eyes for a Moment; but your Rays, O Eternal Truth, have peirced this Cloud. No, Nothing can fill

up

up my Idea but you, O Unity, who art all, and before whom all the accumulated Numbers will never prove any Thing! I review you, and you fill me. All the falſe Infinites put in your Place, would leave me empty. I will ſing eternally at the Bottom of my Heart, *Who is like unto you?*

What God is.

I have acknowledged a Finite Being that has made every Thing but it ſelf: But I am far from having duly conſidered what it is, and how all beſides is from it. It is the Infinite Being, intentionally, as the Schools ſpeak, and not collectively: That which is one is more than that which is many. Unity may be perfect, a Multitude cannot be ſo, as we have ſeen. I conceive a Being which is ſupremely One and ſupremely and eminently All; it is not any Thing that is finite and bounded; it has all poſſible Perfections; it is eminently and ſupremely every Thing; it cannot be reſtrained within any manner of finite and bounded Being. To be only one certain Thing, this is not to be other than this Thing in particular. When I ſay of the Infinite Being, that it is Being by Way of Excellence, without ſaying more I have ſaid all. The Word Infinite, which I have added, is a Term almoſt ſuperfluous. Words are not to be added, unleſs to add to the Senſe of Things: Here he that adds to the Word Being, adds to no Purpoſe; the more he adds, the more he diminiſhes; for What he adds, ſerves only to ſet Limits, to what in its firſt Simplicity was with-

without Reſtriction. He that ſays Being without Reſtriction, means no leſs than the Infinite, and it is uſeleſs to ſay Infinite. It is, as I may ſay, to degrade *The Being* by Way of Excellence, to believe that there is Need of adding any Thing when we ſay It Is. GOD is therefore *The Being*; and I underſtand at laſt that great Saying of *Moſes*, *He that Is hath ſent me unto you.* Being is his eſſential, glorious, incommunicable, ineffable Name, unknown to the Multitude.

I have an Idea of two Sorts of Beings; I conceive a thinking Being, and an extended Being. Whether the extended Being actually exiſts or not, it is certain I have the Idea. Beſides theſe two Kinds of Beings, GOD without doubt can produce out of Nothing an infinite Number of others, whereof he has given me no Idea; for he can form Creatures correſpondent to divers Degrees of Being that are in him, aſcending even to the Infinite. All theſe Species of poſſible Beings are eminently in him, and as in their Source. Whatſoever there is of Being, of Truth, of Goodneſs, in any of theſe poſſible Eſſences, deſcends from him; and they are not poſſible any farther than their Degree of Being is contained eminently in GOD. GOD is then eminently, and in a Manner infinitely Perfect; all that there is, of real and poſitive in the Beings which exiſt, all there is of poſitive in the Eſſence of all other poſſible Creatures, whereof I have not an Idea. He is ſo All-Being, that he has

has all the Being of any of his Creatures, but without its reſtraining Bounds and Imperfections. Take away all the Bounds, take away all the Difference that confines Being to theſe Species, you will dwell in the Univerſality of Being, and by Conſequence in the infinite Perfection of Being of itſelf. Hence it follows, that the infinite Being not being capable of Confinement under any Species; GOD, to ſpeak properly, is no more to be conſidered under the reſtrained Idea of what we call Spirit, than under any Idea, whatſoever it be, of a particular determinate Perfection, and excluſive of all others; for this Reſtriction cannot agree to a Being infinite in Perfections. I do not pretend to ſay here, that GOD is not intelligent, but I ſeek on the contrary to expreſs ſomething of the Character of his ſuperlative Underſtanding, to ſhew that it contains in it in an eminent Manner, the Reality of the Perfections which it communicates, and that whatſoever there is of Real and Poſitive in the Underſtanding, and in Extention, is derived from the Fulneſs of his Being.

What there is of Real in the Underſtanding, GOD poſſeſſes it in a ſuperlative Degree; it is his Knowledge, his Word, his Light. Nevertheleſs, it would be to degrade him, to reſtrain him to the Idea of Spirit in this Degree, and in this Senſe, wherein we are ſo. His Underſtanding is neither ſucceſſive, nor multiplied. He is not only Spirit in this Kind, and in this

this preciſe Degree of Being, which he has communicated to us. Could we plainly ſee his Eſſence, we ſhould ſee, that he differs infinitely from the Idea we have of a created Spirit. This Thought, far from depreſſing the Idea we have of the incomprehenſible Being, is an Exaltation of this Idea, to the higheſt Degree of Incomprehenſiblity: But ſome will ſay, *Wherefore then is it ſaid, That GOD is a Spirit? and whence comes it that the Scripture itſelf aſſures us ſo much?* It is to teach dull Men, that GOD is Incorporeal, and that he is not a Being bounded by material Nature. It is moreover with a Deſign to let us underſtand, that GOD is intelligent as other Spirits are, and that he has in him all that is Poſitive, thatis to ſay, all the Perfection of what we underſtand by Thought, though he has no Boundary. But laſtly, When he ſent *Moſes* with ſuch Authority to publiſh his Name, and declare what he is, *Moſes* ſaid not, He that is a Spirit has ſent me to you, he ſays HE IS. He that is, imports infinitely more than he that is Spirit; he that is Spirit is only Spirit; He that is by way of Excellence, is Spirit, is Creator, Omnipotent, Immutable, he is ſupremely without being any Thing of what is Finite, and what is Particular. There is no Need to diſpute about an equivocal Term. In the Senſe wherein the Scripture calls GOD Spirit, he is undoubtedly one; for he is Incorporeal, and ſupremely Intelligent; but he is more than Spirit, and more perfectly Spirit than we can conceive or expreſs. If he were

Spirit

Spirit according to our limited Manner of Conception, that which we call Spirit, as much as to ſay, determined to a particular Kind of Being, he would have no Power over the corporeal Nature, nor any Relation to all that it contains, could neither produce, nor preſerve, nor move it; but when I conceive him in the Kind the Schools call Tranſcendental, which no Difference can ever make fall from its univerſal Simplicity, I conceive that he can equally bring forth of his ſimple and infinite Being, Spirits, Bodies, and all other poſſible Eſſences, which correſpond to his infinite Degrees of Being.

Of the Unity of the Firſt Being.

I Have begun to diſcover the Being which is of itſelf, but it muſt needs be that I know it not, and I cannot hope to know it throughly, becauſe it is Infinite, and my Thoughts are bounded. I conceive nevertheleſs, that I can know many Things, by conſulting the Idea I have of the ſupreme Perfection. Whatſoever is clearly contained in this Idea is to be attributed to the ſoveraign Being, and I am alſo to exclude from it, all that is contrary to this Idea. All then that remains for me, in Order to the Knowledge of GOD, ſo far as he can be known by my weak Reaſoning, is to ſeek in this Idea for all that I conceive of what is moſt Perfect. I

am aſſured that this is GOD. Whatſoever appears excellent, but yet above which one may conceive another Degree of Excellency, cannot belong to him; for he is not only Perfection, but he is the ſupreme Perfection in all Kinds. This Principle is preſently laid, but it is very fruitful: The Conſequences are infinite, and my Buſineſs is to take care to produce them all, without paſſing over any of them.

1. The Being which is of itſelf, is one, as I have already obſerved. If it were compounded, it would not be more perfectly Perfect; for I conceive that in Things otherwiſe equal, that which is Simple, Indiviſible, and truly One, is more Perfect than that which is Diviſible and made up of Parts. I have but now taken Notice that no diviſible Compound can be truly Infinite.

2. I conceive that there cannot be two Beings infinitely Perfect. All the Reaſons that convince me, that there muſt be one, forbid me to believe that there are Two. There muſt be one Being of itſelf, that has produced out of Nothing all other Beings, that are not of themſelves. This is plain. But one only Being of itſelf is ſufficient, to produce out of Nothing whatſoever has been produced. Upon this Account Two would not do more than One; conſequently Nothing can be of leſs Uſe, and more raſh, than to believe many. Two equally Perfect would be totally alike, and one would be but a needleſs Repetition of the other. There

is no more Reaſon to believe that there are Two, than to believe that there are Five Hundred Thouſand. I conceive farther, that an Infinity of Beings infinitely Perfect, would add to Nature nothing that is real, beyond that one only infinitely perfect Being: Nothing can go beyond the true Infinite; and when we imagine that many Infinites do more than one Infinite by it ſelf, this is becauſe we loſe the Sight of what Infinite means, and deſtroy by a falſe and ſelf-contradictory Suppoſition, that which had been ſuppoſed upon conſulting the pure Idea of the Infinite. There cannot be many Infinites. He that ſays Many, ſays an Increaſe of Numbers; an Infinite can admit of neither Number nor Increaſe. Let us ſuppoſe an Hundred Thouſand Beings infinitely Perfect, all in Collection together can make but one infinite Perfection, and nothing more. One only Being infinitely Perfect furniſhes out as well this infinite Perfection, but with this Difference, that one only Being infinitely Perfect is infinitely One and Simple; whereas this infinite Collection of Beings infinitely Perfect, would have the Defect of a Compoſition, or a Collection, and conſequently would be leſs Perfect than one only Being, that had in its Unity the infinite and ſupreme Perfection; which deſtroys the Suppoſition, and implies a manifeſt Contradiction.

Beſides, it is to be obſerved, that if we ſuppoſe two Beings, whereof each is of itſelf, neither of the Two will have truly an infinite Perfection,

fection, as is thus plainly proved. Nothing is infinitely Perfect, whilſt we can conceive another thing of a ſuperior Perfection. But I conceive ſomething more Perfect than the two Beings of themſelves which we have now ſuppoſed. Therefore theſe two Beings could not be infinitely Perfect. It remains to be proved that I do conceive ſomething more Perfect than theſe two Beings, and I ſhall have no Difficulty in demonſtrating it. Whatſoever Concord, and whatſoever Union any one imagines between two firſt Beings, he muſt however imagine them, as two mutually independent Powers, and whereof one had nothing to do with the Doing, or the Works of the other. This is the beſt that can be thought of for theſe two Beings, to avoid the Oppoſition between them. But this Syſtem is preſently overturned. It is a greater Perfection to be able all alone, to produce all things poſſible, than to be able only to produce a Part, how Infinite ſoever one would imagine it, and to leave to another Cauſe, to produce on its Side another Part equally Infinite. In a Word; it is more Perfect to re-unite in one's ſelf all Power, than to divide it with another Being, equal with itſelf. In this Syſtem neither of the Beings would have any Power over whatſoever the other ſhould have done; for its Power would be bounded; and we conceive another much greater, I would ſay, that of one only Firſt Being, which might reunite in it the Power of both Beings. Hence one only Being

of itſelf, is ſomething that is more Perfect than two Beings, which might be ſuppoſed to have Exiſtence of themſelves. This being admitted, it follows clearly, that to fill up my Idea of a Being infinitely Perfect, of which I am to abate nothing, it is neceſſary that I attribute to it being ſupremely one; ſo that he who ſays, ſupreme and infinite Perfection, manifeſtly reduces all to Unity. I cannot then have any Idea of two Beings infinitely Perfect; for the one dividing the infinite Power with the other, would divide alſo the infinite Perfection with it, and conſequently each of them would be leſs Powerful and leſs Perfect, than if it were by itſelf. Whence we are to conclude againſt the Suppoſition, that neither the one nor the other would be this ſupreme and infinite Perfection, which I am ſeeking for, and which I muſt find ſomewhere, becauſe I have a clear and diſtinct Idea of it. Moreover, here may be made a deciſive Note; which is, that if theſe two Beings, which are ſuppoſed equal, be equally and infinitely Perfect, they throughly reſemble each other; becauſe if each poſſeſſes all Perfection, there is none in the one which is not the ſame in the other, if they are in all Reſpects ſo exactly alike, there is nothing to diſtinguiſh the Idea of the one from the Idea of the other; and one cannot diſcern them, but by the mutual Independency of their Exiſtence, as Individuals of the ſame Species. If they have no Diſtinction or Diſſimilitude in the Idea, then it is not

not true that I have diſtinct Ideas of two Beings of this Nature, and conſequently I ought not to believe that they have any Exiſtence.

3. It is evident that there cannot be divers Beings of themſelves that are equal; ſo as that one ſhould be ſuperior to the firſt, and to which they are to be ſubordinate. I have already noted, that every Being which exiſts of itſelf, and neceſſarily, is in the higheſt Degree of Being, and conſequently of Perfection. If it is ſupremely Perfect, it cannot be inferior in Perfection to any other. Therefore there cannot be many Beings of themſelves, which ſhould be ſubordinate to one another; there can be but one only infinitely Perfect, and neceſſarily exiſting of itſelf. Whatſoever exiſts below this, exiſts only from it, and by Conſequence whatever is inferior to it is infinitely below it, becauſe there is an infinite Diſtance between the neceſſary Self-exiſtence which is eſſential to the infinite Perfection, and the Exiſtence borrowed from another, which always imports a limited Perfection; and conſequently (if I may be permitted to ſay it) an infinite Diſtance from the ſupreme Perfection.

4. The Being of itſelf can be but one: It is the Being without any Addition. If it were two, this would be one added to one; and each of the two would be no more the Being, without adding any Thing: Each of the two would be bounded and reſtrained by the other. The two together would make the Totality of Being of

itſelf, and this Totality would be a Compoſition. He that ſays Compoſition, ſays Parts and Bounds, inaſmuch as the one is not the other. He that ſays Compoſition of Parts, ſays Number, and excludes the infinite, which can be but one. The ſupreme Being muſt be the ſupreme Unity. Seeing Being and Unity are ſynonimous, Number and Bounds muſt be ſynonimous. I conclude that many Gods would not only not be more than one only GOD, but moreover would be infinitely leſs than one only. They would be no more than one only: For an hundred Millions of Infinites can never ſurpaſs one Infinite; and the true Idea of this Infinite excludes all Number of Infinites, and even the Infinity of Infinites. He that ſays Infinity of Infinites, makes us only to imagine a confuſed Multitude of indefinite Beings, that is to ſay, without preciſe Bounds, but nevertheleſs truly bounded. To ſay an Infinity of Infinites, is a *Pleonaſm*, or a vain and childiſh Repetition of the ſame Term, without being able to add any thing to the Force of its plain and ſimple Meaning; it is as if one ſhould ſay, the Annihilating of Nothing. The Nothing annihilated is ridiculous, and it is not more Nothing than the ſimple Nothing. After the ſame Manner the Infinity of Infinites, is but the ſimple Infinite, one alone and indiviſible. He that ſays ſimply Infinite, ſays a Being to which there can be no Addition; that which might be added, being diſtinguiſhed from this Infinite, would not be

it,

it, and would be ſomething that would be a Limit to it. And ſo the Infinite to which one might add, would not be a true Infinite. The infinite Being, a Being to which one can add nothing, an Infinity of Infinites, would be no more than the ſimple Infinite. They are clearly impoſſible, becauſe the Numbers are only Repetitions of the Unite; and every Repetition is an Addition. Seeing no Addition can be made to the Infinite, it is evident that it is impoſſible to repeat it. The Whole is more than the Parts: The ſimple Infinites upon this Suppoſition would be the Parts: The Infinity of Infinites would be the Whole, and yet the Whole would not be more than each Part. Therefore it is abſurd and extravagant, to ſet one's ſelf to imagine an Infinity of Infinites, or even any Number of Infinites.

I add, That many Infinites would be infinitely leſs than One; one Infinite truly One, is truly Infinite. What is perfectly and ſupremely One, is perfect; is the ſupreme Being, is the infinite Being, inaſmuch as Unity, as we have ſeen, and Being, are ſynonimous. One plural Number, or one Infinity of Infinites, would be infinitely leſs than one only Infinite. What is compounded, conſiſts of Parts, of which one really is not the other, of which one is a Boundary to the other. Whatever is compoſed of bounded Parts, is a bounded Number, and can never make the ſupreme Unite, which is the ſupreme Being, and the

true Infinite. What is not truly Infinite, is infinitely leſs than the Infinite. Therefore many Infinites, or an Infinity of Infinites, would be infinitely leſs than one only true Infinite. God is the Infinite: Therefore it is evident, That he is One, and that many Gods would by no Means be Gods. This Suppoſition deſtroys it ſelf: By multiplying the infinite Unity it is diminiſh'd; becauſe this takes away its Unity, in which alone can be found the true Infinite.

5. The true Infinite is the Being, the moſt a Being that we can conceive. We muſt entirely fill up this Idea of the Infinite, to find out the Being infinitely perfect. This Idea exhauſts at firſt all Being, and leaves nothing for Multiplication. One only Being, that is of it ſelf alone, which has in it the Totality of Being, with a ſingle and univerſal Fruitfulneſs, in ſuch a Manner as to make every Thing it pleaſes to Be, and that nothing can Be beſides it, but by it only, is without doubt infinitely ſuperiour to a Being ſuppos'd of it ſelf independent and fruitful, but which has an Equal fruitful and independent like it: Beſides that, theſe two pretended Infinites would be one a Boundary to the other; and by Conſequence neither the one nor the other would be Infinite. Moreover, each of them would be leſs than one only Infinite that had no Equal. The ſimple Equality is a Degradation by Compariſon to the only Being, and ſuperior to every Thing that is not it.

6. Laſtly,

6. Laſtly, Each of theſe Gods would know, or not know his Equal. If he knew him not, he would have a defective Underſtanding, would be ignorant, and not an infinite Truth. If he perfectly knew his Equal, his Underſtanding would infinitely ſurpaſs his Intelligibility: His Intelligibility would be the Truth, beyond which his Intelligence would perceive another infinite Intelligibility; I mean that of his Equal. His Intelligibility, and his Underſtanding, would however be his proper Eſſence: Therefore he would be more Perfect, and leſs Perfect than himſelf; which is impoſſible. Furthermore, behold another Contradiction: Either each of theſe two Infinites could produce Beings to Infinity, or he could not. If he could not, he would not be Infinite, contrary to the Suppoſition. If on the contrary he could produce it independently one of the other, the Firſt that ſhould begin to produce Beings would deſtroy his Equal; for this Equal could not produce what the Former had produc'd: Wherefore his Power would be bounded by this Reſtriction. To bound his Power, would be to bound his Perfection, and by Conſequence his Subſtance it ſelf. Hence it is clear, that the Former of the Two which ſhould act freely, would deſtroy the Infinite of his Equal. Or if we ſuppoſe that one of them cannot act without the other, I conclude that theſe two Powers, reciprocally dependent one upon the other, are imperfect and bounded one by the other, and they make one finite Compound.

Wherefore we muſt needs return to a Power truly one and indiviſible, to find the true Infinite. There would not be more Reaſon for admitting two infinite Beings, than for admitting a hundred Thouſand, or for admitting an infinite Number. We are not to admit the Infinite for any other Reaſon, but becauſe of the Idea we have. The only Queſtion then is, How to find out that which fills up this Idea? But ſo it is, nothing but an Infinite compleatly fills it; an Infinity of Infinites adds nothing; on the contrary, they would deſtroy one another, and their Collection would be but one whole Finite, by a manifeſt Contradiction: Wherefore it is evident, That there can be but one only Infinite.

What Folly is it then to worſhip many Gods? Why ſhould I believe more than one? The Idea of the ſovereign Perfection allows only of Unity. O you infinite Being, who ſhew your ſelf to me! You are the Being by Way of Eminence, and there is no need of ſeeking any Thing after you! You fill all Things, and there remains no Place, either in the Univerſe, or even in my Mind, for another Perfection equal to yours! You exhauſt all my Thoughts! Whatever is not you, is infinitely leſs than you! Whatever is not your ſelf, is but a Shadow of Being; a Being half raiſed out of Nothing, a Nothing whereof you are pleaſed to make Something! O Being alone worthy of this Name! Who is like you? Where are then

the vain Fantoms of Divinity, that any have dared to compare with you? You are, and every Thing elſe which is only from you, is as if it were not at all. It is you that have made my Thought: It's you alone that it ſeeks after, and that it admires. If I am Something, it is Something out of your Hands: It was not at all; and from you it began to be. It came from you, and to you it would return. Receive then that which you have made: Own your Work. Let all the falſe Gods, which are vain Images of your Greatneſs, periſh. Let every Being periſh, that would be for its own ſelf, or which would have every other to be for it. Let every Thing periſh, let every Thing periſh, that is not his who has made all for himſelf. Let every monſtrous and ungovernable Will, that loves not the only Good, for the Love whereof all that is has receiv'd its Being, periſh.

SIMPLICITY,

As oppos'd to Compoſition.

I conceive clearly from all the Reflections I have hitherto made, That the firſt Being is ſupremely and ſimply one; and hence we are to conclude, That all its Perfections make but one, and if I multiply them, this is by Reaſon of the Weakneſs of my Mind, which not being a-

ble

ble to take in at one View, all that is infinite and perfectly one, multiplies it for its own Eaſe, and divides it into as many Parts, as it has Relation to divers Things beſides it ſelf. Thus I repreſent to my ſelf in it, as many Degrees of Being, as it has given to the Creatures, which it has produc'd, and an infinite Number of others, which correſpond to the more perfect Creatures, aſcending even to the Infinite, which it could bring out of Nothing. In like Manner, I repreſent this only Being in different Appearances, if I may ſo ſpeak, according to the divers Relations it has to its Work; this is what is called Perfection or Attribute. I give this ſame Thing ſeveral Names, according to the different outward Relations; but I do not pretend by theſe ſeveral Names to expreſs Things really different. God is infinitely Intelligent, infinitely Powerful, infinitely Good: His Underſtanding, his Will, his Goodneſs, and his Power, are really one and the ſame Thing: That which thinks in him, is the ſame that wills, the ſame that acts, the ſame that can, and that does make all Things: It is preciſely the ſame that thinks, and that wills, that which prepares, that which places in Order, and that which preſerves every Thing, is the ſame that deſtroys: He that puniſhes, is the ſame that pardons, and that rectifies; in a Word, All is one in him with a ſupreme Unity. It is true, that notwithſtanding this ſupreme Unity, I have a Foundation for diſtinguiſhing his Perfe-

ctions,

ctions, by conſidering them, the one without the other, notwithſtanding that one is really the other: It is in him as I have noted, that Unity is equivalent and infinitely ſuperior to Multitude. Thus I diſtinguiſh his Perfections, not to repreſent to my ſelf, that they have ſome Shadow of Diſtinction amongſt themſelves; but in order to the conſidering them with Relation to this Multitude of created Things, which the ſupreme Unity infinitely ſurpaſſes. This Diſtinction of divine Perfections, which I admit of in conſidering God, has then no Reality in it; and I ſhould have no Idea of it, ſo ſoon as ever I ſhould ceaſe to believe him ſupremely one: But it is an Order and Method, which I neceſſarily place in the limited and ſucceſſive Operations of my Mind, whereby to make ſome ſorts of Pauſes in my Study, and to contemplate the Infinite at divers Attempts, beholding it with Relation to divers Things which it has made beſides it ſelf. It is not to be wondered, that when I contemplate the Divinity, my Operation cannot be ſo one as my Object is. My Object is infinite, and infinitely one; my Mind and my Operation are neither Infinites, nor infinitely One; on the contrary, they are infinitely limited and multiplied. O infinite Unity! I have a Glimpſe of you, but it is always in multiplying to my ſelf. Univerſal and indiviſible Truth! It is not you that I divide, for you always remain one, and all entire; and I ſhould believe my ſelf

guilty

guilty of Blaſphemy, could I believe any Compoſition in you: But it is I, a Shadow of the Unity, that am never entirely one: No, I am but a Heap and Series of ſucceſſive and imperfect Thoughts. The Diſtinction that is not to be found in your Perfections, is really found in my Thoughts which aim at you, and none whereof can attain to the ſupreme Unity. There muſt be one as great as your ſelf, to ſee you indiviſible in your infinite Unity, with one only Caſt of the Eye.

O created Multiplicity! How poor art thou in thy apparent Store? All Numbers are preſently exhauſted: Every Compound has narrow Bounds: Whatever is more than one, is infinitely leſs than one. There is properly but one only Unite. That is more than all the reſt; for the reſt exiſts only by Dependence; and it is not exactly known where it exiſts, nor when it exiſts. Always in dividing, the Being which is the Unite is ſought for, and is ſought for without ever being found. The Compound is but a deceitful Repreſentation and Image of the Being. That which has the Reality in it ſelf, is by no Means many; it is ſingle, and is but one Thing. That which is true and real in it ſelf, ought to be preciſely it ſelf, and nothing more. But, Where ſhall we find this real and true Being in it ſelf, independently of any other Being? To arrive at this, we muſt get to the real and true Unity: Where is this real and true Unity, if not in God? O God!

God! There is none but you. As for my ſelf, I hardly am at all. I cannot find my ſelf in this Multitude of ſucceſſive Thoughts, which are all I can find of my ſelf. The Unity which is the very Truth, is ſo little in me, that I cannot conceive the ſupreme Unity, but by dividing and multiplying it, as I my ſelf am multiplied. By Reaſon of there being many Thoughts, whereof the one is not the other, I am no more any Thing; and I cannot ſo much as behold with one only View, him who is one, becauſe he is one, and I am not ſo. Oh! Who will reſcue me from Numbers, from Compoſitions, and from Succeſſions, which ſavour ſo ſtrongly of Nothing! The more the Numbers are multiplied, at the greater Diſtance we are, from the preciſe and real Being, which is not but in the Unity; the Compoſitions are but the Aſſemblings of Limits; there all bears the Character of Nothing; it is I know not what, which has no Conſiſtence, which flies us more and more by Degrees, as one is ſunk into it, and would willingly view it more nearly. Theſe are magnificent Numbers, and which ſeem to promiſe the Unites that compoſe them; but the Unites are not found: The cloſer we preſs to apprehend them, the more they diſappear. The Multitude encreaſes always; and the ſingle Unites, the true Foundations of the Multitude, ſeem to fly, and to ſport themſelves with our Enquiry. The ſucceſſive Numbers fly always in like Manner: That we are ſpeaking

of,

of, whilſt we ſpeak of it, is no longer: He that touches it, hardly is, and ends; find it if you can: To ſearch it, is to have juſt loſt it. The other that is coming, is not yet: It will be, but it is not at all; and it will nevertheleſs make one Whole together with the others, which are no more any Thing. What an aſſembling is this, of that which is no more, of that which actually ceaſes to be, and of that which is not yet: It is nevertheleſs this Multitude of Nothings, that compoſes my Exiſtence; of this I, who contemplate the Being, who divide it to contemplate it, and who in dividing it, confute the Multitude, cannot attain to the indiviſible Unity.

ETERNITY.

Though I cannot ſee at one ſimple View, the ſupreme Simplicity of God; nevertheleſs I conceive how all the Variety of Perfections, which I attribute to him, is united in one only eſſential Point. I conceive in him one firſt Thing, which is it ſelf all entire, if I may venture to ſay it; and from whence all the reſt reſult. This firſt Point being fixed, all the reſt follow clearly and immediately. But, What is this Point? It is the very ſame with which we began, and which diſcover'd to me the Neceſſity of a firſt Being. To be of one's ſelf, is the Fountain of all that I find to be in God: It

is

is hereby I have known that he is infinitely Perfect. That which has Being of it ſelf, exiſts in the higheſt Degree, and conſequently poſſeſſes the Fulneſs of Being. There is no attaining to the higheſt Degree, and the Fulneſs of Being, but by the Infinite; for whatſoever is finite, is neither full nor ſupreme, ſeeing there is always ſomething poſſible above it. Wherefore the Being of it ſelf muſt neceſſarily be an infinite Being: If it is an infinite Being, it is infinitely Perfect; for Being, Goodneſs, and Perfection are the ſame Thing. Beſides, Nothing can be conceived more perfect, than to be of it ſelf; and all the Perfection of a Being, that is not of it ſelf, how high ſoever it be repreſented, is infinitely below that of a Being, which is of it ſelf. Therefore the Being which is of it ſelf, and by which all that is not it exiſts, is infinitely Perfect. But to make this Argumentation the more eaſy, it will be proper for fixing the Terms I am obliged to make uſe of, to ſettle it once for all, that for the Future the Ways of my expreſſing my ſelf, *to be of it ſelf, to be Neceſſary, to be infinitely Perfect, firſt Being, firſt Cauſe, and God,* are Terms abſolutely ſynonimous.

From this Idea of the neceſſary Being, I have inferred the Simplicity and the Unity of God: The Simplicity, becauſe no compounded Thing can be, either infinitely Perfect, or even Infinite: His Unity, ſeeing if there were two neceſſary Beings, and independent the one upon

on

on the other, each of them would be leſs Perfect in this parted Power, than one alone who united it all entire. Now let us examine the other Perfections, which I am bound to aſcribe to him.

He is Immutable. That which is of it ſelf, can never be conceived otherwiſe: It has always the ſame Reaſon for exiſting, and the ſame Cauſe of its Exiſtence, which is its own Eſſence; it is then immutable in its Exiſtence. Nor is it more capable of Changes for the Manner of Being, than for the Foundation of its Being. When once we conceive it infinite, and infinitely ſimple, we can no more aſcribe any Modification to it; for Modifications are Bounds of the Being: To be modified after ſuch a Form, is to be of this Form excluſively of all others. For which Reaſon, the perfect Infinite can have no Modification, and conſequently cannot change: It cannot have any more for its Parts than for the Whole, becauſe it has not any Part; therefore it is ſimply and abſolutely unchangeable. What it produces without it ſelf, is always finite. The Creature having Bounds ſet to its Being, it has conſequently Modifications: Not being Infinite, it muſt be a Finite and particular Being; it muſt be confin'd within the narrow Bounds of ſome preciſe Manner of Being. He only poſſeſſes all eminently, and is infinite, who was never any Thing particular, and admits of no Diſtinctions.

ons. He is the uncompounded Being, and without Reſtriction.

Howſoever each Modification taken by it ſelf is not eſſential to the Creature, becauſe it has nothing of Neceſſity in it, nothing but what is contingent and variable, at the Pleaſure of him that produced it; yet it is eſſential to it to be bounded by its Modifications. What is not of it ſelf, can never contain in it all Perfections; what does not contain them, cannot be without a Boundary; you may change its Boundary, but it muſt always neceſſarily have one. As ſoon as I am made ſenſible that the Creature is eſſentially bounded, and upon Change, by Reaſon of the Mutability of its Bounds, I find what Time is. Time without looking out for an exacter Definition, is the Change of the Creature: He that ſays Change, ſays Succeſſion; for whatſoever changes, neceſſarily paſſes from one Eſtate to another; that Eſtate out of which it departs, precedes; and that whereinto it enters, follows: Time is the Change of the created Being. Time is the Negation of a Thing moſt real and ſuperlatively Poſitive, which is the Permanency of the Being; that which is permanent with an abſolute Permanency, has in it neither Before nor After, neither Sooner nor Later. A failure of Permanency is a Change; it is a want of Being, or an Alteration of one Manner into another: But in the laſt Place, all Change includes Succeſſion, and all bounded Exiſtence implies a diviſible

Dura-

Duration, and either ſhorter or longer. There are uncertain Changes, which are meaſured by others that are certain and regular. As ſeeing a Walk, or a Journey which is taken, or a Converſation that is held, may be meaſur'd by the Courſe of the Stars, or by a Pendulum, or an Hour-glaſs; this is an uncertain Change or Motion of a Being, that is meaſur'd by another Motion more exact, and more uniform. Nay, though the created Beings did not change their Modification, there would not fail, however, to be a continual Mutation, as to the Foundation of their Subſtance. And I pray obſerve how. The Creation of the Being, that is not of it ſelf, is not abſolute and permanent; the Being that is of it ſelf, does not bring out of Nothing, Beings, that afterwards ſubſiſt of themſelves, at a Diſtance from Nothing, and in a fixed Manner; they cannot continue to exiſt, any longer, than the neceſſary Being preſerves them out of Nothing; they are never abroad of themſelves, and ſo are only abroad by an actual Gift of Being. The actual Gift is free, and conſequently revocable; if it is free and revocable, it may be longer or ſhorter; and ſince it may be longer or ſhorter, it is diviſible; ſeeing it is diviſible, it includes a Succeſſion; ſeeing it has in it a Succeſſion, behold a Thread of ſucceſſive Creation: So that this is not a fixed and permanent Succeſſion; they are bounded and diviſible Exiſtences that are inceſſantly renewed by a continued Creation. It is certain

then

then that all is ſucceſſive in the Creature, not only the Variety of Modification, but moreover the continual Renewal of a bounded Exiſtence. This perpetual Flux in the created Being, is what I call Time; ſo that far from ſtudying to know Eternity by Time, Time, on the contrary, is to be known by Eternity; for the Finite may be known by the Infinite, by adding a Boundary, or Negation: But the Infinite can never be known by the Finite, for a Boundary or Negation, gives no Idea of that which is ſupremely poſitive. This Non-permanency of the Creature, is what I name Time; conſequently the perfect and abſolute Permanency of the neceſſary and unchangeable Being, is what ought to be named Eternity. Nothing cannot change a Modification, in as much as it never can have one. The true Infinite not enduring any Bounds to its Being, cannot have any Bounds to its Exiſtence: By Conſequence, it cannot have any Time or Duration; for what I call Duration, is a diviſible and bounded Exiſtence, it is that which is directly oppoſite to Permanency. It is therefore ſteadily Permanent in its Duration. I have already taken Notice, that as every diviſible Being is bounded, ſo every true Infinite is indiviſible. Therefore the Divine Exiſtence which is Infinite, is Indiviſible. If that is not at all diviſible, like the bounded Exiſtence of Creatures, in which there is what we call the Part before [or paſt] and the Part after, [or to come] it follows from hence, that

that this infinite Exiſtence is always intirely whole, that of the Creatures is never all at once; its Parts cannot be brought together; the one excludes the other, and the one muſt end before the other can begin. The Reaſon of this Incompatibility between theſe Parts of Exiſtence, is, that the Creator gives Exiſtence but by Meaſure to his Creature; ſeeing he gives it to it within certain Bounds, he gives it to it diviſible by Parcels, whereof one is not the other. But for the neceſſary, infinite and unchangeable Being, it is quite contrary; its Exiſtence is infinite and indiviſible; ſo that not only it has no Incompatibility between the Parts of its Exiſtence, as in that of the Exiſtence of the Creature; but, to ſpeak correctly, we muſt ſay, that its Exiſtence has no manner of Part; it is eſſentially always intirely whole. For which Cauſe it is a falling back into the Idea of Time, and confounding all, to be willing again to imagine in GOD whatſoever has Relation to any Succeſſion; nothing continues in him, becauſe nothing paſſes away; all is fixed; all is at once; all is immoveable. In GOD nothing has been, nothing ſhall be; but all is. Wherefore let us ſuppreſs as to him, all the Queſtions which the Habit and the Weakneſs of a finite Mind, willing to embrace the Infinite after its ſtreightened and contracted Manner, would tempt us to raiſe. I will ſay, O my GOD! How had you already an Eternity of Exiſtence in your ſelf, before

you

you created me? and you have yet another Eternity remaining ſince my Creation, wherein you exiſt for ever! Theſe Words *Already* and *Since* are unworthy of him that is: You cannot ſuffer any Paſt and Future in you. It is a Folly to wiſh to divide your Eternity, which is an indiviſible Permanency; it is to affirm that the Shore withdraws it ſelf, becauſe in going along down the River, I conſtantly make from the Shore, which is immoveable. What a Sot am I! I would attribute to you, O immoveable Truth, the bounded, changeable, and ſucceſſive Being of your Creature! You have not in you any Meaſure, whereby one might meaſure your Exiſtence, for it has neither Bounds nor Parts; you have nothing meaſurable. The ſame Meaſures that one may gather from bounded, changeable, diviſible, and ſucceſſive Beings, cannot ſerve to meaſure you, you who are Infinite, Indiviſible, Unchangeable and Permanent. How ſhall I ſay then, that the ſhort Duration of the Creature is with Relation to your Eternity? Was not you before me? Shall not you be after me? Theſe Words tend to ſignify ſome Truth; but they are in Strictneſs unworthy and improper: What they are truly, is that the Infinite ſurpaſſes the Finite; that in like manner your infinite Exiſtence, in every Senſe, infinitely ſurpaſſes my Exiſtence, which being bounded, has a Beginning, a Preſent and a Future. But it is falſe, that the Creation of your Work divides your Eternity into two Eternities.

ternities. Two Eternities will not make more than one alone. A parted Eternity, that ſhould have one Part before and the other after, would be no more than one true Eternity ; in ſtudying to multiply it, you would deſtroy it ; inaſmuch as one Part would be a Boundary to the other, at the Extremity where they ſhould touch. He that ſays Eternity, if he underſtands what he ſays, ſays only that which is, and nothing beyond it ; for all that is added to this infinite Simplicity, annihilates it. He that ſays Eternity, ſuffers no longer the Language of Time. Time and Eternity cannot be meaſured together, they cannot be compared, and we are miſguided by our own Weakneſs, whenſoever we imagine any Relation between Things ſo diſproportionate. Nevertheleſs O my GOD, you have made ſomething beſides you ; for I am not you, and it is infinitely neceſſary that I ſhould not be ſo. When is it then you have made me ? Was you not before you made me ? But what ſay I ? See how I am fallen again into my Deluſion, and the Queſtions about Time. I ſpeak of you as of my ſelf, or any other tranſient Being, which may be meaſured with my ſelf. That which paſſes away may be meaſured with that which paſſes away ; but what paſſes not, is out of the Way of all Meaſure, and of all Compariſon with what paſſes. It is not permitted to ask, when it began, nor if it were before what is not, nor what is only as it paſſes. You are, and that is all. Oh ! how do I love this

this Word, and how does it fill me, as to all I am to know of you! You are, *He that is.* Whatever differs from this Word, degrades you. This alone reſembles you. In adding Nothing to the Word Being, it does not at all diminiſh your Greatneſs. This Word, I am not afraid to ſay it, is infinitely Perfect like you. There is none but you, that could ſpeak ſo, and include your Infinite in three ſuch ſimple Words. I am not, O my GOD, *He that is.* Alas! I am almoſt that Nothing which is not. I behold my ſelf as an incomprehenſible Middle between Nothing and Being. I am he that has been; I am he that ſhall be; I am he who is no longer what he has been; I am he that is not yet what he ſhall be. And in this middle Station that I am in, an I know not what, that cannot ſtop it ſelf, that has no Conſiſtence, that rowls apace like Water; an I know not what, that I cannot lay hold of, that flies from my Hands, that ceaſes to be as ſoon as ever I attempt to lay hold of it, or to take notice of it; an I know not what, that ends in the ſame Inſtant wherein it begins; ſo that I can never find my ſelf fixed and perfect to my ſelf one Moment, ſo as to ſay barely, *I am.* So that my Continuance is no better than one perpetual Fainting. Oh! how far am I from the Eternity, that is indiviſible, infinite, and is always preſent, whole and intire. How very far am I from being able to comprehend it? It eſcapes me by Means of its being true, ſimple

and immenſe, as my own Being eſcapes me by Means of its being compoſed of Parts, mingled of Truth and Lie, of Being and of Nothing. It is too little to ſay of you, that you had a Being for infinite Ages before I was. I ſhould be aſhamed to talk thus; for this were to meaſure an Infinite by a Finite which is a Half-nothing. Whereas I am afraid to ſay you had a Being before I was, it is not from any Doubt that you having an Exiſtence created me, me who did not exiſt: But it is in order to the Removal from me of all thoſe imperfect Ideas which are below you. Shall I ſay you was before me? No, for here are two Terms which I cannot bear. I may not ſay, You was; for *You was*, implies Time paſt, and a Succeſſion. You are; and to ſpeak ſtrictly, nothing can be attributed to you but what is preſent, immoveable, indiviſible, and infinite. It muſt not be ſaid, You have always been, but, That you are; and this Term *Always*, which is of ſuch Force with Reſpect to the Creature, is too weak for you; for it denotes a Continuity, and not a Permanency. It is better to ſay barely; and without Reſtriction, That you are. O Being! O Being! Your Eternity, which is only your very Being, aſtoniſhes me; but it comforts me too. I am before you as if I were not. I am ſwallowed up in your Infinite; far from meaſuring your Permanency by my continual Flitting, I begin to loſe my ſelf out of Sight, and to find my ſelf no more, and in the whole ſee

no-

nothing but that which is; I mean your ſelf. What I have ſaid of the Paſt, the ſame I ſay of the Future; it cannot be ſaid that you will be after what is paſſing on; for you in nowiſe paſs on ſo that you will not be, but you are. And I deceive my ſelf, whenever I go off from the Preſent, in ſpeaking of you. It is not ſaid of an immoveable Bank, that it out-runs, or that it follows the Stream of the River. It neither out-runs nor follows it, for it goes not at all. What I obſerve of this Bank, with Reſpect to local Immobility, the ſame I ſhould ſay of the infinite Being, with reſpect to Immobility of Exiſtence. That which paſſes on has been and will be, and paſſes from what went before the Future, by an imperceptible Preſent, which can never be defined. But that which paſſes not, exiſts abſolutely, and has only an infinite Preſent. *He Is*, and this is all I am allowed to ſay. He is without Time throughout all the Times of the Creation. Whoſoever goes off from this Simplicity, falls from Eternity into Time. There is therefore in you, O infinite Truth, but one indiviſible and permanent Exiſtence. What we call Eternity *a Parte-poſt*, Eternity *a Parte-ante*, is but an improper Expreſſion. There is no more a Middle than a Beginning and an End. It is not therefore in the Middle of your Eternity, that you have produced any thing without you. I will ſay it three Times over; but theſe three Times make but one. Behold them here, O permanent and

infinite Truth! You are, and nothing is out of you; you are, and what was not, begins to to be out of you. You are, and that which was out of you ceaſes to be. But theſe three Repetitions of theſe Terms *You are*, makes only an Infinite that is indiviſible. It is this Eternity it ſelf that remains yet all intire. There is not one Half ſlid by; for it has no Part. That which is eſſentially All-preſent, cannot be Paſt. O Eternity! I cannot comprehend you, for you are infinite; but I conceive whatever I am to exclude from you, that I may never miſtake you. In the mean Time, O my GOD! whatever Attempt I make, not to multiply your Eternity by the Multitude of my bounded Thoughts, it happens that I always make you like my ſelf, and divide your indiviſible Exiſtence. Suffer me then to enter yet once more, into your inacceſſible Light, with which I am blinded. Is it not true, that you could create one Thing before you created another? Since this is poſſible, I have a Right to ſuppoſe it. What you have not yet made, doubtleſs will not come to paſs, till after what you have already made. The Creation is not only the Creature produced out of you, it includes alſo the Action whereby you produce this Creature. If your Creations are ſome ſooner than others, they are ſucceſſive; if your Actions are ſucceſſive, behold a Succeſſion in you, and by Conſequence, behold Time in Eternity it ſelf.

To unfold this Difficulty, I obſerve, that betwixt you and your Works, is all the Difference that ſhould be between the Infinite and the Finite, between what is Permanent and what is Fluid or Succeſſive. That which is finite and diviſible, may be compared to, and meaſured by what is Finite and Diviſible: So that you have ſet an Order or Rank amongſt your Creatures, with Relation to their Bounds; but this Order, this Rank, this Relation, which reſults from the Bounds of your Creatures can never be in you, who are neither diviſible nor bounded. One Creature therefore may be before another, becauſe each of them has a bounded Exiſtence. But it is falſe and abſurd to think this Succeſſion of Creation is in you. Your Action, by which you create, is your ſelf; otherwiſe you could not act, without ceaſing to be uncompounded and indiviſible; for which Reaſon we muſt conceive, that you are eternally creating whatſoever it pleaſes you to create. On your Part, you create eternally by a ſimple, infinite and permanent Action, which is your ſelf. On the Part of the Creation that is not created eternally, the Limitation is in it, and not in your Action. What you eternally create, is not otherwiſe than infinite, becauſe the infinite and indiviſible Exiſtence communicates no more to what is out of it, than a bounded and diviſible Exiſtence. Therefore you do not create one thing ſooner than another, by a Succeſſion in you, though this thing muſt have exi-

ſted two thouſand Years ſooner than another. Theſe Relations are between your Works, but the Relations of Bounds cannot reach to you. You know the Relations you have made; but the Knowledge of the Bounds of your Work, does not ſet any Bound to you. You behold in the Courſe of diviſible and bounded Exiſtence, what I call the Preſent, the Paſt, and the Future; but you ſee theſe Things out of your ſelf; and no one Thing can be more preſent to you than another. You take in all equally by your indiviſible Infinite. That which is no more, is no more, and its Ceſſation is real; but that ſame permanent Exiſtence, to which that which is no more, was preſent, whilſt it was in Being, is yet the ſame, whilſt another tranſient Thing has taken the Place of that which is annihilated.

Whereas your Exiſtence has no Part, a thing that is tranſient cannot in its Paſſage anſwer to one Part rather than another of your indiviſible Exiſtence; or to ſpeak more clearly, it cannot anſwer to a Nothing; for there is no Proportion conceivable between the indiviſible Infinite, and that which is diviſible and tranſient. Notwithſtanding there muſt neceſſarily be ſome Relation between the Worker and the Work, but very good Care muſt be taken not to imagine any Relation of Succeſſion and of Bounds. The only Relation that ought to be conceived, is, that he who is, and who cannot ceaſe to be, cauſes that which is not, to receive from him a boun-

a bounded Exiſtence, and which begins in order to an End.

All other Relation, O my GOD, deſtroys your Permanency, and your infinite Simplicity. You are ſo great, and ſo pure in your Perfection, that whatſoever I mingle of my own, with the Idea I have of you, cauſes it immediately, not to be any longer your ſelf. I paſs my Time in contemplating your Infinite; I ſee it, and am not able to doubt: But as ſoon as I aim at comprehending it, it flies from me; it is no more it; I relapſe into the Finite; I ſee enough to convince me, and to reprove me whenſoever I have conceived what is leſs than your ſelf; but hardly am I got up again, before fall back with my own Weight. So that there is a continual Jumble, of what you are and what I am. I can neither wholly impoſe upon my ſelf, nor get my ſelf fixed in the Enjoyment of your Truth. I ſee you after the ſame Manner that I exiſt: In me all is finite and tranſient, I ſee by my ſhort and fluid Thoughts, the Infinite that never flows. Very far from not knowing you in this Perplexity; I acknowledge you by the neceſſary Character of the Infinite, which would be no longer Infinite, if the Finite could attain to it. It is not a Cloud that covers your Truth; it is the Brightneſs of this Truth it ſelf that is too hard for me. It is becauſe you are too clear and too bright, that I cannot fix my Sight upon you. I do not at all wonder that I cannot comprehend you; but cannot e-

nough admire that I can have even a Glimpſe of you, and that I diſcover my Miſtake whenſoever I take any Thing elſe for you, or aſcribe to you what does not beſit you.

IMMENSITY.

Having conſidered the Eternity and Immutability of GOD, which are the ſame Thing, I come now to inquire concerning his Immenſity. Foraſmuch as he is of himſelf, he is ſupremely, he has all Being in him eminently, and after the moſt perfect Manner. Foraſmuch as he has all Being in him, he has undoubtedly the Reality and the Perfection of Extenſion. Extenſion is a manner of Being, whereof I have an Idea. I have already ſeen that my Ideas, as to the Eſſence of Things, are ſome real Degrees of Being, that are formally and eminently in GOD, and which are poſſible out of him, inaſmuch as he can produce them. The Reality and Perfection of Extenſion is then in him, and he cannot otherwiſe produce it out of himſelf, than as it is eminently contained in the Plenitude of his Being. Whence then is it, that I do not call him extended and corporeal? It is becauſe there is a vaſt Difference, as I have already noted, between attributing to GOD all that is poſitive and perfect in Extenſion, or attributing to him Extenſion with a Limit or Negation.

He

He that ſets an Extenſion without Limit, changes the Extenſion into Immenſity. He that places the Extenſion with a Limitation, makes a corporeal Nature. And ſince you ſet not any Limit to the Extenſion, you take from its Figure, Diviſibility, Motion, and Impenetrability; Figure, becauſe it is a Manner of Being limited by a Superficies; Diviſibility, becauſe what is infinite, as we have ſeen, cannot be leſſened, nor conſequently divided, nor by Conſequence compounded and diviſible; Motion, becauſe if you ſuppoſe a Whole that has neither Part nor Limit, it can neither be moved out of its Place, becauſe there can be no Place beyond the true Infinite; nor change the Order and Situation of its Parts, becauſe there is no Part whereof it might be compounded: Nor, laſtly, Impenetrability, becauſe there is no conceiving Impenetrability, but by conceiving two limited Bodies, whereof the one is not the other, and whereof the one cannot poſſeſs the ſame Space with the other.

Theſe Principles being laid, it follows that all that is poſitive in Extenſion, is in GOD, without GOD's either having any Shape, or Being capable of Motion, or diviſible, or impenetrable, or by Conſequence palpable, or by Conſequence meaſurable. He is no more in one certain preciſe Place, than in a certain Time. For he has not by his abſolute and infinite Being any Relation to Places and Times, which are but Bounds and Reſtrictions of Being. In-

quire whether he is beyond the Univerſe, whether he paſſes its Extremities in Length, Breadth and Profoundity? This is in one Senſe to put a Queſtion as abſurd as to ask, Whether he had a Being before the World was; and whether he ſhall again be after the World ſhall ceaſe to be? As there cannot be in GOD either Paſt or Future, ſo neither can there be in him either Beyond, or, On this Side. As abſolute Permanency excludes all Meaſure of Succeſſion, Immenſity does no leſs exclude all Meaſure of Extenſion. He has not been, he ſhall not be; but, He is. In like Manner, to ſpeak properly, he is not here, he is not there; he is not beyond ſuch a Limit, but he is abſolutely. All theſe Expreſſions which refer to any Term that fixes him to a certain Place, are improper and indecent. Where is he then? He is; and he is in ſuch a Manner, that great Heed ſhould be taken of asking where. That which has but Half a Being, that that is only with its Boundary, is after ſuch a Sort, a certain Thing, that it is only that Thing preciſely. As for him, he is not preciſely any Thing ſingular and reſtrained: He is the Being; or to ſpeak yet more to the Purpoſe, by ſpeaking more ſimply, *He Is*; for the leſs we ſpeak of him in Words, the more is ſaid by Things. *He is*; be very careful to add nothing to him. Other Beings that are but by Halves, crippled Beings, and imperceptible Portions of Being, are not ſimply. We are reduced to ask, when and where is that which

which they are? If they are, they have not been, and they ſhall not be hereafter. If they are here, they are not there. Theſe two Queſtions, *When and How*, exhauſts their Being; but for him that Is, all is ſaid, when it is ſaid, that he Is. He that again askes any Thing, has comprehended nothing of the only Thing that he ought to conceive. The Infinite and Indiviſible cannot anſwer to any Diviſible and Finite Being, which we call Body. But ſhall I ſtick at ſaying, he is every where? No, I will not ſtick at all to ſay ſo, if there be Occaſion for it, by Way of Accommodation to my imperfect Notions. I will beware very carefully, of attributing to him a corporeal Preſence in any Place; for he is not Body; he has no Superficies contiguous to the Superficies of other Bodies. But I will attribute to him, in order to my better underſtanding him, a Preſence of Immenſity; that is to ſay, that as at any Time we are always to ſay of GOD, He is, without reſtraining him by ſaying, He is to Day; in like Manner, in every Place we are to ſay, He is, without reſtraining him by ſaying, He is here. But yet once more. Is not this to rob him of a Perfection, and my ſelf of a wonderful Conſolation, in not daring to ſay, He is here? Very well; I will ſay it as oft as you will, provided that I underſtand it as I ought. When I am afraid of ſaying, that he is preſent here, this is not to attribute to him ſomething leſs real, and leſs great than Preſence; it is on

the contrary, to raiſe my ſelf to a purer Manner of conceiving him in the univerſal Simplicity; it is to acknowledge, that he is infinitely more than preſent.

I affirm, that to ſay he is ſimply and abſolutely, is infinitely more than to ſay, that he is every where; for he that ſays, Every where, ſpeaks of ſome Places, and by Conſequence of a Thing that has Bounds. Places are the Suficies of Bodies, and by Conſequence true Bodies, which are diviſible, and neceſſarily have their Bounds. It is true, I cannot conceive any Place where GOD does not act; that is to ſay, any Being that GOD does not inſtantly produce. All Place is Body. There is not any Body on which GOD acts not, and which ſubſiſts not by the actual Operation of GOD. Wherefore it is plain, that there is no Place where GOD does not work. But there is a great Difference between working upon a Body, and correſponding to a Body. I cannot conceive the local Preſence, but by the local Relation of a Subſtance to a Subſtance. There is no local Relation between a Subſtance that has neither Bounds nor Place, and a Subſtance that has Bounds and Shape. Whence it is manifeſt, that when we ſay of GOD, he is in a Body, this is to be underſtood of his acting upon that Body; for there can be no local Relation by Means of his Subſtance to the Body. But, where is he then? Is he no where? I anſwer, there is no particular Place for him; he exiſts too much

to

to exiſt within any Bounds, and by Conſequence to be preſent by his Subſtance in one certain Place, rather than in another. Theſe Sort of Queſtions which appear ſo intricate, are not ſo for any other Reaſon, but becauſe People ſet themſelves unreaſonably to anſwer them. Inſtead of anſwering, they ſhould be ſuppreſſed. This is as if a Man ſhould ask, Of what Wood is that Marble Statue? Of what Colour is that clear Water that has no Colour? Of what Age is the Child that is not yet born? What becomes then of thoſe Ideas of Immenſity, which repreſent GOD as filling all Spaces of the Univerſe, and reaching infinitely beyond them? Theſe are not the Ideas of my Mind conſidering rightly with it ſelf; they are on the contrary Imaginations, whereby I endeavour to repreſent to my ſelf that which is above all Repreſentation. To ſpeak worthily of GOD, he is neither within nor without the World; for an infinite Being has neither within nor without, which are Terms of Meaſure. This Error wholly proceeds from hence, that the Ideas of Eternity and Immenſity, are too high for us, by reaſon of their Character of Infinite, and eſcape us through their Simplicity. We are always apt to ſlip into what is compounded, and what is finite, into Number and into Meaſure. That a Man fancies contrary to his own Ideas, an Image of Eternity, which is only a confuſed Train or Succeſſion of Ages even to Infinity; and a falſe Immenſity, which is

but

but a confuſed Compoſition of Space and Subſtance to an infinite Degree: But all this has no Relation to the true Eternity and Immenſity. Theſe Succeſſions of Ages, theſe Collections of Space, filled with Subſtances, are diviſible, and by Conſequence, have eſſentially their Bounds; though I do not actually and diſtinctly repreſent ſuch Bounds to my ſelf, when I conſider theſe Objects. So likewiſe when I attribute to them Infinity, I contradict my ſelf, like one diſtracted, and I ſpeak a Thing that never can have any Senſe. The only true Manner of contemplating the Eternity and Immenſity of GOD, is firmly to believe, that he cannot have in him either Time or Place; that all Queſtions about Time and Place are impertinent with reſpect to him; that we are not to anſwer categorically and ſeriouſly, but by calling to Mind their Abſurdity, and impoſing a perpetual Silence upon them. Theſe two Things, I mean Eternity and Immenſity, have a wonderful Relation between them; ſo that they are really but the ſame Thing; that is to ſay, the ſimple and unlimited Being. Do but ſcrupulouſly lay aſide every bounded Idea, and you will no longer heſitate by Means of vain Queſtions. GOD IS; and whatſoever you add to theſe two Words, though with the faireſt Pretences, obſcures inſtead of illuſtrating. To ſay he is always, is to fall back into an equivocal Phraſe, and prepare our ſelves to be deluded. *Always* may mean a Succeſſion that ſhall never

never end. And GOD has not the Succeſſion of any Age, how infinitely durable ſoever it be ſuppoſed. Thus to ſay, He is, ſays more than to ſay, He is always. In like Manner to ſay, He is every where, ſays leſs than to ſay, He is; for to ſay, He is every where, may ſignify, that the Subſtance of GOD is extended, and has a local Relation to all diviſible Spaces; but the infinite Indiviſible cannot have this local Relation of Subſtance, with the diviſible and meaſurable Bodies. It is therefore true, that to ſpeak ſtrictly, it is much better to ſay, That GOD is, than to ſay, That He is always and every where. If GOD acts upon a Body, it does not follow from hence, that he is in this Body by a local Preſence; the infinite Indiviſible though without Relation on his Side to a finite Diviſible, ceaſes not to act upon it. In like manner, though GOD acts upon Time, or the Succeſſion of Creatures, yet does it not follow, that he is in any Time or Change of the Creature. The Immenſe limits and ranges all. The Immoveable moves all. He that is, makes every Thing with Meaſure, both for Extenſion and Duration. Things limited may be compared and related by their Bounds one to another. The infinite Indiviſible cannot be either compared, or related, or meaſured; in him all is abſolute, and no relative Term can agree to him; he is no more in the World which he has created, than out of the World in the Spaces which he has not created; for his

his Immenſity is not fixed to any Place, for ſo it would be no more Immenſity. He has not been in a certain Time, creating certain Things rather than others, though he has added a Succeſſion to the limited Exiſtence of his Creatures; for he is eternally creating whatſoever was to be created, and exiſts ſucceſſively. In like manner, he has in him the ſame Relation to the fartheſt of thoſe Parts that compoſe the Univerſe. Bounds being ſet to the Creature, and not to him, it follows that the Relations, the Succeſſions and Meaſures, are ſolely in the Creatures, and it is unlawful to aſcribe any of them to him. He is eternally creating that which is created to Day; as he is alſo eternally creating that which was created on the firſt Day of the Univerſe. Thus too he is immenſe in the ſmalleſt Creatures, as well as in the greateſt. The Order and Relations are in the Creatures amongſt themſelves. Compare them among themſelves, it is true to ſay, that one Creature is older than another; that one is more extenſive, or farther removed than the other. The Bounds cauſe this Order and this Relation. It is true alſo, that GOD ſees this Order and this Relation which he has made in his Works; but this Diviſion which he ſees in the finite Diviſible is not in him, ſeeing he is indiviſible and infinite; for he is neither divided nor bounded, in making ſeparately from himſelf diviſible and limited Beings. Farther, far from me be all thoſe unreaſonable Queſtions, whereby I find

my

my GOD is not known. He is more than always, for he Is. He is then every where, for he Is. In him is neither finite nor local Preſence, nor Abſence; inaſmuch as he has no Place or Bounds, he has neither on this Side, nor beyond, nor within, nor without. He Is, and all Things are from him. It may be ſaid indeed, that they are in him; yet not to ſignify, that he is in their Place, and under their Superficies; but to repreſent the more ſenſibly, that he acts upon every Thing that is. And beſides the bounded Beings, he can produce others of greater Extenſion, upon which he might act with the ſame Power. O my GOD, how great are you! few Thoughts reach home to you; and when we begin to conceive you, it is not in our Power to expreſs you. Our Terms fail us; the moſt ſimple are the beſt; the moſt figurative and moſt multiplied are the leaſt proper. He that is ſober and wiſe, after having ſaid you Are, will not venture to add any Thing more. The more a Man contemplates you, the more deſirous will he be ſilently to conſider what this Being is, which is Being and no more, and which is the moſt a Being of all Beings, and which is Being in ſo ſuperlative a Manner, that he alone gives Being to every Thing that is, as it pleaſes him. When I behold you, O pure and infinite Truth, I am immediately ſtruck dumb; but I become, if I may take upon me to ſay ſo, like you; my Sight becomes pure and indiviſible like you. It is not by running over

the

the Multitude of your Perfections, that I have a right Conception of you; but on the contrary, by multiplying them, the better to conſider them, with their divers Relations and divers Appearances, I weaken, I impair the Idea I have of you; I am my ſelf impaired, I grow weak, I am confounded. This Heap of divers Words is no more my GOD. Theſe divided and diſtinguiſhed Infinites ceaſe to be the ſimple Infinite, which is the only true Infinite. O how much better do I love to behold you wholly reunited in your ſelf; with one Look only I ſee the Being, and I have ſeen all; I have taken it from its Spring; I have almoſt ſeen you Face to Face, it is your ſelf; For who are you but the Being? And what can poſſibly be added that might exceed this great Expreſſion? Alas! How can this be done; I who am that which is not, or at beſt but a *Je ne ſçai quoi*, which cannot be found or named, and in a Moment is no more. I, a meer Nothing; I, the ſhadow of Being. I ſee him who is; and by naming him who is by way of Excellence, I have ſaid all, and do not fear I have ſaid too little. Henceforward he is no more confined with Reſpect to Times or Places; infinite Worlds, ſuch as I can frame to my ſelf; infinite Ages, imagined after the ſame Manner, are nothing in the Preſence of him that is. He ſtrikes me with Aſtoniſhment, and I am in a Rapture; I faint at the Sight of him, and he is my Joy. I ſtammer, and do ſo much more than ſtammer, that I have not a Word

Word remaining to ſay, neither what he is, nor what I am not, nor what he does in me, nor what I conceive of him.

But, O my GOD, ſhall I fear that you will not hearken unto me, or that you abſent your ſelf from me, ſeeing I have acknowledged it unworthy of you, to attribute to you a local and bounded Preſence, in every Part of the Univerſe? No, no, my GOD, I will not fear it. I hear you, and you underſtand me better than all your Creatures underſtand me. You are more than Preſent with me; you are within me, more than my ſelf. I am in the very Place where I am, only in a finite Manner. You are infinitely, and your working in me is infinite. You are by no Means bounded any Way. I find you every where. You are there as much as I, and infinitely more; and I go there only becauſe you carry me. I leave you in the Place I go from, and I meet with you whereſoever I go; you attend me at the Place where I arrive. Behold, O my GOD, what my weak Comprehenſion enables me to ſay, or rather to ſtammer. Theſe improper and imperfect Words are the Language of a weak and dull Love. I ſpeak them for my ſelf, and not for you, to ſatisfy my own Heart, not to inform my ſelf, nor to praiſe you worthily. When I ſpeak in your Behalf, I find all my Expreſſions low and impure. I return to the Being; I fly even to him that is; I am no more in my ſelf, nor my own ſelf; I paſs into him that ſees, into him

that

that is. I ſee him, I loſe my ſelf, I underſtand my ſelf, but I cannot make my ſelf underſtood. What I ſee puts an End to all Curioſity; without Reaſoning, I ſee the univerſal Truth; I ſee, and it is my Life; I ſee that which is, and do not deſire to ſee that which is not. When will it be that I may ſee that which is; ſo as no longer to have any other than this fixed Sight? When ſhall I be united to it, by this unmix'd and permanent View? When ſhall my whole ſelf be reduced to this only immutable Word, He is, He is, He is? If I add, he will be to eternal Ages, this is to ſpeak ſuitable to my Weakneſs, and not ſo as to expreſs his Perfection to better Advantage.

F I N I S.

The Approbation of Mr. BRITTON, *Doctor and Profeſſor of the* Sorbonne.

I Have read over, by Order of my Lord Chancellor, *The Demonſtration of the* EXISTENCE *of* GOD, *and of his* ATTRIBUTES, *taken from the Idea of the moſt perfect* BEING, by the late M. *de Fenelon*, Arch-Biſhop of *Cambray*. Thoſe that have a Taſte for the ſublimeſt Metaphyſicks, will find enough in it to ſatisfy themſelves.

Done at the *Sorbonne*.
June 17*th*, 1718.

THE

THE REFLECTIONS OF Father *Tournemine*, a Jeſuite, Upon ATHEISM.

Upon my Lord of *Cambray*'s Demonſtration, and upon *Spinoſa*'s Syſtem.

Which ſerved for a Preface to the Two Former Editions of the Demonſtration.

Now Enlarged.

Where is ſhewn, I. *That there never were any true Atheiſts, fully perſwaded.* II. *It is however neceſſary to write of the Exiſtence of GOD, for confirming thoſe that doubt, and to confound thoſe that are inclinable to doubting.* III. *That the Arguments for the Exiſtence of GOD, drawn from the Knowledge of Nature, are moſt ſenſible.* IV. *That our celebrated Author has ſet them in their full Light.* V. *That he has laid down the neceſſary Principles for confuting the Doctrine of* Spinoſa. VI. *The Author of the Preface intirely confutes this Sort of Atheiſm.* VII. *He confutes the Atheiſm of the Immaterialiſts.*

NOthing is more ſhameful for us, or better declares our Corruption, than the Neceſſity zealous Perſons are under, of writing about

bout the Exiſtence of GOD. Reaſon, it is true, is not in any Man weakned to ſuch a Degree, as intirely to forget his Creator, and not to know a Truth, which he has taken Care to engrave upon every Part of his Workmanſhip. To know that we exiſt, is almoſt to know that GOD himſelf exiſts. The Idea of our ſelves is ſo perfectly united to that of GOD, that a Man cannot a little uncover the Firſt, without being ſtruck with the Brightneſs ſent forth by the Second. There is no getting out of the Reach of its Splendor; and tho' there have been ſome that were Counterfeiters of Atheiſm, yet there never have been any true Atheiſts. The Opinion People have of the Inſincerity of wicked Men, is founded upon the Confeſſion the moſt hardned amongſt them have made upon a thouſand Occaſions, that they could not help believing that there is a GOD, even when they were moſt induſtriouſly bent upon extirpating the Belief of him. Neither the ſmall Numbers of thoſe who have not dealt thus openly, nor the Madneſs of three or four that have dared to maintain their Impiety to their Deaths, is ſufficient to deſtroy the full Proof that this Confeſſion affords. Diſſimulation may be carried a great Way, and an obſtinate Love of imaginary Glory, and I know not what Fury that poſſeſſes a Soul abandoned by GOD, tranſport it, and engage it in the moſt conſummate Wickedneſs. The Deſpair of one that believes without Doubt there is a GOD, and perceives himſelf

ſelf ready to feel the Rigour of his Juſtice, and yet refuſes to be reconciled to him, is a Diſpoſition more fantaſtical, than the obſtinate Diſſimulation of the pretended Atheiſt; and yet it is but too common.

The late Mr. *Bayle*, who in our own Days has undertaken to apologize for Atheiſm, to ſhew his Wit, and the great Talent he had at diſputing *Pro* and *Con* upon every Subject, almoſt as *Iſocrates* and *Cardan* undertook the Commendation of *Buſiris* and of *Nero*; Mr. *Bayle*, I ſay, ſpeaks of certain barbarous People without any Knowledge of GOD; but he ſpeaks it meerly upon the Credit of ſuch Relations, as were not of ſufficient Authority, and were contradicted by other more faithful Relations. Now if we would ſtick to the Relations he cites, the Cauſe he defends would not at all become the better for it. When People maintain, that the Exiſtence of GOD is a Truth ſo clear, that let us labour all we can, we ſhall not be able intirely to darken it, they ſpeak of Men that make ſome uſe of their Reaſon; thoſe Barbarians, to whom Mr. *Bayle* imputes an intire Ignorance of GOD, and little more of Men than their Shape; they were void of Reaſon as well as of Religion.

Were they ſo void of Religion as to have fallen into a true Atheiſm? No. If we make a Judgment even from the falſe Relations of Mr. *Bayle*, they are far from being perſwaded that there is no GOD, no Maker of the World. Their State of Mind cannot paſs for Incredulity;

credulity; it is a pure Forgetfulneſs of G O D. Being ſunk down into Matter, employed about the Objects of Senſe, they have never thought of G O D, never followed thoſe Reflections that Nature ſuggeſted to them. But ſure a Forgetfulneſs of GOD is not Atheiſm. How many Worldlings, Chriſtians in the Heart, paſs a long Time without thinking of G O D, or the Duties of Religion? Muſt theſe be placed in the Number of Atheiſts?

When any of thoſe Barbarians have been examined about the Original of the World, when they have been forcd in ſome Meaſure to diſcover their Ideas, the Arguments for the Exiſtence of G O D had their never failing Effect upon theſe ſenſeleſs Souls, and they have confeſſed a G O D. The cleareſt Proofs are no Proofs to ſuch as will not attend to them.

But, ſays Mr. *Bayle*, behold a numerous and a learned Sect in *China*, which makes an open Profeſſion of Atheiſm, yet Mr. *Bayle* depends, for this Article, upon ſome imprudent Relations. The learned Sect he ſpeaks of, ought not to paſs for Atheiſts. It is true, ſome modern Doctors of this Sect, have been miſtaken as to the Eſſence of G O D; they conceive the the Divinity to be, I know not what Virtue ſpread abroad in the Univerſe, and eſpecialy in the material Heaven, its principal Inſtrument. And after all, to be thus miſtaken, is not to deny the Exiſtence of G O D; it is not to be Atheiſts. Idolaters have too mean Ideas of the

Divinity, and are not Atheiſts. Nay farther, we cannot ſpeak of the Divinity in more magnificent Terms, than thoſe the learned amongſt the *Chineſes* uſe. They attribute to it the ſame Perfections that we attribute to it. They expreſs themſelves as we do, about the Creation and Preſervation of the Univerſe, and about Providence. See here a very particular Sort of Atheiſm. No certainly, they are not not ſuch. They are ſo little ſuch, that the monſtrous Error they follow, could not enter in their Minds, except they accommodated themſelves to the natural Idea Men have of GOD, and as they gave to their chimerical *Lie* the Traces of the Divinity.

A Theological Plan of Paganiſm.

I ſpeak not of the pretended Atheiſts amongſt the Pagans; Father *Morgan* has ſhewn, that they were the leaſt wicked of all the Pagans; and at another Time Mr. *Bayle* gives us them up, and agrees there is no Certainty that their Impiety, ſuppoſing it to have aimed at undermining the Belief of a ſupreme GOD, proceeded farther than to a Doubting: The moſt reſolved Diſputant would be obliged, *ſays he*, to own his Weakneſs, as ſoon as Inquiry ſhould be made for Proof of this Fact.

Mr. *Bayle* is forced therefore to promiſe, that five or ſix of the Followers of *Spinoſa* ſhould come upon Promiſe of a ſafe Conduct, and declares publickly, that they look upon Atheiſm as a moſt certain Syſtem. He asks us, Whether we will

will believe them? No, we will by no Means believe them, unleſs they give us ſome Marks of Folly. And what will hinder us from believing them, is, that of ſo many impious Wretches as have been converted, there is not found to this Day ſo much as one, who owns himſelf to have been, though but for one Moment, perſwaded, that there was no GOD; and that an hundred of theſe Ungodly that have never been converted, have profeſſed, that with all their heartieſt Endeavours, they never could carry their Incredulity beyond a Doubt, nor totally extinguiſh that *Light, which enlightens every Man that cometh into the World.*

Wherefore it is certain, that as there are no true Atheiſts, ſo neither is it for ſuch that any write upon the Exiſtence of GOD; and that whenſoever any undertake to prove this, it is not done with a Deſign to undeceive convinced Minds, but to fix ſuch as are wavering. We do not ſtrive againſt a ſettled Error, but ſtudy to prevent and diſpel Doubting.

If there are no Atheiſts, *ſome will ſay*, it is to no Purpoſe to write of the Exiſtence of GOD. Is it then to no Purpoſe to diſplay the Beauty of Virtue to an innocent Perſon, whilſt under Temptation? Are Treatiſes of Morality of uſe to none but ſuch Sinners as have violated the Laws? A Book that fixes the Certainty of the Mind, that diſarms the Paſſions of thoſe Inſtruments they make uſe of for vanquiſhing the beſt grounded Remorſe; a Book

that lays open the Myſtery of Iniquity, that diſcovers how in the Heart of a Libertine, Deſires ſupply the Place of Reaſon; a Book that expoſes the Ridiculouſneſs of affected Impiety: Is this an uſeleſs Book? Let it be that there are no Atheiſts; however, it is neceſſary to write of the Exiſtence of GOD, for confounding ſuch as deſire to become Atheiſts.

There being no Atheiſts, Muſt our confuſion be the leſs? Are we to bluſh leſs at the Crime of the Wicked, than we would bluſh at the Blindneſs of a true Atheiſt? And if the Weakneſs of a Mind, from which the cleareſt Truth were intirely hidden, is a Diſhonour to human Nature, the Perverſneſs of an Heart that ſeeks to hide the cleareſt Truth from it ſelf, and glories in being ignorant of, and oppoſing it, is this a leſs Diſhonour to Mankind? What Horror are we not to have for ſuch hardned Sinners, who rebel as they are againſt the chief of all the Sovereigns, ungrateful to the liberaleſt of all Benefactors, and being inwardly perſwaded of his Exiſtence, uſe all their utmoſt Force to root this Perſwaſion out of their Minds, ſtudy to doubt, labour continually to raiſe Clouds whereby to darken this Light ſo bright they cannot extinguiſh it, ſpend themſelves in Syſtems which at leaſt makes others to doubt, and increaſes the Number of Uubelievers, the miſerable and only Refuge they have left them, for aſſwaging their Remorſe, and giving, if poſſible, to Incredulity, an Appearance of Authority,

thority, by the apparent Multitude of Unbelievers?

A Wit, famous for his Zeal to propagate Impiety, ſincerely owned to me, that he did not omit any Thing for perſwading others to believe, what he did not believe himſelf. He flattered himſelf with a vain Hope, that he ſhould at laſt believe, what he ſaw believed by many; and that the Numbers he ſhould have convinced, would be a Sort of new Demonſtration for him. If the Wicked would deal fairly, they would yield that the Diſpoſition of this Man, is the Diſpoſition moſt common amongſt themſelves.

Oh how vain are all their Attempts! All Truths are ſo united to this great Truth, that each of them becomes an Evidence for it. The Mind can apply it ſelf to nothing, that does not preſent GOD to it. Let the Metaphyſician loſe himſelf in the Subtilties of the abſtracted Science, let him follow the Paths that few People follow; there he will meet with GOD. Let the Mathematician buſy himſelf ſolely about Bodies, and their ſenſible Meaſures; there he diſcovers GOD, notwithſtanding his being a Spirit. Let a Lover of Hiſtory charge his Memory with Events; the Wiſdom, the Juſtice, the Goodneſs of GOD, the Maſter of all Events, cannot be unknown to him; and the Hiſtory of Religion, whereto he ſees every Thing referred by a ſupreme Intelligence, becomes to him a Demonſtration of the Exi-

ſtence of this Intelligence. Let a Traveller wander over divers Countries, he finds GOD every where, known at leaſt confuſedly, and he eaſily perſwades himſelf, that he muſt be a Beaſt not to know him.

But of all Arguments, the moſt evident is that which is taken from the Knowledge of the Univerſe, and particularly from the Knowledge of Man. We learn from St. *Paul* and *The Wiſe Man*, or rather the Holy Ghoſt, whoſe Inſtruments they were, teaches us by them, that this Demonſtration convinced the Philoſophers, and ought to convince every conſidering Man. It is ſet before us in ſo many Places of the *Pſalms*, and the royal Prophet is ſo ſublime, ſo affecting, when he explains it, that we may eaſily ſee it entred into his Soul. The holy Fathers underſtood the Force of it, and they forgot nothing that might ſet it in a clear Light, being fitted with a juſt Confidence, that it would be ſufficient for the Deſtruction of Iniquity. *Minutius Fælix* in his Dialogue; *Lactantius* in his Book of the Workmanſhip of GOD; St. *Athanaſius* in his Treatiſe againſt the *Gentiles*; St. *Gregory Nazianzen* in his 34th Oration; St. *Baſil* and St. *Gregory Nyſſen*, in their Expoſitions of the firſt Chapter of *Geneſis*, have employ'd all their Eloquence, to raiſe a Senſe of this Demonſtration. *Granada* has enlarged upon it beyond all the holy Doctors in his Catechiſm, and it is brought into a leſs Compaſs, to render the Argument the more familiar.

Where-

Wherefore the Author whoſe Work we now publiſh, ſet himſelf, after ſo many great Men, to ſearch it to the Bottom, to maintain it upon Principles of the moſt exact Philoſophy, and at the ſame Time to adapt it to the Capacity of the Weakeſt. Our Age has few Men able to execute ſo great a Deſign. He that formed it, executed it perfectly. It would require a ſublime Genius to penetrate all the ſecret Powers of Nature, to paint its Beauty. It would require an eaſy Genius, an Eloquence fluent, diverſified, ſmooth, inſinuating, to render theſe Beauties ſenſible, to lower, even to the Underſtanding of the People, that which Philoſophy has exalted to the higheſt Pitch; to open a Way into the deep Things of GOD, it would require a firm and ſubtile Genius to prevent all the fraudulent Artifices of the Wicked. Theſe Qualities appeared in the Work, and diſcover the Author, whom his Style alone would have ſufficiently diſcovered.

It is pity that the Publick ſhould receive no other Benefit by it, but what comes abroad as got from him by Stealth. If he would have reviewed this Work, he might perhaps have taken Notice of ſuch Defects in it, as none elſe will diſcover.

After all, the Work, ſuch as it appears, is the beſt we have of the Kind, and the quick Sale of the firſt Edition, proves the Publick to have judged of it as I do.

However, two Remarks have been made upon it, which deſerve to be enquired into. The Author, *ſays one*, inſiſts in ſome Places upon new Opinions, much diſputed, and at a great Diſtance from a Certainty of Principles. The Anſwer to this Objection is not at all difficult; it treats chiefly of the 58th, and 65th Articles; and it may be ſaid, that the Author having in the preceding Articles offered univerſal Proofs, and fitted for all Sorts, in theſe particular Articles offers reſpective Arguments, ſuch as we term *ad hominem*, built upon Principles received by the adverſe Party, againſt whom the Diſputation is. Theſe are Demonſtrations in Favour of the *Carteſians*, and the Followers of *Malbranche*; theſe the Author ought not to forget. But then it is ſaid, he ought to have forgotten the Diſciples of *Spinoſa*. This is the other Remark.

This Obſervation is yet more frivolous than the former. The Work we now publiſh was written long ſince, and the illuſtrious Author has not put his laſt Hand to it. If the Work ever come again under his Inſpection, the Diſciples of *Spinoſa* will not be ſpared. The Author will give a Light to the Syſtem, which is only become famous by Means of its Obſcurity; and he will eaſily ſhew, that he has already abſolutely deſtroyed it in this Work, in combating the other Species of Atheiſm. Till his great Employments ſhall give him Leiſure to do it, I could not refuſe ſome Perſons for whom

whom I ought to have an abſolute Submiſſion, ſome Reflections which will but ill ſupply the Place of thoſe the illuſtrious Author has not made

The Syſtem of *Spinoſa* has nothing new, but ſome Principles whereto he labours to accommodate it, and an obſcure Language wherein he has wrapped it. Thoſe Philoſophers who oppoſed the Exiſtence of GOD, ſoon found themſelves expoſed to a thouſand invincible Objections, and that they could not recover their Ground, how little ſoever, without having continually too large a Field to defend: That the Syſtems which they would ſubſtitute in the Room of the true Syſtem of the Formation of the Univerſe, being compoſed of Fictions, let us ſee on all Sides the Inconſiſtency of the ſeveral Parts of them; and that in multiplying the Suppoſitions whereupon they founded them, they multiplied Contradictions. When Truth is attacked, the Objections muſt not be too ſimple and too obſcure, for fear of giving an Advantage. Some ancient Advocates for Atheiſm have betaken themſelves to this Method. Thoſe that were wiſer than the *Epicureans*, without entering into a particular Enumeration, contented themſelves with ſaying, that all the Beings which have been, which are, and which ſhall be the neceſſary Productions of an eternal Subſtance, proceed from it in ſuch a Manner, that this Subſtance cannot avoid producing them, nor can produce others, nor produce theſe otherwiſe. In a Word, that all

is neceſſarily ſuch as it is; that thus there is no other GOD but the World, the whole, the univerſal Being: This eternal and neceſſary Fountain of all that appears, this only Subſtance of which every Thing that exiſts, are but Portions, and whatever happens, but Affections.

To ſhew the Weakneſs of this Syſtem, there needs only a little to diſperſe the Darkneſſes that encompaſs it, and force its Advocates to explain what they would willingly hide even from themſelves.

Let us demand of them in the firſt Place, Whether this Subſtance, the neceſſary Fountain of all Things, be intelligent, or ſenſeleſs, and wholly material? Whether it acts wiſely, or whether it is blind in all its Actions? They can cloſe with neither Part upon this Queſtion, that will not perplex them.

They would fain exclude all Spirit, all Underſtanding, from the Univerſe: But if they anſwer, That the Fountain of all Beings is ſenſeleſs and blind, that it acts in its Productions without Knowledge, and without Deſign; all the Arguments the Author produces from the Structure of the World, and from the Structure of Man, return, and our Adverſaries are obliged to explain how theſe Productions, ſo wiſe, ſo well concerted, proceed from a blind Subſtance. A Myſtery inexplicable to all their Subtilty! They will ſay, There is no need to ſuppoſe an acting Cauſe, that all exiſts by a natural Neceſſity. A wretched Evaſion! What Idea do they form to

them-

themſelves, in pronouncing theſe Words, *All Exiſts by a natural Neceſſity?* The Matter of all is eternal. I will ſuppoſe it for a Moment. Who is it that gives it the different Forms that it takes? Behold this is what I ask, Theſe Men, theſe Animals, theſe Plants, Who faſhioned them? Who diſpoſed their Parts? The Matter, *ſome may ſay*, orders them ſo of it ſelf. I will ſuppoſe this too: But I ask farther, Whether theſe ſucceſſive and neceſſary Diſpoſitions of Matter, are ordered by ſome Knowledge? Or, Whether they be not? The Anſwer muſt be; if it be ſaid that no Knowledge orders them; this is confuted by the wonderful Symmetry of their Proportions, and the Impoſſibility of the wicked Syſtem preſently becomes ſenſible. It is ridiculous; I cannot find out Terms too ſtrong; it is extravagant to think that meer Chance produced an *Iliad*, or built *Verſailles*. Is it leſs ridiculous to think, that Matter alone without an Operator, would ſuffice to perfect theſe admirable Works? Is it leſs extravagant to maintain, that the Univerſe has no Author, and the marvellous Diſpoſition of its Parts is the neceſſary Production of dull and inſenſible Matter?

The beſt concerted Diſpoſition may poſſibly be no more than a neceſſary Conſequence of the Connection of natural Cauſes, ſay the ſubtileſt Advocates for Incredulity; all exiſts naturally, all is eternal. Infinity of Syſtems, an Infinity of Words, have ſucceeded one another

through the vaſt Duration of Eternity. All the Syſtems poſſible have had their Turns. That which our Ignorance makes us admire, it is poſſible, ought to have come in its Order. Chance it ſelf might have built the Univerſe, ſuch as it is. That which appears ſo wiſe, is after all, but a Concourſe of Parts, whoſe meeting together was no Way impoſſible. See here the laſt Entrenchment of the Wicked. The illuſtrious Author of the *Demonſtration*, ſtated this Objection after the Manner of the *Epicureans*, and anſwers it very largely, overturning the whole Syſtem of *Epicurus*, from the 74th Article to the 88th; but the Wicked of our Days have cleared this Objection of the particular Syſtem of *Epicurus*; for which Reaſon it muſt be anſwered in a general Manner; whereto I now apply my ſelf.

I abſolutely deny, that in an infinite Train of Worlds, and different Diſpoſition of Parts of dull Matter, there is one ſuch as ours, a regular one, one that bears the Mark of an infinitely wiſe Artificer. I deny that it is poſſible for a World to be like this, unleſs it has its Being from an infinitely wiſe Artificer. Let us ſuppoſe, as I conſent to do, an infinite Train of Lamps, not one Lamp of this infinite Train will ever be lighted, unleſs it be made of Fire, till the Fire kindle one of theſe Lamps. The Relation between a regular Work, and an intelligent Worker, is not leſs eſſential, than the Relation between a lighted Lamp and Fire.

Sup-

Suppoſe, as much as you pleaſe, an eternal Matter, always in Motion, and ſubject to infinite Changes, its Motion, which ſhall not be regulated by ſome Mover, will never produce any Thing regular; the Seal of Wiſdom can't be impreſſed but by Wiſdom. Chance, that is to ſay, ſuch Motions as are directed by no Mover, cannot counterfeit one. The Impoſſibility of the Suppoſition of the Ungodly becomes more evident, when it is conſidered, that the Queſtion is about a ſingle regular Work, that the Univerſe conſiſts of an almoſt infinite Number of Works, the leaſt of which is as accompliſhed, and more marvellous than the greateſt that all the Parts of theſe little Works have amongſt them; that all theſe Works have amongſt them, a Relation that ſuffers us not to doubt, whether an intelligent Being has not produced the one for the Sake of the other, and whether they do not all enter into the Deſigns of an infinite Wiſdom. Let us conſider farther, that the Queſtion is not about a Tranſient Concourſe of Motions, inaſmuch as all the Productions of this ſenſeleſs Matter have been regular for above ſixteen hundred years together. Is it likely that for ſo long a Time nothing ſhould have changed its Nature; that no irregular Motion ſhould have diſturbed the Order of natural Cauſes, and that a fortuitous Regularity ſhould be ſo conſtant? Let us ask the Unbelievers themſelves, Whether this ſeems likely? Indeed is it poſſible?

Let

Let a Man condeſcend to grant an Underſtanding and Wiſdom to this Matter, of which all Beings are but different Forms, it muſt neceſſarily be divided into Spirit and Matter. Nothing is more clearly demonſtrated, than the Impoſſibility of a thinking Matter; the Author has placed the Demonſtration in its beſt Light. Beſides, the Brightneſs of this Truth has obliged many Philoſophers to join to Matter, a Soul of the intelligent World, and ſo to compound the Whole of two Parts, the one ſpiritual, and the other material. This is the *Pythagorean* Syſtem, ſo well expreſſed by *Virgil*: This is what the Letters from *China* mean by their *Lie*. This Syſtem is abſurd; but it is not to be charged with Atheiſm, nor need we ſtay in this Place to expoſe the Abſurdity of it.

Article XLIV.

Spinoſa flattered himſelf with the Hope of eluding the Objection, by ſaying, the only Subſtance he admits of, though material and extended, nevertheleſs thinks. It is, *ſays he*, ſuſceptible of divers Attributes; one Attribute renders it Extended, another Attribute renders it Thinking. An admirable Attempt of this rare Genius! Extenſion and Thought are incompatibly in the ſame Subject; our Author proves it invincibly: Wherefore, we are not to ſuppoſe, that theſe two Attributes are united in the only Subſtance of *Spinoſa*, to conſtitute the Eſſence. If it is neceſſarily extended, it will not be intelligent; if it is neceſſarily

rily intelligent, it will not be extended. Obſerve, that according to *Spinoſa*, each Attribute belongs to the Eſſence of the Subject. *Spinoſa's* other Suppoſitions are as arbitrary as contradictory. Let no Man believe me upon my own Word. I will give an Inſtance in the Demonſtration of the grand Principle of *Spinoſa*, whereupon the whole Syſtem depends. *One Subſtance cannot produce another.* He concludes there is but one only Subſtance, and that there cannot be any other God, than the univerſal Being, the Univerſe. This Principle is *the ſixth Propoſition of the firſt Part of his Ethicks.* See here the Demonſtration faithfully tranſlated. *There cannot be in Nature two Subſtances of the ſame Attribute.* Prop. V. *As much as to ſay, That have ſomething in common between them.* Prop. II. *Therefore the one cannot be the Cauſe of the other.* Prop. III. This pretended Demonſtration is formed upon three Propoſitions of the Second. *Two Subſtances whoſe Attributes are different, have nothing in common.* Let us not wrangle about this Propoſition, but go on to ſee, that it cannot enter into the Proof of the VI. Propoſition, about which the Queſtion is. The third Propoſition is more nearly united to the ſixth, but it is evidently falſe. *Two Things which have nothing in common, cannot one be the Cauſe of the other.* The Proof of this third Propoſition offered by *Spinoſa*, renders the Falſity the more ſenſible. *Two things that have nothing in common, cannot be conceived the one by the other; therefore the one cannot be the Cauſe of the*

other,

other. Let us take away the equivocal Term and all is fully in the Works of *Spinoſa.* But what does he underſtand by *having nothing in common?* Doubtleſs he does not mean, not to have any Relation: His Demonſtration would be ridiculous and identical. This is what he would pretend to prove. *Of two Things that have not the very Relation of Cauſe and Effect; the one cannot be the Cauſe of the other.* Let us not charge him with having reaſoned thus ill. *To have nothing in common,* ſignifies, according to him, not to be of the ſame Nature; and it is what he expreſſes by this ſingular Language, *not to be of the ſame Attribute.*

There is another Equivocation. What does he mean by *being known the one by the other?* That the one cauſes the Idea of the other? This is the proper ſignification of the Terms. That the one makes the other perfectly known? The Terms he makes uſe of, do not at all import this. However, let us anſwer him according to the two Explications of theſe Terms.

If he pretend that the Effect being known, ſhould give a perfect and intire Knowledge of the Cauſe; this is denied, and he will never be able to prove it. The Effect does not contain in it all the Perfections of the Cauſe; perhaps it does not ſo much as reſemble it. If the Cauſe acts of its own Will, the Effect may poſſibly be of a quite different Nature. The Axiom therefore, whereupon the whole Demonſtration turns, *The Knowledge of the Effect includes*

the

the Knowledge of the Cauſe, and the Effect cannot be known without the Cauſe. This Axiom is true only in the former Senſe. *The Idea of the Effect produces the Idea of the Cauſe, and the Idea of the Cauſe is relative to the Idea of the Effect; inaſmuch as there is no Effect without a Cauſe, nor Cauſe without an Effect. The Effect lets us know there is a Cauſe; not what it is. The Cauſe being known, let us know the the Effect, at leaſt, as poſſible.*

But the Axiome taken in this, the only proper and true Senſe, is of no uſe to *Spinoſa*. Two Subſtances of different Nature may be one known by the other; not by their Likeneſs, for they are not at all alike; not by their Attributes, for they have not theſe common to both, but by the Relation that is between them as Cauſe and Effect. Theſe two Subſtances ceaſe not to be of different Natures, inaſmuch as one is the Cauſe of the other; and one may be conceived by the other, how different ſoever they be, by conſidering the one as Cauſe, and the other as Effect. One Subſtance of a different Attribute, may therefore be the Cauſe of the other; ſo that there may be two or more Subſtances, whereof one may be the Cauſe, and the others Effects. Wherefore, it is falſe that there is but one only Subſtance; that God and the Univerſe are the ſame Subſtance. Whence it follows, that the ſame Subſtance raiſed upon the rotten Foundation of an Axiom taken in a very wrong Senſe, and falſe in the Senſe wherein *Spinoſa* uſes it, is overthrown.

thrown as ſoon as ever the Equivocations are removed. And *Spinoſa*, ſo boaſted of by thoſe that value his Obſcurity, raiſes Pity in ſuch as underſtand him. What we have already ſaid might ſuffice to deſtroy the wicked Syſtem, which the Author has not expreſsly confuted, but it might be attacked more on one Side to better Advantage. Every Thing, *ſay the Advocates for this Syſtem*, is neceſſarily what it is; a natural Neceſſity determines the Perfection of each Being, and the Time of its Production. Let us not ſuffer our ſelves to be impoſed upon by Words without Senſe. What do our Adverſaries underſtand by a *Natural Neceſſity?* An Incapacity of being any Thing elſe but what it is? Being exceeding troubleſome, I propoſe a new Queſtion. I ask, Whence comes this Incapacity? I ſhould conceive that it comes from the Free-will of the Worker, who has conformed his Work to his Deſign. I ſhould conceive again, that the imperfect and bounded Cauſe could not add a greater Perfection to its Effect. But our Adverſaries lay aſide the Author, the Deſign, and the efficient Cauſe. Whence then will come the invincible Impediment, that ſets Bounds to the Beings? It is a natural Neceſſity, *ſay they*: But he that ſays Neceſſity, ſays Servitude, Determination. If there be a Slave, there is a Maſter; Determination requires as well ſomething to determine, as ſomething to be determined; the one cannot be without the other. The Subject determined is not without a Prin-

a Principle of Determination. I wiſh ſome Body would make me underſtand this determining Principle. Let us hearken to our Adverſaries. The Matter, *ſay they*, is determined by it ſelf; it is the Slave and the Maſter; it is the Subject and the Principle of the Determination; it bounds it ſelf; it limits its Perfection, without any foreign Cauſe to reſtrain it to this Limitation, ſo contrary to the Idea we have of Perfection.

I do not impoſe upon the Advocates for Atheiſm: Such phantaſtical Anſwers, and which ſo directly ſtrike at the common Ideas, are their Anſwers in their own Terms. They reſolutely ſuppoſe a general Neceſſity, for this only Reaſon, that they want it to eſtabliſh Atheiſm. They poſitively reject this inconteſtable Maxim, *That whatever is limited, is limited by another.* Do they think no one will reflect upon the Idea of Perfection? It clearly appears, that Limitation is repugnant to it; that the more it is limited, the leſs it is Perfection; that thus it is in its Nature Infinite, and that it cannot be limited by the Action of an efficient Cauſe, that ſtraightens and divides it. A Truth from whence we conclude directly, that whatſoever is of it ſelf, is infinitely perfect, and is without Bounds, becauſe it is without Cauſe; that to admit a Being that exiſts of it ſelf, is to admit a Being infinitely Perfect; and this is to admit a God. Nothing is a plainer Contradiction than, a Perfection that admits of no Limitation, and yet

is

is limited by it ſelf. Yes, a ſelf-limited Nature would be a Chimera, in which the greateſt of all Perfections, an independant Exiſtence, would be ſeparated from the other Perfections, without any Thing having ſeparated them. This is the laſt Refuge of the pretended Atheiſts; they cannot get out of the Way of the preſſing Objections of ſome true Philoſophers, but by overturning the cleareſt Notions. What do I ſay? They do not eſcape the Force of theſe Objections; natural Neceſſity is not more real than Chance; and it is as inſupportable to ſay, that every Thing is produced by a natural Neceſſity, as to advance, that all is made by Chance.

I know that *Spinoſa*, the better to impoſe upon his Reader, has ſaid, that the Univerſal Being, that is to ſay, according to him, the Univerſe, was infinitely perfect, becauſe it contains in it all the poſſible Perfections: Yet according to this Atheiſt, who makes Sport with his Readers, by Expreſſions taken in an oppoſite Senſe, it is no better than dull Matter. To confound his Diſciples, there needs only to require a Proof of the Impoſſibility of the Perfections, which we conceive poſſible, and whereof we conceive at the ſame Time, that Matter is not capable.

And another Reflection occurs. If all is ſubject to the Laws of Neceſſity, from what Fund have we the Liberty, that our Will is poſſeſſed of? We perceive it too evidently to doubt of, the Teſtimony of our Conſcience confutes beyond

yond Reply, the vain Subtilties of *Spinoſa* and his Maſters. The Author has added to the Proofs of Liberty, ſo forcible of themſelves, a new Force, by that ingenious Turn which he gave to all the Subjects he treats of. He has therefore confounded the *Spinoſiſts* beforehand, and his Work is ſufficient to deſtroy all Sorts of Atheiſm. *Article* LXIVI. *&c.*

The wilful Blindneſs of the Wicked could not hide from them the enormous Contradictions of *Spinoſa*'s Syſtem. He begins not very faſhionably. A Philoſophy directly oppoſite to this Syſtem, has taken its Place for ſome Years paſt. The *Engliſh* Book of one *Berkley*, has publiſhed theſe new Attempts of Incredulity. The Wicked of this Sect ſay not that all is Matter; *they ſay*, all is Spirit. The World, according to them, is compounded only of thinking Beings. All that we believe our ſelves to ſee, to perceive of Corporeal, Extended, Motion, thoſe Towns, thoſe Houſes which we believe we dwell in, thoſe Perſons we believe we ſpeak to, the Bodies which we believe we have, the Food which we believe we eat; all this is nothing of Reality; theſe are vain Ideas, Fantoms that our own Mind has framed, or rather, which ſpring up in us by the natural Neceſſity, which has cauſed us to be born. Our Affections, our Reſolutions are as neceſſary as our Thoughts. We are no longer Matter, but as wholly immaterial, as we are ſuppoſed to be. We are as much a Machine, as when we were

ſup-

ſuppoſed to be nothing but material. Wickedneſs flatters it ſelf with being delivered by this new Syſtem, from all Duty and Remorſe; to have ſtripped the true Philoſophers of all the Means of proving the Exiſtence of GOD; and laſtly, to have ſettled themſelves in a Repoſe that nothing can diſturb. Theſe wicked Men have been preſſed by the Demonſtration drawn from the Structure of each Body in particular, and from the intire Conſtruction of the ſenſible World; they make nothing of it; this is the ſhorteſt Way to get rid of the Demonſtration. In their Syſtem there is no Connection between the thinking Beings, each is a World independent of the reſt. One of theſe Philoſophers maintained to me very ſeriouſly, that it might be, that none has been in the World but himſelf, and that he was the only Being. Thus the more Relations there are, the more Duties. In this Syſtem our Knowledge has no Solidity, we are only employed about feigned Spectres, fantaſtick Pictures without Truth, without Objects. In this Syſtem I ſhould know only that I am, that I think, or rather, that I dote; that my Ideas have no Reality, no Truth. Thus the more there is of human Faith, the more of Laws, the more of Principles, the more of moral Rules. After all, this ſo pernicious Syſtem, as it appears to be, will not do any great Hurt. The Love of Novelty, the Corruption of the Heart, will make theſe Philoſophers hearken, perhaps with ſome Pleaſure; but they will perſwade no one, they will

will not ſo much as be perſwaded themſelves. There is no Reaſon to be afraid for the Truth of GOD's Exiſtence, if one cannot deſtroy that, till he ſhall have convinced People that what they ſee, is not; that they have no Bodies, and, that they are continually beſides themſelves. They will certainly look upon the Immaterialiſts, like him who imagining himſelf to be made of Glaſs, was every Moment afraid of being broken; and truly the Folly of the Immaterialiſts differs not from this Man's, except in that it is more extravagant, but voluntary. No, let us not fear that theſe wild Speculations will prevail againſt common Senſe. Formally, to confute theſe Viſions, would be to ſhew too great a Diſtruſt of human Reaſon; and we will only make ſome Reflections which will fully diſcover the Ridiculouſneſs of this new Phyloſophy.

1. Let us inquire, What is its Foundation? Is it built upon any certain Principle, upon any inward Sentiment, upon any Experience? No. It is founded purely upon Conjectures againſt common Senſe, upon chimerical Suppoſitions, upon Poſſibilities, at leaſt, doubtful. Are theſe ſolid Foundations?

2. In this Syſtem they cannot avoid the Proof of the Exiſtence of GOD, drawn from the Excellency of his Works: This Excellency, this Perfection, which betrays the Maker, theſe Marks of his infinite Wiſdom, theſe demonſtrative Arguments for his Exiſtence; I find them in my Thoughts. The Contrivance of the World,

World, the Contrivance of the leaſt of Bodies, was not formed in a Mind like mine. Theſe univerſal Ideas, the Ideas of Perfections which are too high for me, the Idea of the Infinite, are yet leſs the Productions of a bounded Mind, the Sportings of my Imagination. When their Objects ſubſiſted not, they could not be formed but in an infinite Mind, which has communicated them to thoſe that are bounded. The World and my Body bear indelible Characters of GOD who made them: But my Soul likewiſe bears theſe Characters, and one cannot hinder himſelf from obſerving them.

3. Laſtly, theſe thinking Beings which alone compoſe the World, according to the Immaterialiſts, Have they been from all Eternity? Or did they ever begin to be? If they began to be, we muſt go back to the firſt Cauſe; Impiety will not grant this. They muſt therefore be ſuppoſed eternal. We muſt ſuppoſe an Eternity to have been neceſſary, for putting them in a Condition to think; though they be naturally made for thinking, they had been, during an Eternity, in a Sort of Death; they live only ſince a certain Time. Fantaſtick Suppoſitions, for which there appears no Foundation. The Truth is, the Unbelievers would make us believe Things more incredible than all Myſteries.

FINIS.

BRITISH MUSEUM 15 60 DEC